The Saturday Evening
# POST
March 2, 1957 – 15¢

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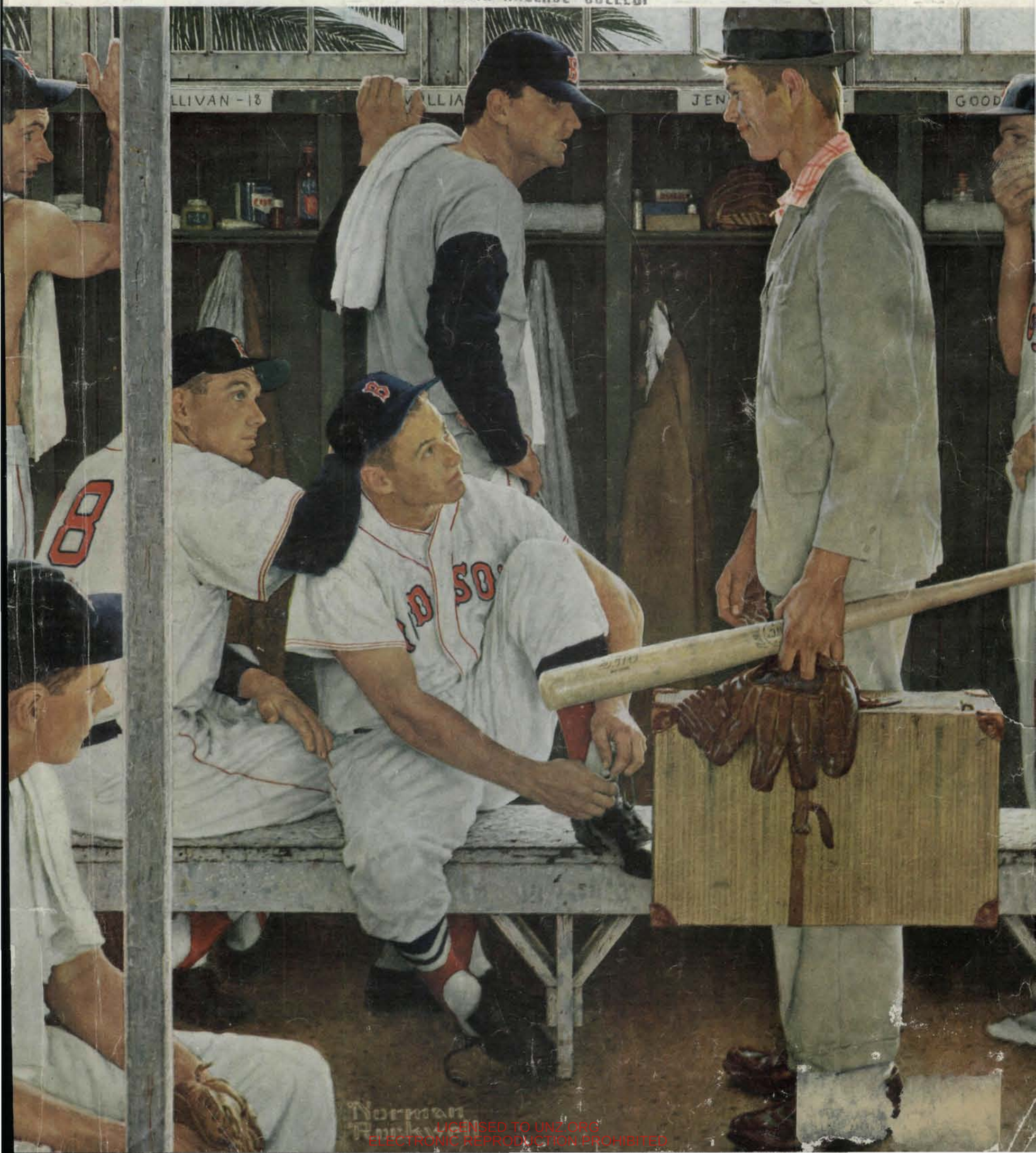
## THE SIXTH FLEET
### Watchdog of the World's Most Troubled Area

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# Kelvinator announces the new FOODARAMA '57

**Only Kelvinator** gives you these great new *store-easy*, *see-easy*, *reach-easy* features: transparent Tilt-Out Crisper and great big *super* shelf for tall bottles, turkeys, watermelons and other bulky foods.

# STORE EASY... SEE EASY... REACH EASY!

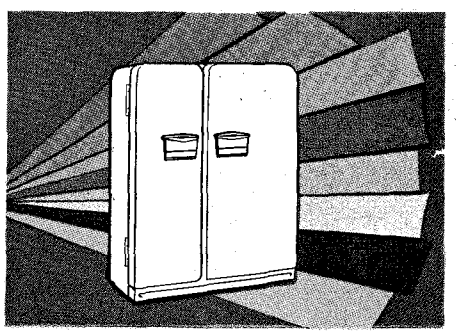
## The only upright refrigerator and upright freezer combination... puts everything at your fingertips!

WHAT A JOY to have this spacious automatic defrosting refrigerator in the same cabinet with a big, upright home freezer. Huge 16 cubic foot capacity —yet the handsome cabinet is only 47 inches wide.

Everything about this fabulous foodkeeper is carefully planned to make all foods *easy to store*, *easy to see*, *easy to reach*. For example, you never have to "make room" for bulky foods, such as turkeys or watermelons; the huge new *super* shelf handles them easily, keeps them in plain sight and easy reach.

That big crisper at reach-easy height simply *tilts* out when you want to put something in or take something out. Even when it is closed you see everything in it.

Breakfast Bar for bacon, eggs and juices; Handi-Chests and Handi-Tray; Dispenser Rack for frozen juices and soups; unrefrigerated space for bananas... all add to the store-easy, see-easy, reach-easy convenience. New safety doors open as easily from inside as from outside. See the new Foodarama '57 at your Kelvinator dealer's now.



**The FOODARAMA '57,** like many Kelvinator appliances, is available in eight different customer-approved colors . . . plus white. "Polar-Hue" interior color styling.

**Kelvinator**

*American Motors Means More for Americans*

*Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Mich. In Canada: Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., Toronto 15, Ont.*

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# The Picture of Health for March

**by MAXINE DAVIS**

Nothing was fun around our house. Nobody was sick—just cranky and cross. My husband's business was good. The girls' grades in school were excellent. What was the matter?

I knew my trouble. Every time I took a deep breath a strategic strap would break. I was wearing clothes I could get into, not ones that do something for me. My spouse had a suspicious bulge above his belt.

***We were over-nourished!*** Depressing! I don't have to look up medical references to prove that overweight causes personality changes. I was embarrassed about my looks. My husband's extra pounds were as much of a burden as if they were bricks in his briefcase; they made him tired. When we're gloomy the children aren't happy.

"But a low-calory regime makes us even more irritable," I complained to our druggist.

"Try KESSAMIN" he suggested.

We are. We're slimming—and gay again!

The KESSAMIN PLAN consists of a scientifically designed diet supplemented by tablets containing all essential nutritional vitamins *plus* a harmless ingredient that makes you feel a smaller amount of food is all you can hold.

We're going to keep on using KESSAMIN when we're back to normal—and keep that way.

***Grandfather was grumpy*** and low-spirited too. His new store teeth clattered like a train of empty freight cars.

While the old darling brooded I shopped—and found ORAFIX, an adhesive that holds his dentures firmly in place, for 24 hours if necessary. Now he talks normally, easily eats peanuts, corn on the cob, and other difficult foods, and enjoys them because ORAFIX, itself tasteless and odorless, doesn't affect flavor.

I also bought him ORA for cleansing his grinders, for ordinary brushing would wear down and ruin them. He puts them with ½ teaspoonful of ORA in a glass of water and after 20 minutes—or overnight—they're clean and fresh. He has no repellent "denture breath." ORA and ORAFIX make grandfather happy as the baby.

***This March weather,*** sometimes bitter winter, sometimes balmy spring is hard on everybody's throat. Air is damp; schools and offices are hot. Result—somebody in the family is sure to have a voice like a fog-horn, not from illness but from just an irritated throat.

As soon as I hear a rasping "Morning Mom," I dole out our NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. Their soothing anesthetic action relieves the harshness and discomfort and their additional antibiotic content (tyrothrycin) guards against secondary infection so likely at this season.

***Our youngsters swim downtown at the pool.*** Some mothers worry for fear their children will pick up athlete's foot around the pool or in the shower or locker room, because the fungi that cause it have been thought to lurk in such places.

Recent studies indicate that the fungi are probably on people's skin most of the time, from childhood on, but only cause trouble when resistance is lowered.

So we build foot health with OCTOFEN. One application of OCTOFEN Powder to washed and thoroughly dried feet is a first-class preventive.

We don't worry; we know if anyone does contract athlete's foot, OCTOFEN in either liquid or powdered form is the answer. OCTOFEN starts working after 15 seconds' contact. True, treatment may continue from one day to several weeks, depending upon the severity of the condition, but eventually it will heal the infection.

Well-documented reports indicate that no other fungicide has ever been so successful. Used at the Marathon Foot Races; the National Foot Health Council approves it *exclusively*—and so do we!


For that wonderful

# 21 year old feeling!

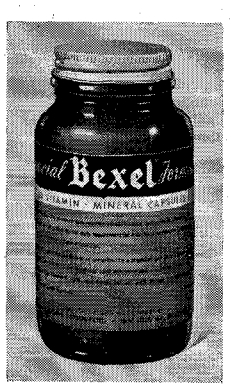
If you need vitamins—give yourself the guaranteed high potency of Bexel Special Formula Vitamins—only 6¢ a day!*

**Only McKesson's unique laboratory controls make possible this full potency guarantee!**

You will look fresher—may even look a little younger—when your system gets all the vitamins and minerals it needs every day. Because these vital food factors—often missing in so many of today's diets—give your hair its luster, your skin its tone and color. As you look better, you feel better—more alive!

*No other Vitamins are more carefully controlled to guarantee their full potency!*

McKesson controls offer a remarkable integrity in vitamin preparations. Putting full potency into vitamins is our first step in manufacture. Keeping it there requires McKesson's most exquisite care. So McKesson controls make sure that Bexel Vitamins will not "fade" or lose potency on their way to you. Each batch of vitamins is carefully sampled. Then a supply of "control" samples is held, and given a long program of rechecks. As much as 5 years later, Bexel Vitamins still have the potency marked on the bottle.




*GUARANTEE:*
Feel wonderfully better! Either you do, in a month's time or less, OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!

**BEXEL**

This scientific detective work includes both chemical and biological tests. Such intense, refined scrutiny is why McKesson can guarantee to you, Bexel Vitamins with full potency—Vitamins that really do work toward giving you that wonderful 21 year old feeling!

Bexel Vitamins are not sold here and there—but only by your registered, local druggist. Next to your doctor, he is the man whose sincere interest you can trust. Remember the children too! There's a member of the Bexel Family of Vitamins for every member of your family. Bexel Vitamins are just one example of the great conscience for perfection that "makes it better—so it's better for you." Like all McKesson Products, Bexel Vitamins fulfill this pledge: *Better . . . by McKesson.*

* Don't endure nerves, fatigue, sleeplessness, poor appetite! These symptoms, when due to a vitamin deficiency, occur only when daily intake of vitamins B1, B2, and Niacin is less than the minimum daily requirement over a prolonged period. In themselves they do not prove a dietary deficiency, and may have other causes due to functional disturbances. *Bexel Special Formula Vitamins contain B12 and other essential B vitamins, plus 5 times your daily requirement of iron!*

**BETTER ... by McKESSON**

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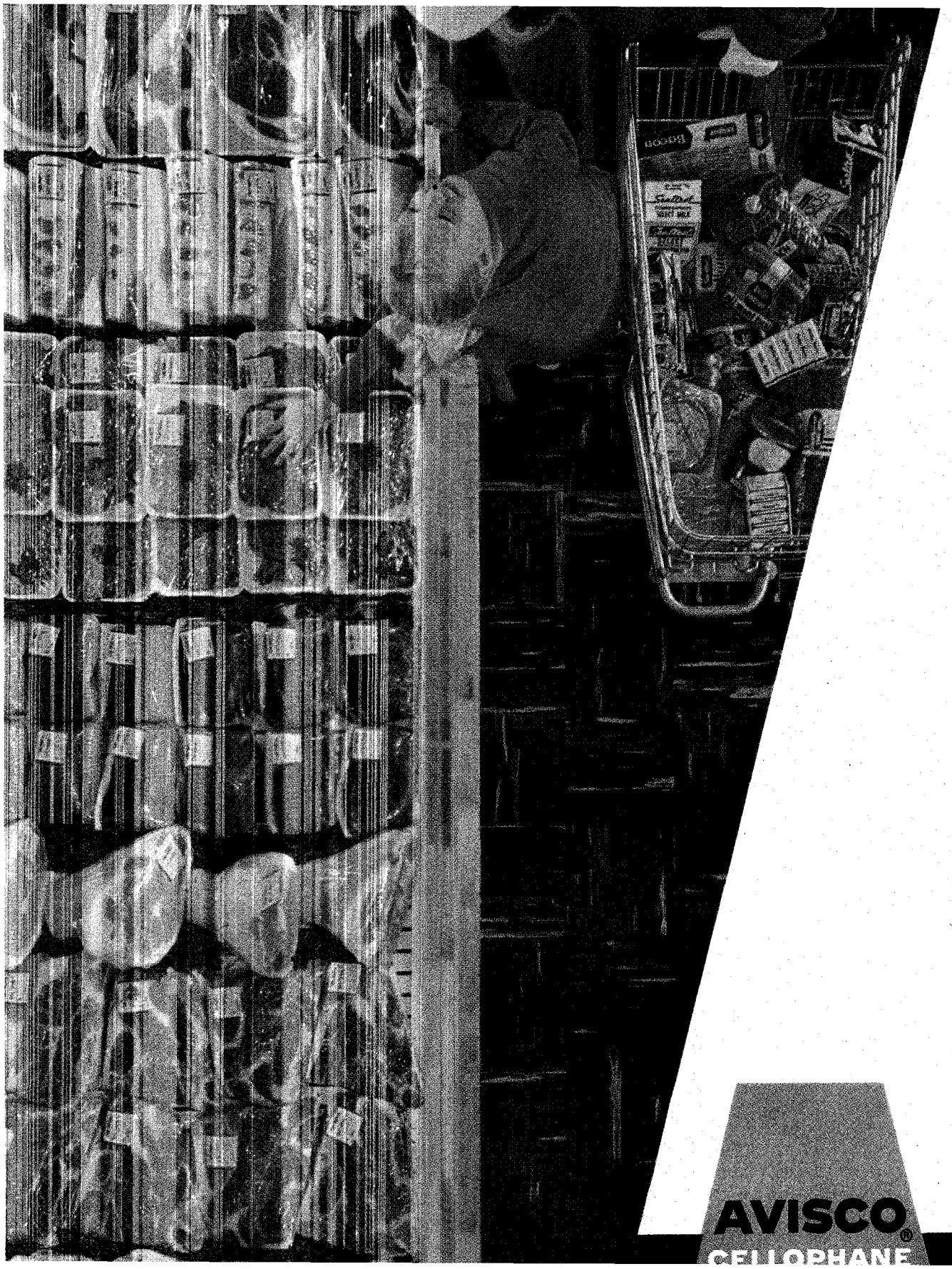

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## *with meats sealed in* **AVISCO** *cellophane*

It all adds up.

Meats sealed in AVISCO cellophane are already trimmed, weighed and priced in a wide range of cuts and sizes. No standing in line to get waited on, no time wasted while the butcher prepares your selection. All you do is take your pick and pop it in the cart.

This is a grand thing for shoppers.

You can ponder and look as long as you like, or make a quick choice—all within your budget. You can look right through crystal-clear AVISCO cellophane and see if a cut is exactly what you want. And you know that while AVISCO cellophane seals *in* freshness and flavor, it also seals *out* hands. It gives you a well-protected product every time.

Smart shoppers everywhere prefer meats packaged in AVISCO cellophane.

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## IN THIS ISSUE

*March 2, 1957* *Vol. 229, No. 35*

### 4 Short Stories


Love Dies Slowly . . . . . *Eileen Tighe* 26
The Forbidden Range . . . . . *John L. Shelley* 30
Murderer's Eye . . . . . *Gerald Kersh* 34
The Age to Go Steady . . . . . *John DeMeyer* 37


### 8 Articles

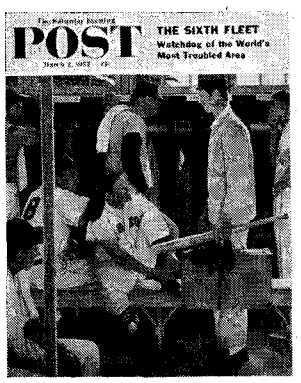

Let's Stop Wasting Our Greatest Resource *Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover, USN* 19
What Do You Mean by "Hopeless"? . . . . . *Don Murray* 22
Everybody Laughs at Me (Third of seven articles) *Victor Borge, as told to Dean Jennings* 24
We Conquered the Mystery Mountain . . . . . *George I. Bell* 28
Death is His Cellmate . . . . . *Jack Alexander* 31
Cat Brown's Kittens Have Claws . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 32
Factories Fit to Live In . . . . . *Neil M. Clark* 36
The Face of America: High Climber . . . *Photograph by Bob and Ira Spring* 38


### 2 Serials


The Golden Shadow (First of four parts) . . . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 20
The Girl From the Mimosa Club (Conclusion) . . . . . *Leslie Ford* 43


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 40
Verse . . . 48, 60, 77, 96, 103
Keeping Posted . . . . . 116


## THE COVER

If Norman Rockwell, a Massachusetts painter, had allowed any diamond stars on his cover but the Boston Red Sox, he might have been ridden out of his state on a rail. So one day Sammy White (lower left), Frank Sullivan and Jackie Jensen (on the bench), and Billy Goodman (wiping that smile) visited Rockwell, posed, and met his neighbors, which put him in solid with the neighbors. Solider than ever, that is. As Ted Williams couldn't come to pose, a stand-in played his position in top center; and that rookie is a local baseball whiz, Sherman Safford—but he doesn't go around looking *that* awful. Finally, at top left is John J. Anonymous. He once tried out for the Red Sox, waited years to be called, and was overjoyed when Manager Rockwell put him on the team.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These separators are made with a new plastic that practically eliminates battery failure. On icy mornings, or hot highways, your battery never lets you down—its power producing elements are protected, giving you full battery power. Look for the Sentinel tag! United States Rubber, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

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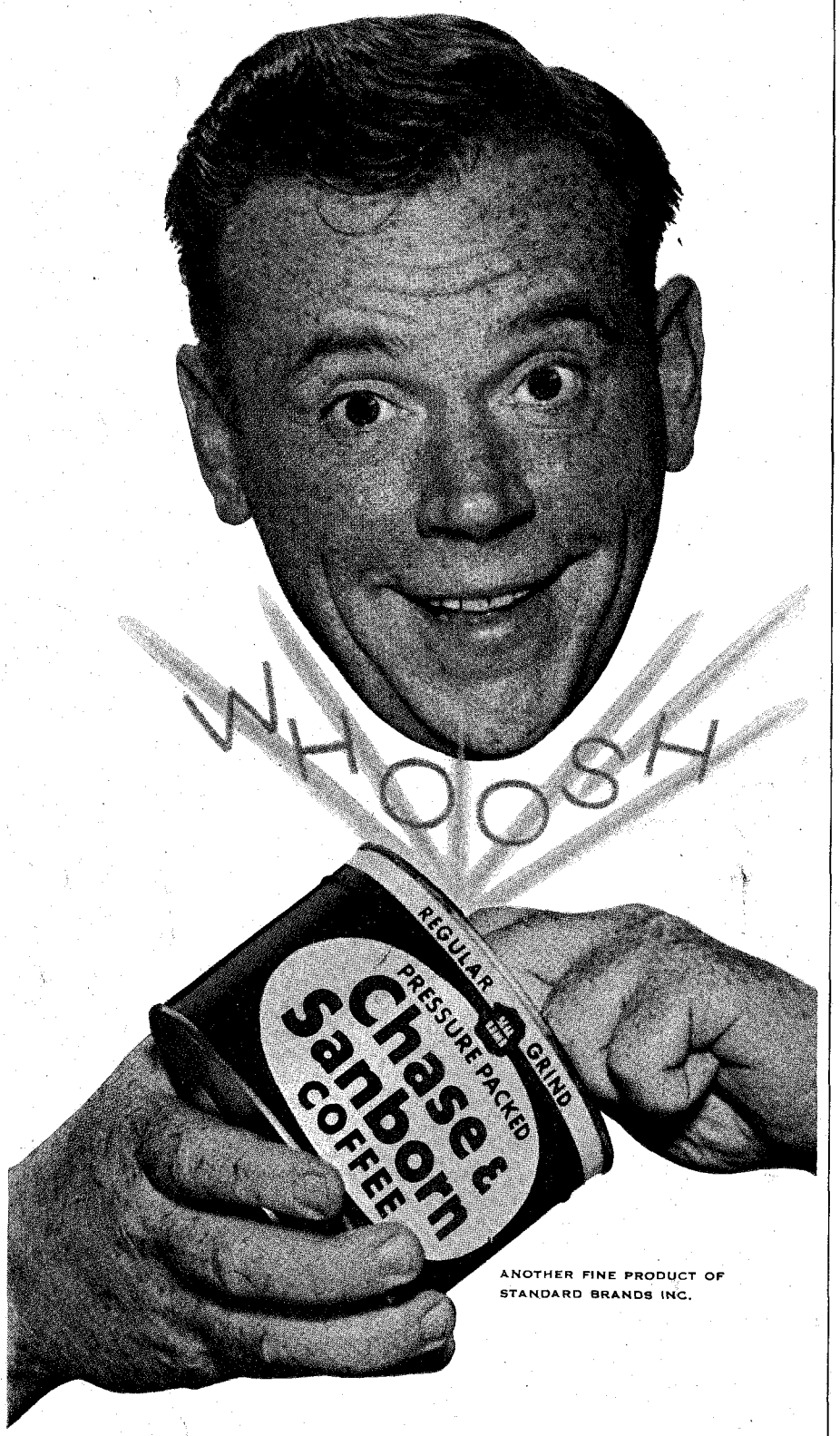


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*This coffee tells you it's fresher*

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

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***Fresher because it's pressure packed***

**Enjoy Chase & Sanborn's fuller coffee flavor in the NEW FULL-BODIED INSTANT**

**Instant Chase & Sanborn**

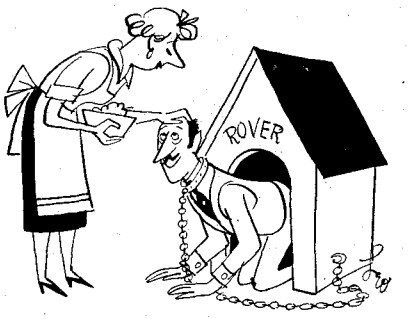
YES, THAT'S TOM EWELL . . . SEE HIM IN MGM'S "THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME."

# Letters

## How to Handle Husbands

Dear Sirs:

Why, oh, why the untimely article HUSBANDS CAN'T LIVE IN CAPTIVITY [by Hannah Lees, Feb. 2]? At a women's luncheon yesterday . . . one woman put




it, "What gives the publishers the idea that men, *per se*, are such an all-fired premium?"

The new problem being pondered, rightly or wrongly, is NOT how to hold a man, but how to decide if he's worth holding.

CRYSTAL HOBSON
*Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

Those, male or female, who covet freedom should also covet what freedom entails—a readiness, a willingness, to be responsible for the consequences of one's acts.

ANNE D. SNYDER
*Gainesville, Va.*

Dear Sirs:

If you wanted to stir up controversy, you've succeeded. But wouldn't a rather more honest title be "The Case For Infidelity?"

MRS. PERRY E. MAGILL
*Clarendon Hills, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Lees . . . is advocating indirectly that a man be free to indulge his fleshly lusts, even though in so doing he is violating the laws of God, the laws of men, and is defrauding his wife . . .

JOHN E. WHITE, JR.
*Selden, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Good for Hannah Lees! You don't know how much I applaud the remark, "that dreary contemporary phenomenon, the sexually segregated dinner party." Nothing could be duller.

MRS. ZOE B. MERRILL
*Farmington, N.M.*

Dear Sirs:

My teen-age daughter is far too young for marriage but I am going to urge her to take this article as an important part of her marriage rules, along with being a good cook and homemaker. If she can have a good sense of humor and leave possessiveness out of her life, then hers should be a most happy and successful marriage.

MRS. LLOYD KROPP
*Buffalo, N.Y.*

## Good Old Bad Days

Dear Sirs:

The thousands of paratroopers who took "jump" training in organized units back in the early '40's will join me in saying that Col. John Dibble, Jr. [So I WENT TO JUMP SCHOOL, Feb. 2] doesn't know what rough training was like in "the good old days."

I'm one of the lucky ones who had the rare experience of having a collapsed chute and being able to grab onto the suspension lines of another jumper on the way down. The colonel, however, has my sincere congratulations and is now welcome into the class of "Jumpers" and out of the ignominious group of "non-jumpers."

DR. ALFRED GABLER
*Long Beach, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

Colonel John Dibble, Jr., is merely a pooper-trooper: he has never trained at Ft. Benning, Ga., which, to many old troopers, is the only jump school. . . . Nor has he ever felt the wrath of the now obsolete T-7 parachute, which opened with a bone-crushing jerk, descended faster and oscillated more than the presently used T-10 parachute.

WILLIAM H. MCNEIL
*Bethany, W. Va.*

## Contest Crazy

Dear Sirs:

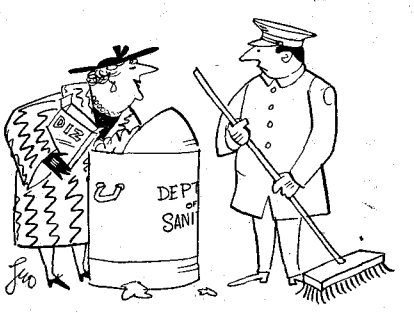
Your article So YOU'D LIKE TO WIN A CONTEST! [by Ronald M. Deutsch, Jan. 26] was most discouraging, to say the least. . . . Since I'm not prepared to spend eight hours a day entering contests, I see where I have little or no chance of winning.

Frankly, I doubt if I'll ever enter another contest!

MRS. DON ALLEN
*Youngstown, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

The contests presumably are to increase the sale and use of a product. If a person who admits collecting labels, etc.,




from trash, instead of "buying and trying," can win so repeatedly, all true contestants are licked before they start.

MRS. ETHEL MCDONALD
*Aurora, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

I've just read the article about Nita Parks and if spending 8–10 hrs. a day contesting doesn't make her a professional, what does? And considering the number of entries she sends, her wins aren't so large compared to some "small-time" contesters I know.

OLIVIA ROBLIN
*Sheffield, Ala.*

Dear Sirs:

Our own household has been enriched beyond our modest take-home pay by: two electric ranges, five automatic washers, two dryers, three dishwashers, a freezer, refrigerator, encyclopedias, four bedroom suites, to say nothing of lesser gifts and a car. . . . (Continued on Page 6)

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## An American Revolution in Style!

Out of the great American sea-going tradition emerges "Constitution Stripes." Dress Shirts in vertical or cross stripes, $4.00. In diagonal stripes, $5.00. Wider-striped Sport Shirts—short sleeves, $4.00, long sleeves, $5.00. Pajamas with bar-striped coat, line striped trousers, $5.00. Shorts $1.50. Neckwear $1.50. Handkerchiefs (not shown) 55¢.

# From an old salt comes new spice . . . in Stripes

"CONSTITUTION STRIPES" WARDROBE BY VAN HEUSEN®

At better stores everywhere or write to Phillips-Jones Corp., 417 Fifth Ave., New York 16, New York. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Swimwear • Sweaters

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SINGER "Roll-A-Magic"* Double-Capacity Cleaner

Finest for general-purpose cleaning—rugs, linoleum, furniture, drapes, etc.

- Allows you to do *twice* as much cleaning between bag changes.
- Powerful whirlwind suction cleans even when bag is nearly full.
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SINGER "Magic Carpet"* Cleaner

Finest made for rug and carpet cleaning. Double-fan suction and floating brush action.

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- Streamlined and low—cleans under even low modern furniture.
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SINGER "Magic Mite"*

Largest-selling hand cleaner. Perfect for stairs, autos, furniture and many other quick cleaning tasks.

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Pay as little as $1.25 weekly after minimum down payment.

See all three at your SINGER SEWING CENTER or ask for a demonstration in your home.

You'll find your nearest Center listed under "SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY."

*Prices slightly higher in some areas.*

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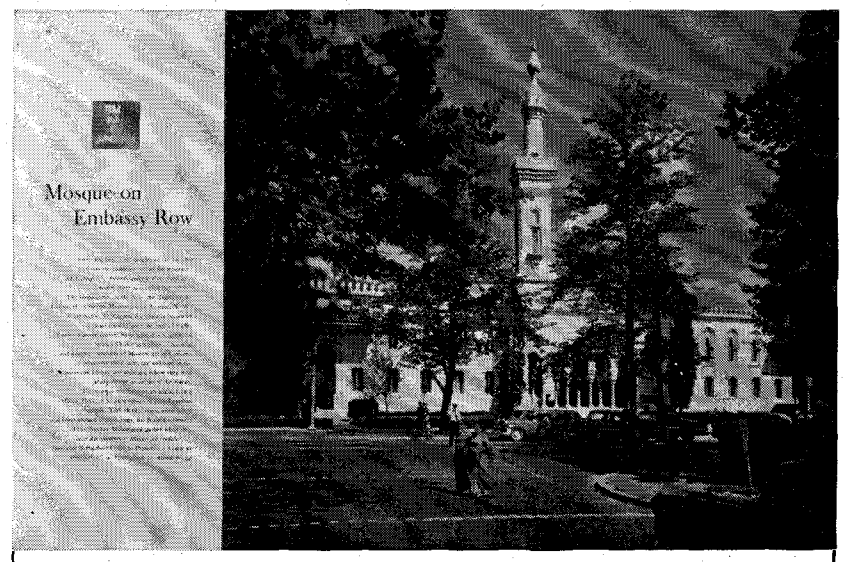
# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)




## WASHINGTON'S MOSQUE

Dear Sirs:

I compliment you on your beautiful two-page picture of the Islamic Center in Washington [The Face of America: MOSQUE ON EMBASSY ROW, photograph by Alfred Wagg, Jan. 19].

It does something to counteract the general American impression that Mohammed and Islam (which simply means "resignation to God") conjure up visions of beards, turbans, harem girls and wild troops waving scimitars. Those who see the picture get the idea that Islam means also prayerful contemplation and peaceful scholarship . . . also an idea of a One-ness that is compassion.

EDWARD PARNALL, M.D.
*Albuquerque, N.M.*

Contesting has offered us, an average middle-income family, to have what we did not. Many invalids and semi-invalids have found an interesting, educational as well as profitable hobby. In return, we are grateful to advertisers and show our appreciation by buying their wares and encouraging our families to do likewise.

MRS. ERIKA NAU
*San Diego, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

Poor Mrs. Parks! Now that she's told the nation how she captured all that contest loot, think of the harvest of competition she'll reap in the future!

But I don't really feel sorry for her—just envious.

DAVE MACPHERSON
*Long Beach, Cal.*

## "Cool Cat" Voters?

Dear Sirs:

I protest your biased editorial against letting eighteen-year-olds vote! [KEEPING THE VOTING AGE A SHADE ABOVE THE COOL CATS DEMANDS BIPARTISAN SOLIDARITY!, Feb. 2] . . .

The average teen-ager is NOT the "jive-talking" hoodlum portrayed in your editorial and resents being pictured as such. Teen-agers take a deep interest in both the candidates and the issues concerned in an election. In the last election, many teen-agers worked in either the Republican or Democratic campaigns or served as drivers or baby sitters to get the voters to the polls.

NANCY MALLERY
*Wichita, Kansas*

Dear Sirs:

I have had close personal association with teen-agers and I can assure you that the country is in less danger from them than from fatheaded, bigoted, partisan politicians whose cry is "Party," never "Country." And from those immature *adults* lacking the responsibility to vote. (*That* danger, I am happy to note, you have seen.) Alas, *some* people *never* grow up!!

LAMYRA ROBINSON
*Norman, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

That editorial . . . is both apt and clever. There is not a single good reason why teen-agers should vote.

GEORGE W. LYON
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

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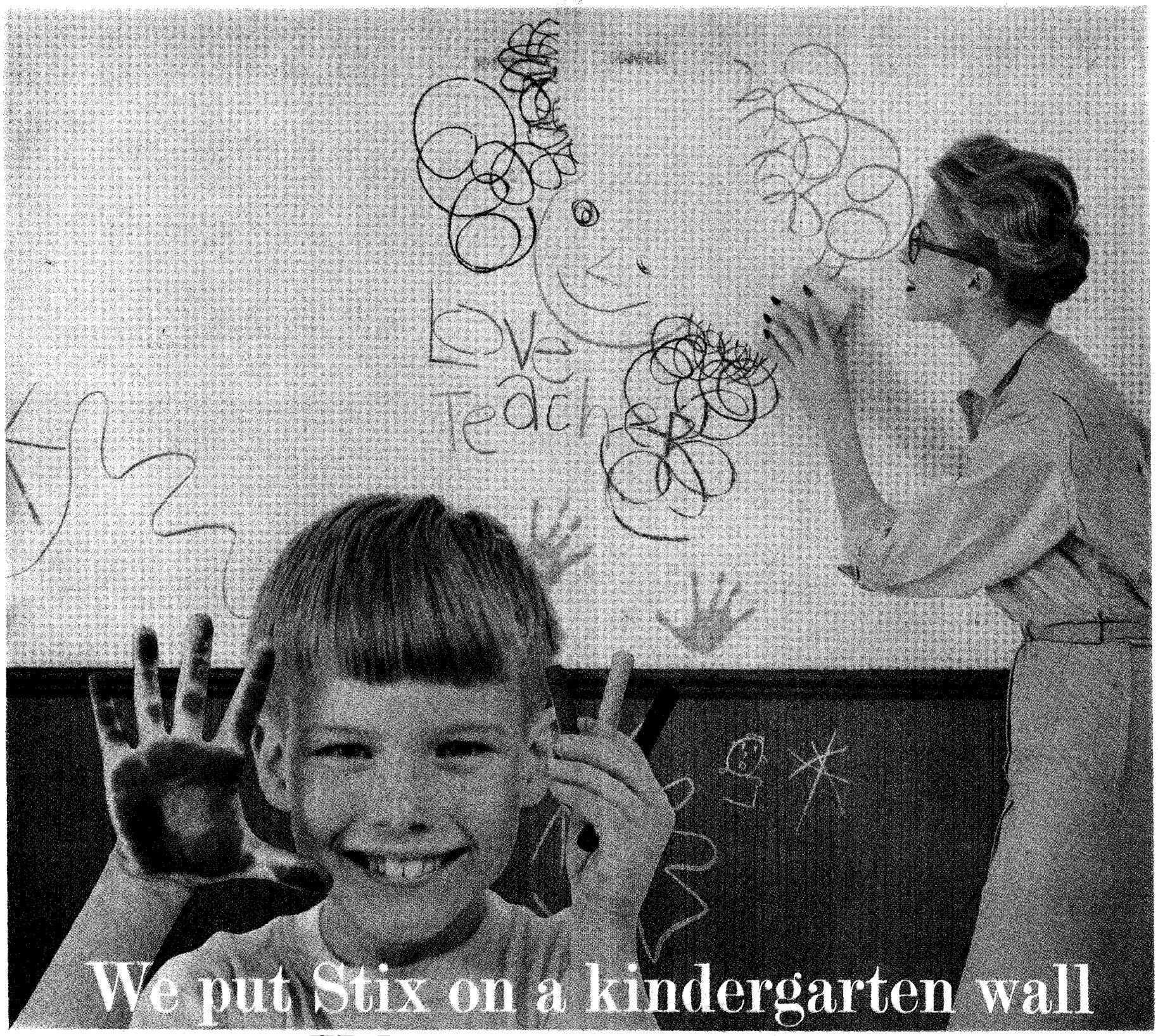
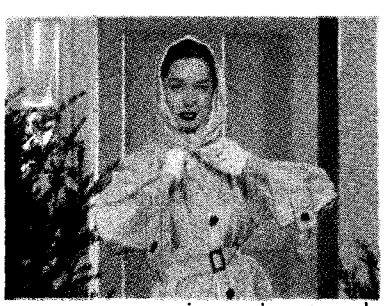



# We put Stix on a kindergarten wall to prove Velon can take most anything

You're not likely to want to scribble with crayons or daub with finger paints where *you'll* use Stix. Because Stix made of Firestone Velon is a decorative self-adhesive covering for walls and tables, lamps and screens and a thousand charming applications throughout the house. But our point is that because it's made of Velon, Stix provides a beautiful, durable surface that *can* take almost any amount of abuse.

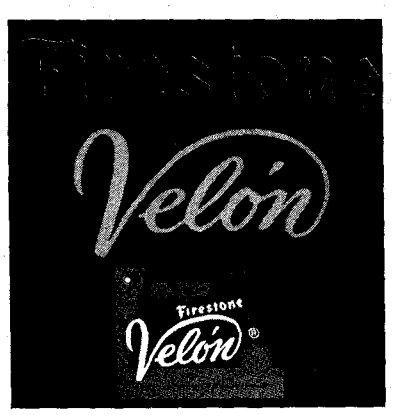
Anything made of Velon gives you these same qualities of rugged durability, easy washability, and fresh, lasting color. From delicate-looking lampshades to sturdy lawn furniture—pretty pastel raincoats to practical furniture covers—Velon adds to the spice and ease of living. It's practical for so many uses, you'll find it everywhere; so, whatever you're shopping for, look for the famous Firestone Velon tag.



**TAKE TO THE RAIN** in a raincoat made of Velon—colorful and smart looking, lightweight and waterproof. Velon offers such pretty protection — is so easy to wipe fresh and clean as new.

**TAKE SOAP AND WATER** to these handsome Velon shades. Their bamboo or linen textured look is smart with most any decor, and being made of Velon, they're impervious to weather.

**TAKE CARE** of your handsomest upholstered furniture with covers made of clear Velon. All the beauty comes through — all the dust and dirt stays out — with these trim Velon covers.




ENJOY THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE ON RADIO AND TELEVISION MONDAY EVENINGS OVER ABC. © 1957 FIRESTONE PLASTICS COMPANY, POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

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# Now — a wonder enamel so smooth and

# *new* SPRED

**EXCITING NEW DECORATING POSSIBILITIES!** See how new SPRED LUSTRE enamel and famous SPRED SATIN for walls give a cheerful, colorful *new kind of effect* to this room. Try these color-harmony partners in your home—you'll have a bright new room in just a few hours!

COLOR RECIPE: Kitchen floor and ceiling—JAPALAC *Brilliant Black;* overhead and under-counter cabinets—SPRED LUSTRE *Pink Haze;* storage wall cabinets—SPRED LUSTRE *Crocus Yellow, Alhambra, Blaze, Mardi Gras, Plaza Gray, Twilight;* room divider—SPRED SATIN *Blossom Pink.* Living-area ceiling—SPRED SATIN *Parrakeet* and GLID-TONE *Brown Mahogany* wiping stain. Trim—SPRED LUSTRE *White.*

**Glidden**

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# easy to apply it's almost beyond belief!

# LUSTRE

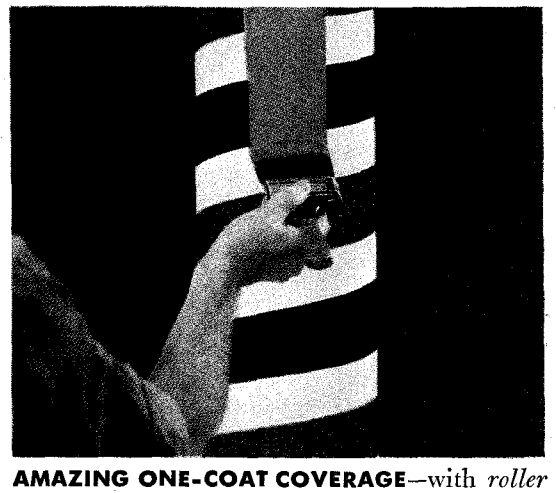
## Easy-to-use lustrous enamel for kitchens, bathrooms and all woodwork, indoors or out

*Again Glidden makes paint history:* gives you new SPRED LUSTRE all-purpose enamel—*perfect partner* for famous SPRED SATIN, wonder wall paint. SPRED LUSTRE is a specially-made enamel that lets you paint easier, faster at less cost. Demonstrations below show how this new kind of enamel takes every abuse from extreme heat to repeated washing with steaming-hot water.

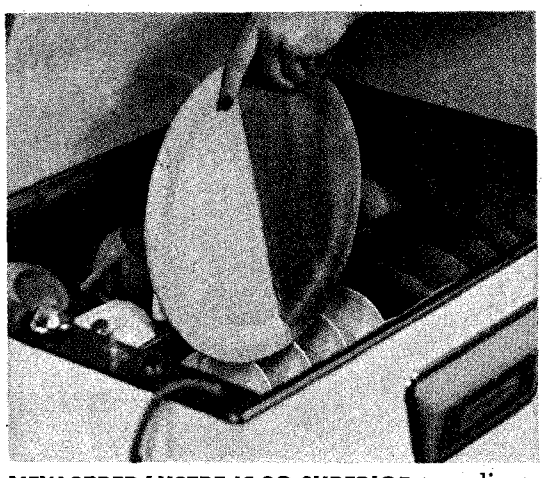
SPRED LUSTRE gives you a new kind of decorating effect, too—the lustrous beauty decorators recommend. Colors are keyed to the helpful Glidden DRAMATONE decorating system, so you just can't miss perfect matching or harmonizing with your SPRED SATIN wall colors.

Use SPRED LUSTRE and SPRED SATIN and *you won't have to paint again until you want to change colors!*

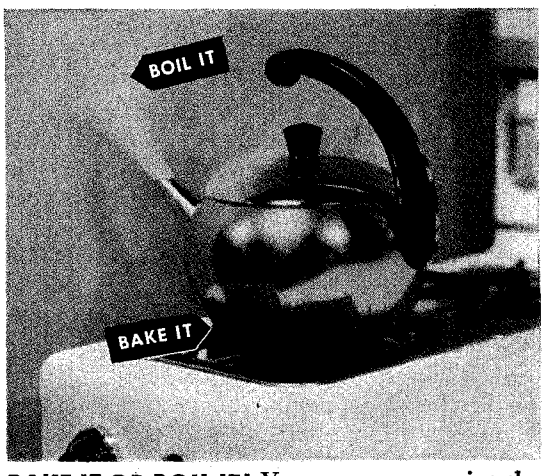
in colors matching famous **SPRED SATIN** THE LATEX WONDER WALL PAINT



**AMAZING ONE-COAT COVERAGE**—with *roller or brush!* See how one coat of a delicate SPRED LUSTRE pastel green completely hides brilliant barber-pole stripes... PROOF of superior coverage that gives you fast, easy application and paint economy. Choose from over 140 colors; most cover completely in one coat. *Perfect for all woodwork... indoors or out.*



**NEW SPRED LUSTRE IS SO SUPERIOR** to ordinary enamels it can be scrubbed dozens of times by the steaming hot-water spray of this automatic dishwasher. See how the coat of SPRED LUSTRE on the wooden plate shows no signs of fading, streaking, blistering or peeling. You can wash, even *scrub* off such household stains as crayon, lipstick, ink, grease!




**BAKE IT OR BOIL IT!** You may never paint the bottom of a kettle with SPRED LUSTRE and bake it ... or abuse it with boiling steam. But this test *proves* you get the kind of durability that's so necessary in kitchens and bathrooms. SPRED LUSTRE is made especially for all surfaces subject to heat, moisture or hard wear. Gives a beautiful, durable finish to porch and lawn furniture, too.

*Pacemaker in Paints*

The Glidden Company, Cleveland 14, Ohio.
*In Canada:* The Glidden Company Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.
SPRED Products also sold by dealers for the following paints:
HEATH & MILLIGAN, CLIMATIC, ROYAL, T. L. BLOOD.

QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS

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# Editorials

## You Don't Ride Into Congress on Anyone's Coattails

Harking back to the Battle of San Francisco of 1956, Harold Stassen recently expressed the opinion that the Republicans lost Congress because of the presence on the national ticket of Vice-President Nixon instead of former Gov. Christian Herter. He also thought that more Republican governors would have been elected if Herter rather than Nixon had been running for Vice-President. This seems to suggest that the puzzled voter, pondering his solemn responsibilities, finally made up his mind to vote for President Eisenhower, despite the horrid thought that Nixon was next in succession, and then, just to show 'em, voted for a Democratic candidate for Congress!

It is not necessary to defend the invariable rationality of voters to dismiss this argument as pretty far-fetched. More convincing is the reason advanced by Rep. Ralph W. Gwinn, of New York, in an article in Human Events, the Washington news letter. According to Mr. Gwinn, the Republicans lost Congress because they did not put their backs into winning it. Instead they trusted the popularity of President Eisenhower to bring in the congressional candidates, whereas the Democrats, having lost hope of electing Stevenson, put their effort and their campaign dollars into winning seats in the House and Senate. They did the same thing in 1948 when Governor Dewey was supposed to be a soft touch for the G.O.P. The Democrats concentrated on Congress, took that and, as a by-product of their effort, elected Truman to boot.

"The Democrats, the AFL-CIO, the ADA and other so-called 'left-wing' groups concentrate heavily on congressional elections," writes Mr. Gwinn. "They will spend twenty, thirty or even fifty thousand dollars on a race for the House. Republicans, on the other hand, spend little or no money beyond what the candidate can raise for himself."

In the 1956 election "the Republicans could have carried at least twenty-five additional districts if they had assembled suitable candidates and sufficient financial support," Mr. Gwinn believes. Certainly they could have re-elected Republican James Duff to the Senate by turning on just a little more juice in Philadelphia alone. Residents of precincts in that city which had usually produced Republican majorities reported that, whereas they had been swamped with campaign "literature" extolling the virtues of Democratic candidates—not to mention offers of transportation to the polling place—no Republican workers were visible. It takes an awful lot of presidential coattails to counteract apathy at the local level.

After all, Congress is where they make the laws and support or reject the policies advocated by presidential candidates. Therefore it should be axiomatic that an effort at least equal to that expended in the race for the White House ought to be devoted to congressional races. After November, 1956, it is easy to spot a dozen places where a little extra effort would have paid off.

## Poet Robert Frost Finds Us the Freest People on Earth

Robert Frost, the distinguished eighty-two-year-old poet, shocked many viewers and listeners by an answer he gave recently on a radio-television program. This sturdy old nonconformist had long been a national legend. He seemed to personify the old-fashioned American ideal of the free man. So one of the panel of questioners thought it was natural to ask his opinion of the "increasing pressure toward conformity" in the United States.

Frost shook his head. "I don't feel that pressure," he said calmly. "I think we're the freest people that ever were free."

This astonishing answer caused dismay in the panel, and probably among a large part of the national audience. For hadn't the belief become widely accepted that the American people had been subdued into a herd of conformists, that only a brave minority dared to dissent, and that our college youth were "the silent generation"?

But Frost smilingly rebuffed the efforts of his flustered interviewers to discuss current "limitations" of freedom. The old poet suggested that a study of "comparative freedom" would be a fine thing. And so it would. Let us compare our freedom with that in other countries—and also in other periods.

The small town is the place where the pressure of public opinion is strongest. Yet if you compare it with the small town of a generation ago, you find that today it is much more like a big city of earlier days.

In politics, the classic scene of conformity has been the South. Nearly everybody there conformed to the Democratic Party. People would have been ashamed to vote Republican. Yet in many parts of the South they voted that way without shame in 1952 and 1956.

But what about the ambitious young man or young woman who lands a job with a big corporation? This is a question that is triumphantly asked by the moaners about conformity. Well, certainly there may be pressures that limit some employees' behavior, but you can find them in other types of organizations as well. Moreover, they existed fifty years ago.

If you work for a company and it is holding a staff conference, you are apt to think twice before standing up and informing your colleagues and superiors that all chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations are a bunch of burglars, and that the AFL-CIO is a perfect angel. On the other hand, suppose you are on the staff of the AFL-CIO, what do you say at conferences?

In fact, there is hardly any greater conformity than that imposed on employees of unions. Many of these employees are required to spend much of their time in the union's political work. But somehow they are never pointed to as victims of the "pressure toward conformity."

Some conformity there must be. Civilization itself is largely conformity. And as Robert Frost said, we must bear in mind "comparative freedom." How does the United States compare with other countries? Not one member of that radio-TV panel named any place in the world that is freer than our land. Compare our time with former times. Pressures toward conformity have generally declined, not increased. "I think," said Robert Frost, "we're the freest people that ever were free."

## Tax Regulations are Not for Taxpayers to Try to Understand

By NEIL CAROTHERS

Many taxpayers, because their earnings are unpredictable, are required to estimate their incomes in advance and to pay four installments on the basis of this estimate. If an installment was too low, the taxpayer must pay a fine.

After wrestling for hours with the complexities of the income-tax return, a taxpayer frequently discovers that he underestimated his income and must pay a fine. He turns to the regulations to see how much if anything, his fine will be, and finds:

> The charge with respect to any underpayment of any installment is mandatory and will be made unless the total amount of all payments of estimated tax made on or before the last date prescribed for the payment of such installment equals or exceeds whichever of the following is the lesser—
>
> (a) The amount which would have been required to be paid on or before such date if the estimated tax were whichever of the following is the least—
>
> (1) The tax shown on your return for the previous year (if your return for such year showed a liability for tax and covered a taxable year of twelve months), or
>
> (2) A tax computed by using the previous year's income with the current year's rates and exemptions, or
>
> (3) 70 per cent (66⅔ per cent in the case of farmers) of a tax computed by projecting to the end of the year the income received from the beginning of the year up to the beginning of the month of the installment payment; OR
>
> (b) An amount equal to 90 per cent of the tax computed, at the rates applicable to the taxable year, on the basis of the actual taxable income for the months in the taxable year ending before the month in which the installment is required to be paid.

The regulations generously provide that if the taxpayer, after struggling with this, has a mental breakdown, he can deduct the costs of medical attention from next year's income.

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# *"The doctor's coming right away!"*

IN AN HOUR of urgent need, you may have had the feeling of relief and reassurance that comes when you know your family doctor will soon step through your doorway. Then you are most aware of how much it means to have a family doctor.

Of course, any physician in your community would respond to an emergency call. It is not quite the same, however, as having your own doctor who has known you and your family through the years. When he comes, you rely on him not only as a physician, but also as a friend.

This warm relationship can be very important . . . as important, in a way, as the doctor's knowledge of medicine. This is because the family physician, in treating a patient, considers not only the current medical phases of the case, but also the patient's personal medical background. Furthermore, a doctor who has year-to-year contact with you can help ease many worries which illness often magnifies.

Whether your doctor is called for a serious emergency or a minor illness, he brings to you the latest developments of medical science. These include new methods of diagnosis, new drugs and treatments for restoring health or controlling many diseases. He also brings to you his own broad knowledge of medicine gained through years of study in schools, hospitals and clinics.

There are other equally good reasons for having a family doctor. When you go to him for periodic health check-ups, he can often detect trouble early and take appropriate action promptly. Moreover, by consulting your doctor periodically, you get his advice about how to help keep in good physical condition . . . with proper diet and sensible habits of work, sleep and relaxation.

Your friend, the family doctor, is the first to know when hospital care is needed . . . and when a specialist should be called to advise and assist him in giving you the latest specialized treatment necessary in your case.

Specialists, because of their detailed knowledge and experience in diagnosing and treating diseases falling within their particular field, are important allies of the family doctor.

Your family doctor will welcome an invitation to become a "part of your family circle." One of the most practical steps, therefore, that you can take for future health and happiness is to consult your family doctor *now* . . . and keep in touch with him over the years.

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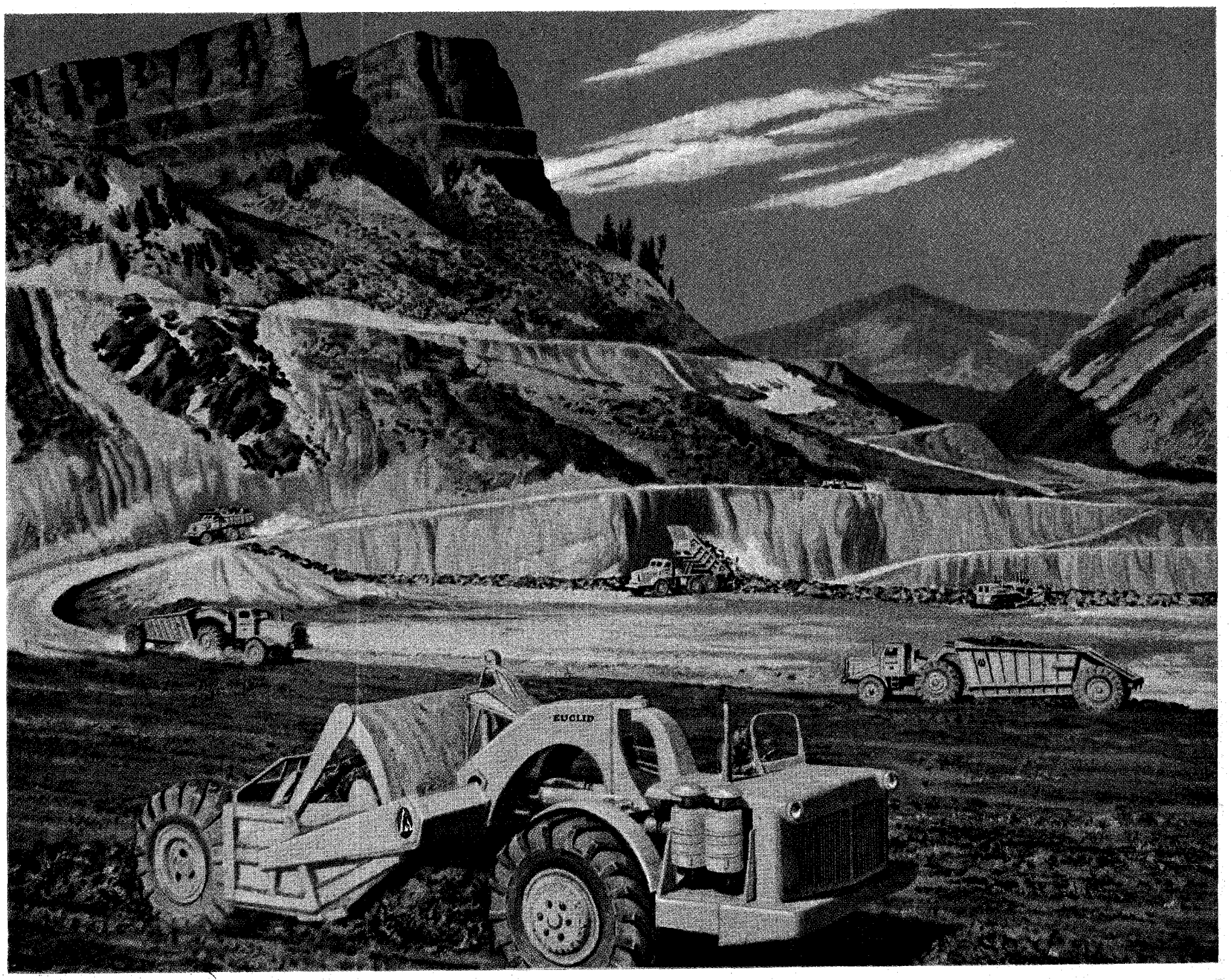


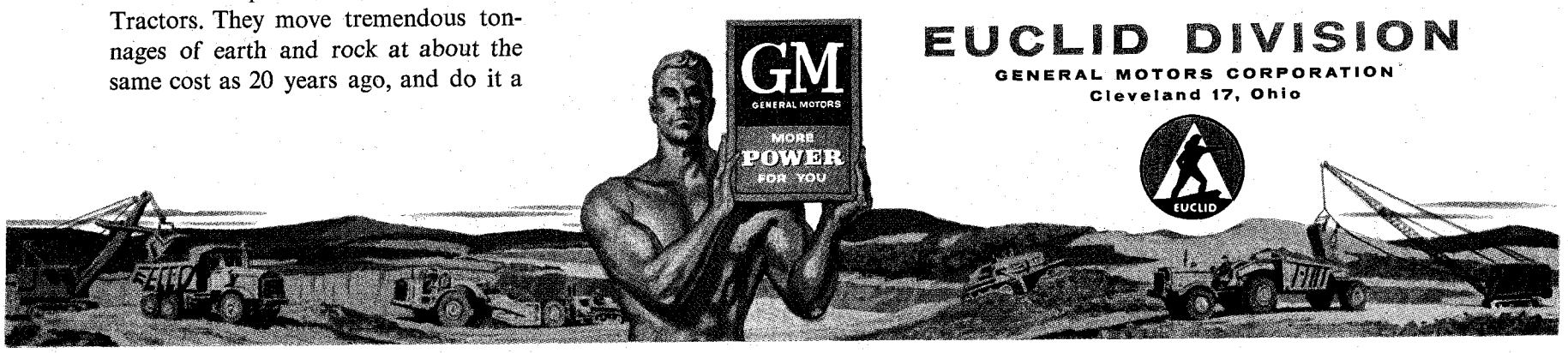

# TAMING RIVERS TO DEVELOP OUR RESOURCES

HUNDREDS of earth-fill dams have been built by Euclid equipment in many parts of the world. They stop floods by rampaging rivers, provide hydroelectric power, irrigate fertile soil and increase productivity of the land.

Such tremendous projects are made possible and economical by the use of modern specialized machines like these Euclid Scrapers, Rear-Dump and Bottom-Dump Haulers, and Crawler Tractors. They move tremendous tonnages of earth and rock at about the same cost as 20 years ago, and do it a great deal faster and easier. Often more than 100,000 cubic yards of earth or rock are moved in a single day.

Euclid experience spans the period from horses to horsepower, with all facilities devoted to building heavy earthmoving equipment. Dependable performance and advanced engineering of Euclids have made them the choice of leading contractors on every type of earthmoving project—dams, highways, mines, quarries, airports and many industrial operations.

For information on the complete line of Euclid off-highway equipment and models that will meet your specialized requirements, get in touch with a Euclid dealer or write direct.




**EUCLID DIVISION**
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Cleveland 17, Ohio

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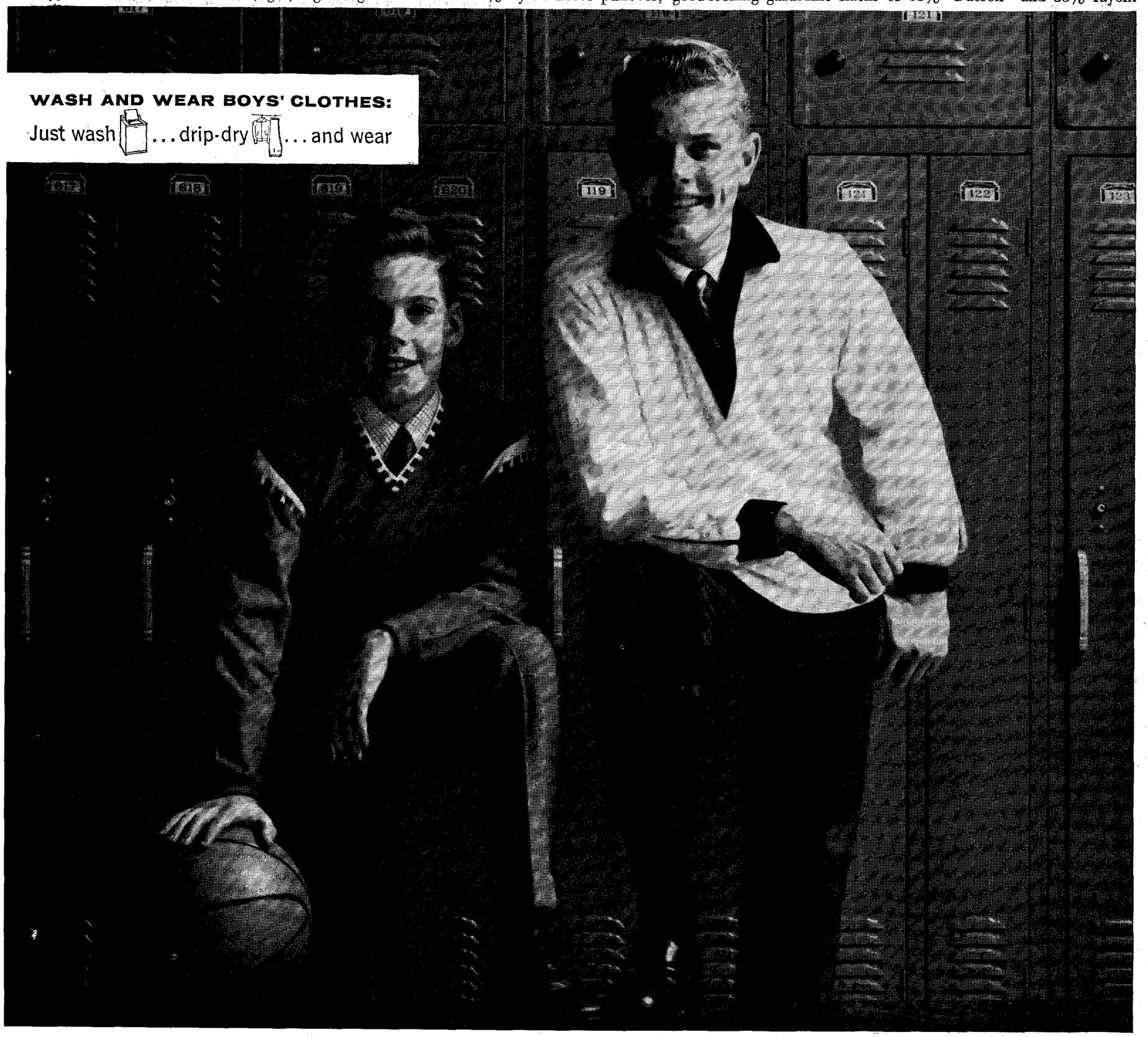
Shown below: (left) luxury-soft sweater of 100% "Orlon"; handsome, Ivy button-down tattersall shirt of 65% "Dacron" and 35% cotton; smart-looking flannel slacks of 70% "Orlon" and 30% wool; (right) lightweight and warm 100% nylon fleece pullover; good-looking gabardine slacks of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon.




# New wash and wear clothes of Du Pont fibers stay neat... save work for mothers

Now your boys *can* look well dressed and well pressed . . . with ironing seldom needed. Style-right wash and wear clothes with *high percentages* of Du Pont fibers can be washed easily by hand or machine, drip-dried, and worn again right off the hanger. And these smart, durable clothes *stay* well pressed...hold their shape...resist wrinkles all through your boys' most active, energetic day.

Wash and wear clothes made with sufficient "Dacron"* polyester fiber, "Orlon"** acrylic fiber, or nylon have *built-in* neatness and convenience. The wash and wear advantages last the life of the garments. Choose from a wide variety of well-styled garments, at fine stores everywhere.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.
**"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.
Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or garments shown.

WASH 'N' WEAR...NEW CONVENIENCE BUILT IN WITH

DACRON REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ORLON REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. NYLON

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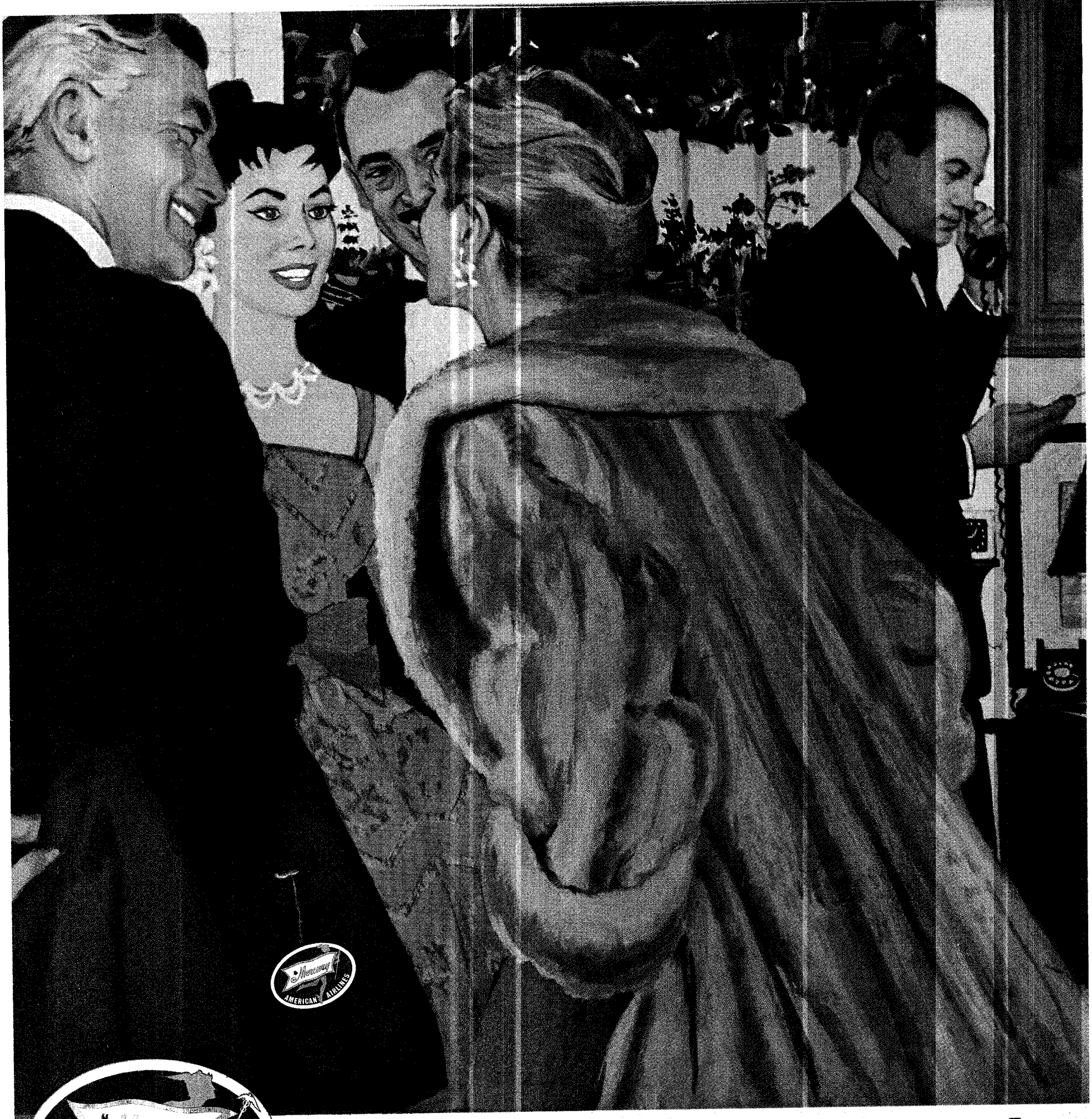

LUXURY LEADER
IN THE
WORLD OF FLIGHT

# A celebrated emblem wher

It is as natural for worldly-wise, glamorous people to select the smartest, most exclusive spots for their evening relaxation as it is for them to choose the luxurious Mercury for their travel.

There is an air of importance about a Mercury flight you clearly sense as departure-time approaches. Once aboard the deluxe DC-7, fastest airliner in the wo the reasons are readily evident. You'll be impressed the utter comfort of your *reserved* accommodations... the lavishly appointed cabin...by the spacious loun Dining is a delight, for Mercury menus are justly famc And there is the particularly thoughtful and courte

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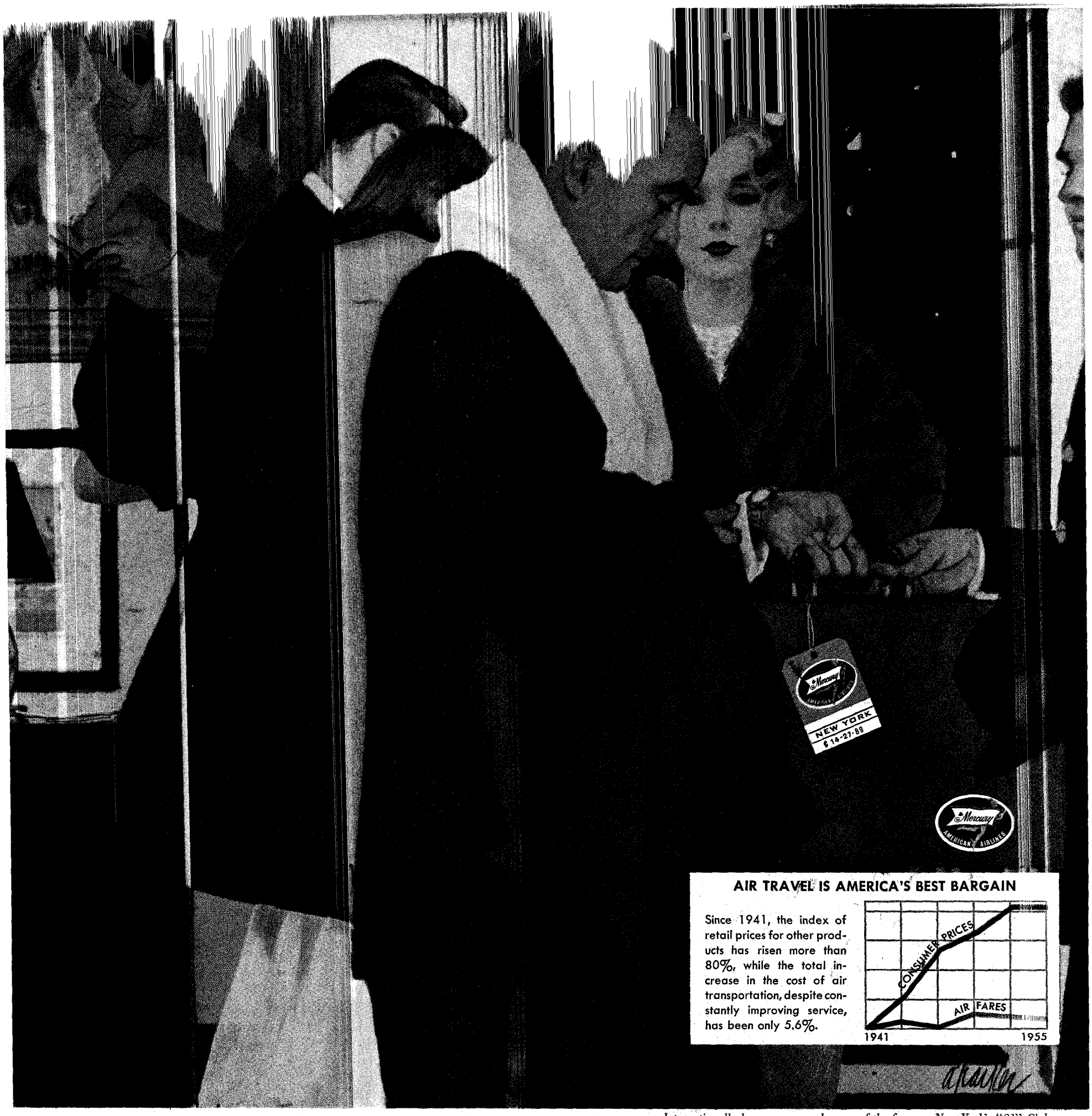



**AIR TRAVEL IS AMERICA'S BEST BARGAIN**

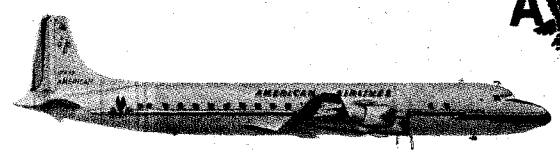
Since 1941, the index of retail prices for other products has risen more than 80%, while the total increase in the cost of air transportation, despite constantly improving service, has been only 5.6%.




*Internationally known as a rendezvous of the famous, New York's "21" Club*

# elebrities meet – he Mercury

rcury service that anticipates your every wish. The gnificent Mercury does indeed represent the highest ıdard of luxury travel. But it is also representative he superiority of *all* travel aboard American's Flag- Fleet. That is why, whenever you plan a trip, your ice should be America's Leading Airline.



**AMERICAN AIRLINES**

*America's Leading Airline*

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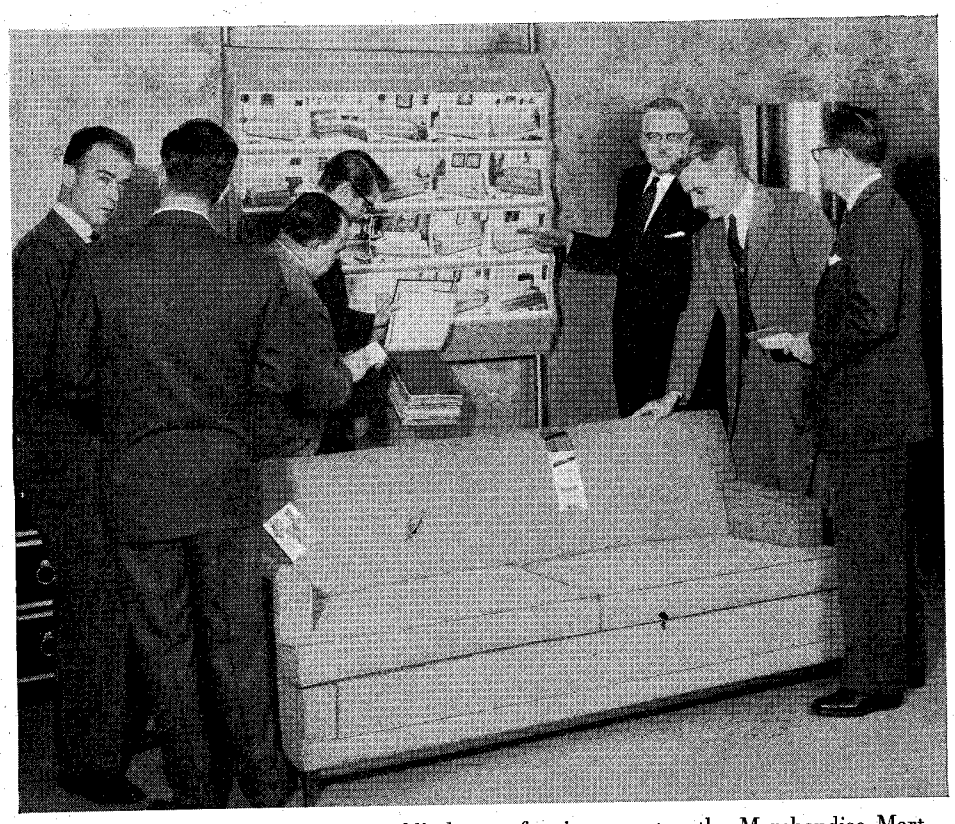
# Winners of the National

*SIMMONS dual-purpose furniture styles . . .*
*selected by experts as the best new values*
*. . . now at your favorite store!*



**Leading retailers** voting at the world's largest furniture center, the Merchandise Mart, Chicago. (Ballots were cast at the Chicago, New York and other 1957 advance furniture markets throughout the nation. The award-winning values were chosen from the widest and finest style assortment in years.)

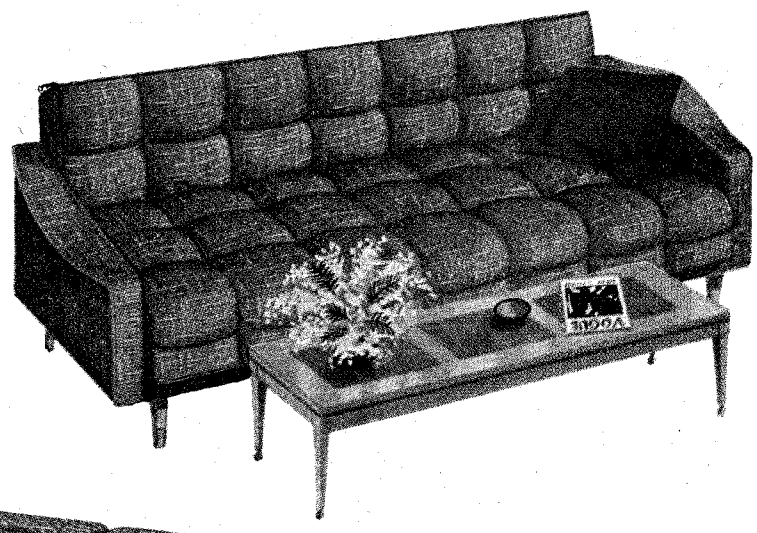
**Hundreds of leading retailers** from all over America voted these their favorite new Simmons models.

Take the word of men who know dual-purpose furniture inside and out—and can really judge construction, styling and fabric—these are the year's top values.

**The winning Simmons models** were chosen for their graceful styling and glamorous new *decorator-designed fabrics* . . . for their deep-down comfort and long-wearing construction.

Some of the outstanding features in the eyes of the experts are: the low, just-right seating height of the Hide-A-Bed® sofas . . . the studio couches' comfortable mattresses and smart tweed coverings . . . the light-scaled sofa-beds with their Beautyrest* sleeping comfort.

**Visit your favorite store** selling Simmons and see all these prize-winning styles, all the other smart new models too. Discover how much any one of them can do for *your* home. You'll agree with the National Retail Jury, they're really style and value winners!



**Best Sofa-bed,** Beautyrest seating comfort, biscuit-tufted seat and back. Sylmer-finished, spot-resistant fabric, a tweed-textured metallic in turquoise, tobacco, emerald, paprika, charcoal, nugget gold. $139.95

**Best Studio Couch,** with welted top pad and pillows, opens into twin beds! A new Sylmer-finished, spot-resistant fabric—tweed-textured with a linen look, in mocha-beige. $119.95 each

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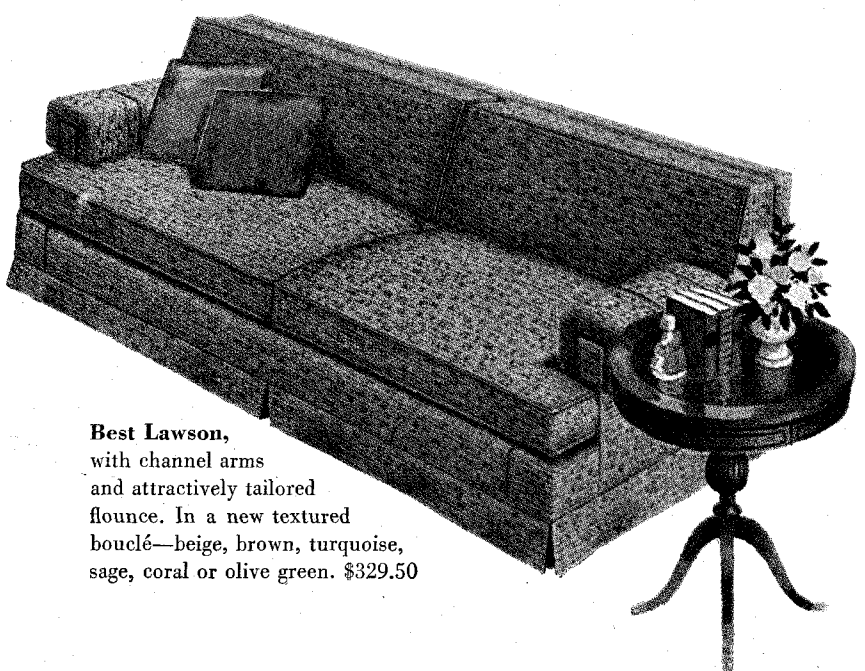
March 2, 1957

# Retail Jury Award!

**Grand Prize** goes to a fine modern Hide-A-Bed sofa—styled with smart shelf arms and an off-the-floor look. *There's even fashion news in the fabric*, a new nubby tweed highlighted with metallic threads—in Etruscan brown, burntwood, Oriental blue, Burma gold, malachite green, paprika or café orange. $279.50

**Best Provincial,** with shirred flounce skirt. A new colorfast provincial print created especially for Simmons—in combinations of gold-brown, green-natural, red-white, beige-turquoise. $259.50



**Best Lawson,** with channel arms and attractively tailored flounce. In a new textured bouclé—beige, brown, turquoise, sage, coral or olive green. $329.50

*Simmons Company*

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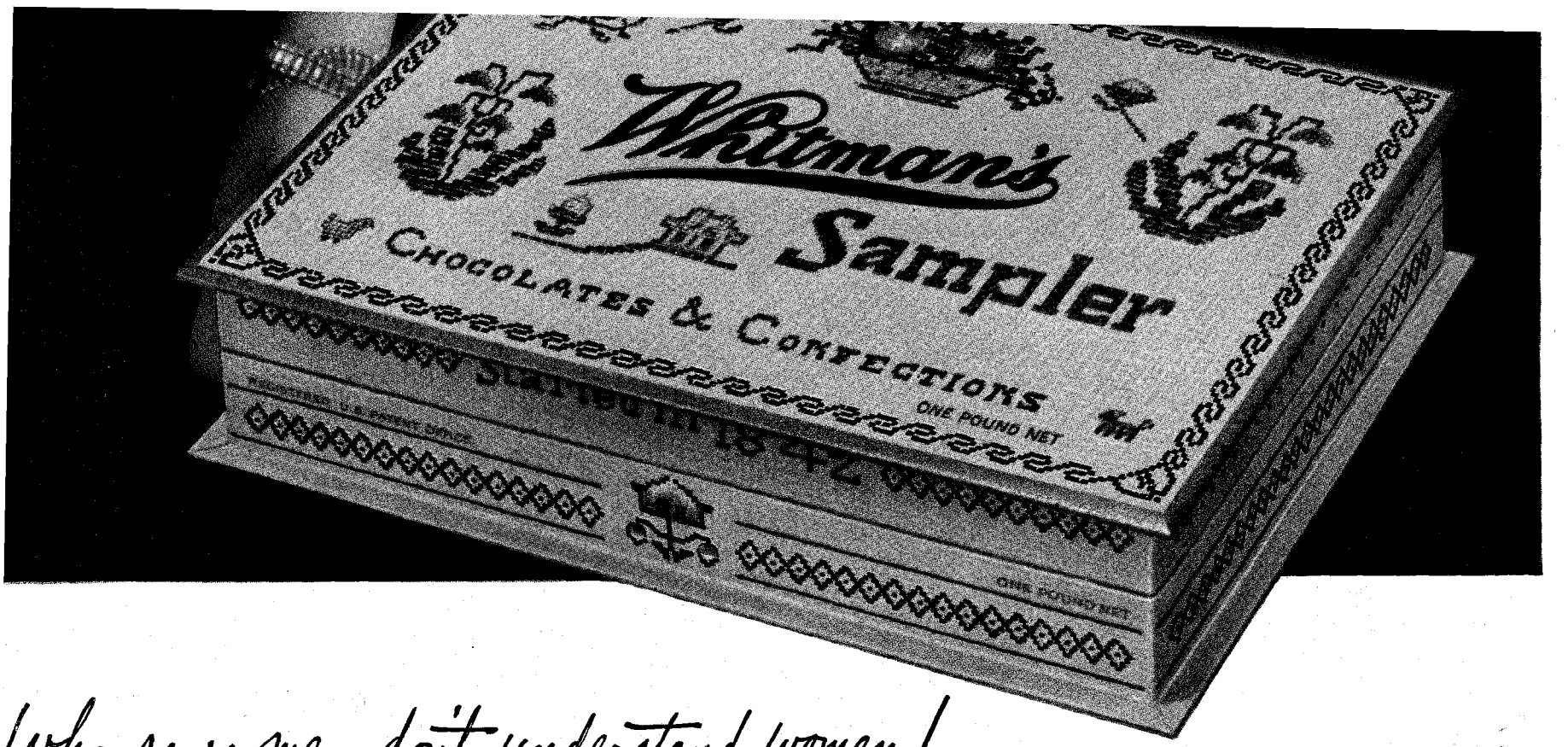


# Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

It's the men, we'll have you know, who buy the Sampler more than anybody. And they buy this famous box of chocolates to give to the ladies.

They know the Sampler is a most acceptable, distinctive present for almost any occasion. For her birthday, your anniversary, your week-end hostess, your Gal Friday, every lady in your life, Whitman's Sampler makes a winning gift—*ups* your stature in a woman's eyes!

Isn't there a lady you want to impress? Take her a Sampler! $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia.

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**a woman never forgets the man who remembers**

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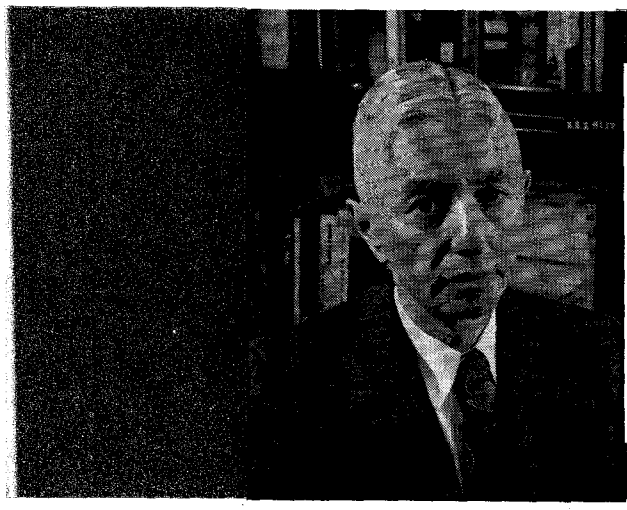
POST

# LET'S STOP WASTING OUR GREATEST RESOURCE

A noted authority on atomic energy proposes drastic changes in our schools to provide the brain power we need to survive.




## BY REAR ADMIRAL H. G. RICKOVER, USN

A brilliant engineer-scientist, Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover is best known as the creator of the atomic submarine Nautilus—"the most important piece of development work in the history of the Navy." Over the past ten years he has had much to do with the selection of young scientists for the Navy's atomic-power program and has, as he writes in this article, "learned something about the sort of education we are giving our talented youth." Admiral Rickover is Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Ships for Nuclear Propulsion, U. S. Navy, and also Chief of the Naval Reactors Branch, Atomic Energy Commission. He graduated in 1922 from the U. S. Naval Academy, where he ranked 107th in a class of 539. *The Editors.*


The United States today is faced with a crisis in education which must be dealt with promptly and effectively or the machinery which sustains our material prosperity will begin to slow down, endangering not only our standard of living but also our position in the world. We are engaged with Russia in what Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has aptly called the "cold war of the classrooms." We cannot afford to lose this "cold war," yet we are severely handicapped because the American educational system is defective, both in quantity and quality.

The war and postwar baby boom has caught us unawares. We have neither adequate space nor sufficient qualified teaching personnel to give each American child proper schooling. It is evident that we need to build new schools and engage larger teaching staffs. Though painful, the solution here is not difficult to seek and apply.

The problem of the qualitative defect of our school system is more complex. To put it bluntly, our schools do not perform their primary purpose, the training of the nation's brain power to its highest potential. The result is an alarming shortage of trained professionals.

Aroused by the difficulty of finding sufficient numbers of scientists and engineers to push on with our atomic-energy program, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of the Congress held hearings last April and May on The Shortage of Scientific and Engineering Manpower. Leading experts from industry, government and the sciences presented formidable facts and figures which, in the words of the committee, constituted "a shocking indictment of America's indifference toward one of the most serious problems facing this nation" and painted "a graphic picture of what America stands to lose in future years if we do not immediately initiate vigorous corrective measures." The text of the hearings can be bought from the Government Printing Office for $1.50. I recommend it to every thoughtful American.

Our present shortage of trained professionals is the inevitable (Continued on Page 108)



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"It's strictly business," she told him smilingly. "I want you to be satisfied. What do you think is fair?"

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"What's this?" Ravenhill muttered as he started to set his plane down. The cove, he noticed, was already occupied.

# The Golden Shadow

## Into the pitiless subarctic flew Ravenhill and his beautiful companion, searching for a vein of gold that led them to a death trap.

Beginning a thrilling new story of the Far North by ROBERT ORMOND CASE

It was shortly after two o'clock when Ravenhill, with an assist from Grogan, the hangar mechanic, completed the loading of the small but heavy boxes aboard the float-equipped old Zenith. The boxes were consigned to the Hartwell & Dixon mine, a small hard-rock operation over on the Liard. To deliver them was a menial chore, in Ravenhill's view. Yet he had accepted the commission blithely enough, being foully broke.

"Up forward a bit," Ravenhill told the mechanic, in his clipped British accent. "As close to the seats as possible." He eyed the grimy boxes with fastidious distaste. "Gad, what a house cleaning when I get back! But beggars can't be choosers, eh, Grogan?"

"A job's a job," the mechanic agreed, puffing.

They emerged from the cabin into the brilliant sunlight, swung down to the Zenith's starboard float and from there stepped to the dock. It was a gorgeous summer day. An incredibly blue sky arched overhead. The mile-wide face of the adjacent bay was near-blinding in the reflected path of the sun. Westward, whence came the prevailing breeze, the immensity of the Great Slave Lake was outspread like a silvery, shoreless sea.

Ashore was much bustling activity, the height of the midsummer season. Here at Lochiel, Canada's northernmost and leading gold metropolis—three hundred miles beyond the farthest railroad steel, within three degrees of the Arctic Circle—the ice-free interval was all too brief for what must be done against the long winter.

A dozen airplanes, loading and unloading, rode the gentle swells alongside the creaking docks. Barges from far-off Hay River were disgorging tons of freight. Trucks labored up the long hill toward town, and empties came roaring back. Through this turmoil an oddly exhilarating sense of stress and hurry fairly throbbed in the air.

"Thanks, Grogan," Ravenhill said, offering a cigarette. "It'll have to be on the cuff again, I'm afraid."

"'S all right," Grogan said. "You'll hit the jack pot soon."

They stood for a moment appraising the loaded ship. By contrast to the mechanic's slovenly garb, Ravenhill was an attention-arresting figure in burnished boots, tailored breeches and snug-fitting leather jacket. His features, framed in the flier's helmet he invariably wore for comfort and convenience, were remarkably handsome after a hard, somewhat dissipated fashion: clean-cut, hollow-eyed, the waxed tips of a military mustache imparting a dandified air instantly belied by the bitter cynicism of his lips and the contour of his lean, truculent jaw.

And there was something about this renegade Englishman that had always baffled Grogan and kept him at a distance. Ravenhill was known to be a reckless gambler, a suicidal flier, one who skirted the edges of the law with cheerful indifference if sufficient "loot" was in prospect. He had made and lost several fortunes—sometimes between successive weekends. Yet his bearing still held a nameless poise—the imprint of caste and class, of Eton and Sandhurst—that had somehow survived his reckless, outcast years in the north.

The ship before them was a venerable old craft, weatherbeaten and gray, bearing the scars of nameless adventures in the northward barrens. Zeniths were preferred by the bush pilots whose workaday hauls took them into remote spots in the wilds; they had a mulish stubbornness and dependability. Though this ancient crate was no object of beauty, Ravenhill beamed at it fondly.

"She creaks in the air, Grogan," he told the mechanic. "Her wings have more dihedral than the factory intended. Each time we bank she sheds more rivets. But a good ship for a' that."

"Too bad you ain't got a full load," Grogan commented. "Since you're going that far, you could easy take another two-three hundred pounds."

"No complaint," Ravenhill said. "I'll be able to pay off a few of the blighted bills tonight, including your chit, old cabbage." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Well, my tanks are full. My flight plan's filed. A fifth of Scotch's aboard. Cast off for me, eh?"

At that moment a distant voice hailed him. Ravenhill moved to his right and thus brought into view the weatherbeaten structure which the bush pilots called their "operational headquarters." It was actually headquarters of sorts, but the "operations" consisted largely of between-flights beer and poker.

Little Joe Patullo, dean of the bush pilots, leaned from the doorway, indicating by signs that Ravenhill was wanted on the telephone.

Shrugging, Ravenhill started ashore. "Don't wait," he told Grogan. "I'll cast off."

Joe Patullo was seated at his desk, a gnome-like little man with black, placid eyes and black hair streaked with gray. He and Ravenhill had hoisted many a convivial glass together.

"It's the Mounties," Joe said guardedly, indicating the wall telephone. "Sergeant Hepworth wants to talk to you."

"H'm'm," Ravenhill said.

"I can tell him he's too late," Joe offered.

Ravenhill considered this a moment, then shook his head. (Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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# What Do You Mean by "Hopeless"?

## Youngsters who are both deaf and blind can be rescued from a life of helpless, frustrated isolation, and can even become happy and useful citizens.

By DON MURRAY

Denise Schellenberg, a sandy-haired child with dimples and coltish bare legs, lies laughing on the floor as her teacher tickles her tummy. Tickling is a strange way to teach, but it is one of the few ways Doris Richardson can make contact with her pupil. Denise is both deaf and blind. In all her six years she has never seen another human being or heard a single sound.

She is one of the "children of the silent night" at the Perkins School for the Blind in Watertown, Massachusetts, who were born to a lonely world of perpetual frustration and surrealistic distortion. The far horizon of that world is not the blast of a train whistle over the hill, but the smell of dust in the corner of a room. Denise will never see children play across the street; she only feels the floor vibrate when they charge into the house for cookies.

For the most part, she depends on the sense of touch to define her world, a small universe that can never be more than an arm's length away. What she "sees" with her busy fingers is, at first, an incredible jumble of impressions. It may take her hours, or days, or weeks to rearrange them into a mental picture of a simple table. Denise's sense of taste is not just

Teacher Doris Richardson waits anxiously to see if deaf-and-blind Denise Schellenberg understands the command, "Fall down," which she spoke into the child's hands. This was the first time teacher and pupil had communicated in this way, and Denise "fell down" on her own.

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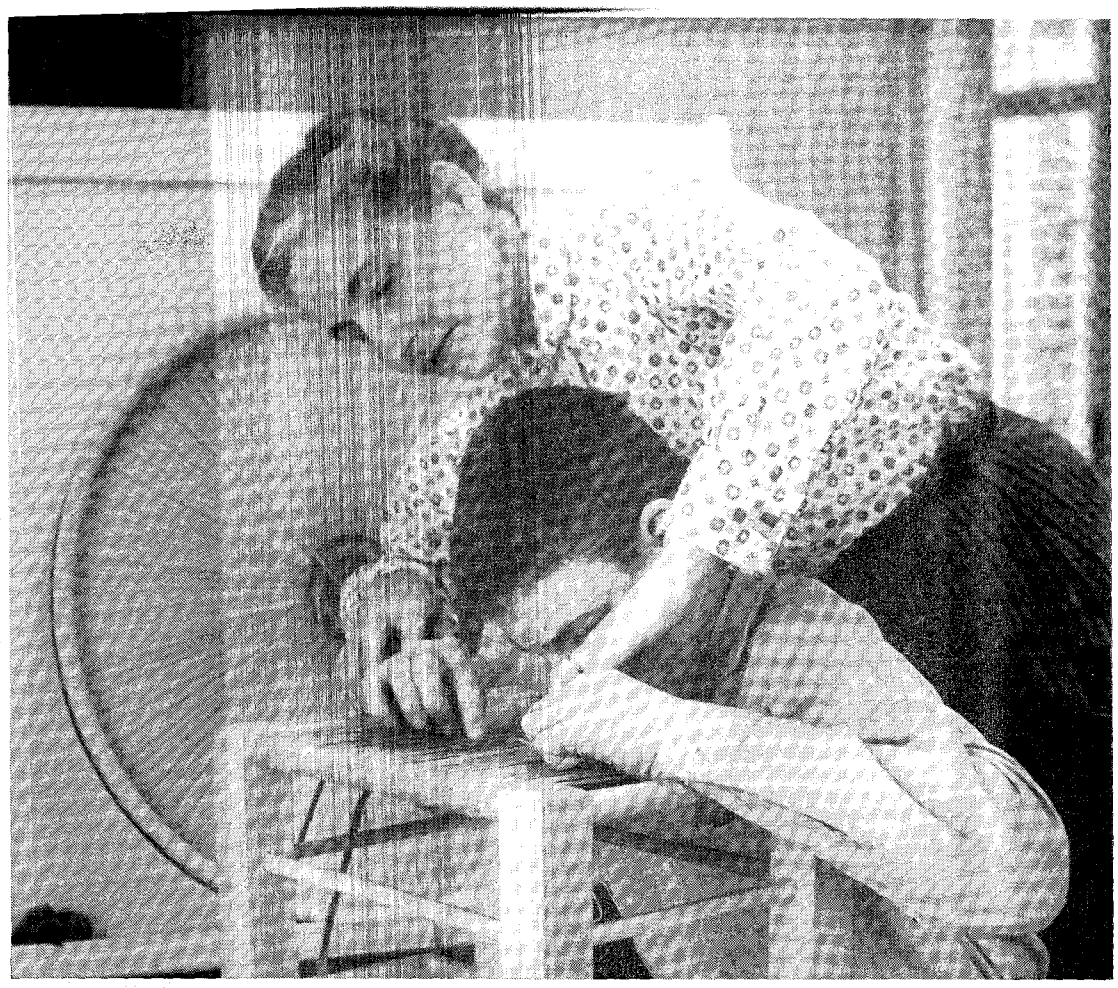
for enjoyment, but is the best way she can tell an orange from a rubber ball.

Denise is but one of dozens of youngsters who inhabit this strange, terrifying world. The American Foundation for the Blind, a private, nationwide agency, has made a census of deaf-blind under twenty in the United States and come up with a total: 258. There are probably a third more deaf-blind children who have not yet been found, and the census does not attempt to include the hundreds upon hundreds of deaf-blind who have grown to adulthood, most of them condemned to an eternity of vegetable living in upstairs bedrooms or the back wards of mental hospitals.

Fortunately there is new hope today for deaf-blind children if they are sent to the proper schools when they are young. This is not so easy as it may seem, for there is a desperate shortage of teachers at the seven schools which will accept deaf-blind students. Today sixty-six children are being educated, but almost as many, sixty-one, are permanently incarcerated in institutions for the mentally retarded. Just how many deserve that fate no one knows, for no (Continued on Page 68)



Mrs. Olive Barr instructs Tedford Cook in weaving, one of the useful crafts the deaf-and-blind can master.

Rebellion against a silent, sightless world: Little Cay Amato is comforted by Dan Burns, head of the deaf-blind department at the Perkins School for the Blind, Watertown, Mass.

What is a cow? Deaf-and-blind Janet Ferrari and Fred Minyard, who learned about cows from their plastic model, meet a live one. Fred "listens" to teacher Ruth Kesselman by touching her lips and throat as she speaks.

Eleanor Roosevelt greets Helen Keller, world-famous author, who has been deaf and blind since she was 19 months old.

William Powers, deaf-blind Attorney-General of Rhode Island, is a Perkins graduate.

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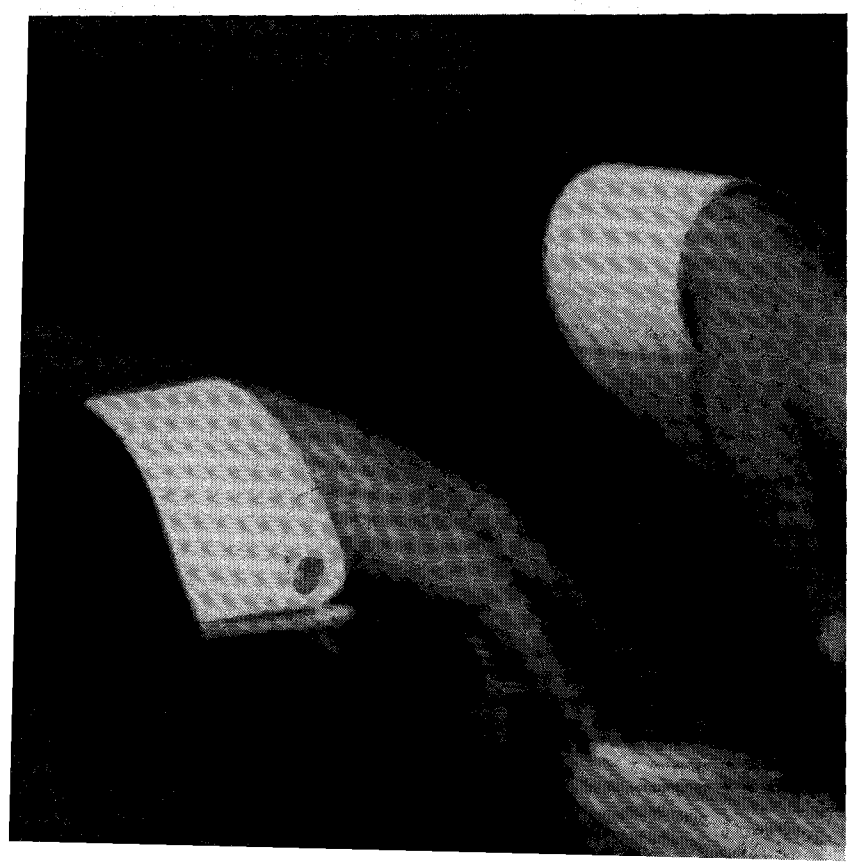
*Part Three*

# Everybody Laughs at Me

At fourteen Victor made his debut with a symphony orchestra. But he had a comic impulse, turned the performance into chaos— and went home in disgrace.

By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings*



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# FROM COPENHAGEN TO TEXAS: ALWAYS THE CLOWN

In an Eastern city not long ago a certain theatrical reporter grabbed me at the stage door and snapped, "I've got a good story on you. You were really born in Brooklyn and you're not Danish at all."

"But that's not true," I countered.

"Yeah?" he said. "Then say something in Danish."

This silly request, which I hear often, always raises my blood pressure. My mind went blank and my tongue was in knots. By the time I thought of something appropriate to say in Danish or any other language, it was too late, and you couldn't print it anyway.

I suppose some of these weird stories got started shortly after I first came to America. Just for fun, I used to tell people, in interviews or on stage, that I was born in Box No. 7 at the Royal Danish Opera House in Copenhagen. I said it happened there because my father was playing the violin in the Royal Danish Orchestra, but that my mother was terribly disappointed when I showed up. Someone would ask, "Why? What was she expecting?"

"Rigoletto," I would say.

Last summer, when I revisited Copenhagen, I encountered an old family friend named S. E. Nienstaedt. He is a guide for the American Express Company, and he picks up extra *kroner* now and then by taking American tourists on private side trips to No. 40 Classensgade. He stops there and says, "Here on the third floor, in a back room, was born Victor Borge, the American television star."

This is very flattering promotion, of course, and I especially like that word "American." But I wasn't born at No. 40 Classensgade, though we lived there, or in a box at the opera. The opera house did have a side door for deliveries, but they never let people in during a performance. Actually I was born on January 3, 1909, in the Rosenvaengets Hospital, not so very far from the family flat.

Being born of Danish parents in a Danish hospital automatically made me a Dane. Unfortunately this was eventually distorted into "The Unmelancholy Dane," or, what is worse, "The Great Dane." I was headlining the Chicago Theater in 1950 when one of my press agents heard there was to be a "Great Dane Day" at the Chicago Industrial Fair.

"Victor," he said, "I have an inspiration and we're going to the fair. Great Dane—that's you—meets Great Danes, whoever they are."

I had visions of a *smörgåsbord* table groaning with Danish delicacies and a congenial day with such Great Danes as Lauritz Melchior, Cherry Heering and Jean Hersholt. And besides, I thought we might get our pictures in the paper.

(Continued on Page 63)

Comedy in Music: Victor in his one-man show that broke Broadway records with 849 performances.

Victor played a seaside photographer in this 1935 slapstick movie.

Borge at 26 in one of a series of comedies he made in Denmark.

How to tune your piano, Victor Borge-style.

Chow hounds: Borge with Muggsy, Toujours and L'Amour.

The "mussed-up" routine on TV with opera star Lauritz Melchior.

Rehearsing for his show in the Cotton Bowl.

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By EILEEN TIGHE

# Love Dies Slowly

## Some women cling desperately to memories, as if asking for heartache.

It had been raining for ten long days, a steady, relentless downpour that dampened the human spirit as well as the good brown earth. One dreary day followed another with monotonous regularity. The river looked black and threatening and the hedges along its banks were hardly visible through the heavy mist. Even the small ferryboat that crossed from shore to shore had disappeared from sight, but its foghorn tooted eerily all through the day and night. I was working in my studio, an upstairs room with a view of the river and its far shore, when I heard the front door open unceremoniously and close with a shattering bang.

"Chip!" I called. "Haven't I asked you not to use the front door?"

"It's raining, Maggie."

"I know, dear. That's why I want you to come in the back way."

"Roger," said Chip. "Over."

"Please don't track up the house. I've just finished straightening it."

"Roger. Anything to eat?"

"Sandwiches in the pantry. Milk and soda pop in the refrigerator."

"*Mille grazie*," said Chip. "*Yatcha lubia*."

I went back to my drawing board and the sketches I was doing for a new children's book. My son walked into the studio nibbling on a three-decker peanut-butter sandwich and drinking his pop from the bottle. His bright hair was wet with rain, but it was as rebellious as ever. He was growing so fast that nothing seemed to fit him. There was always a space around his ankles and his wrists that remained uncovered.

"Are you still working on that silly old book?" he asked.

"I'm working on five hundred silly old dollars," I replied.

His eyes clouded. They were very expressive eyes, full of joy or sadness or wonderment or laughter. He had the fair hair and skin and the chiseled features of his grandfather, but the great dark eyes were strictly his own. They had a disturbing way of looking straight through you and of always seeking the truth. He came over and put an ice-cold pop-bottle hand on my shoulder.

"I love you, Maggie," he said. "I wish you didn't have to work so hard."

He was so sincere and so very young and vulnerable that I longed to put my arms around him. But he was growing up and he didn't like to be babied.

"I love you, too, darling," I said, "and I'm a very fortunate woman. I have a wonderful son and work to do that I enjoy. By the way, did you see the lunch box in the pantry?"

He nodded.

"I thought you might like to take it down to your friend, Aristotle. It must be difficult to navigate a ferryboat in this fog."

"It's spooky," said Chip. "Aristotle says that fog is celestial, but I don't agree. It's unearthly all right, but it's not divine. It's cold and clammy, and it wraps itself around you and blots you out of sight. It's not like flying through a cloud. It's more like vanishing into a vacuum."

"Sounds like a good idea for a composition."

"I wrote one on it last week and Mr. O'Hara told me today that it may win a prize. He was in Japan, Maggie. When we were there."

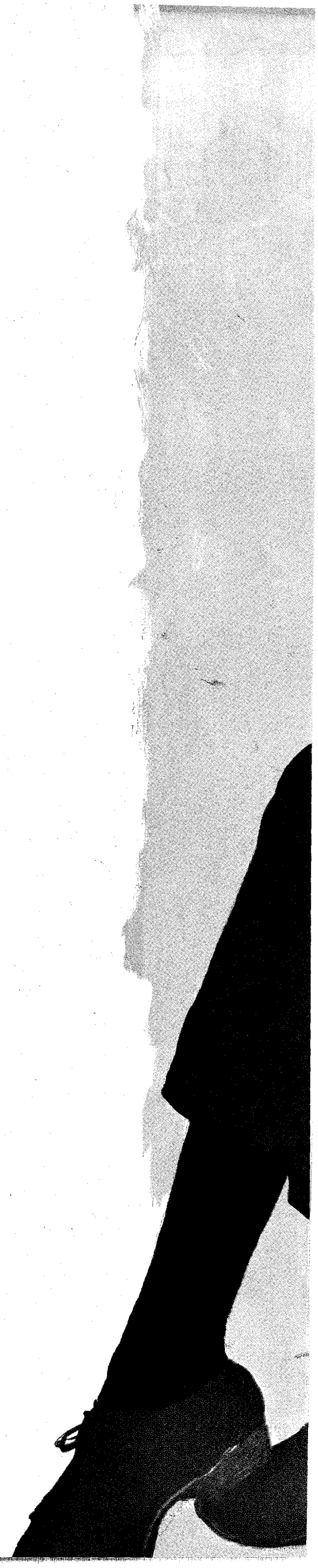
"Is that so?"

My son gave me a long, searching look. "He said he met you once in Lisbon and once in Singapore. He said you might not remember him, but he'd like to come over and talk to you. He asks me about you all the time."

I remembered Mike O'Hara very well. He was a brilliant, charming, supercharged correspondent; a romantic type who got into trouble with a colonel's wife. I was surprised when I heard he was teaching at Bolton, because he was a really gifted journalist and his father owned a chain of New England newspapers.

"I remember him, Chip," I said, "but I'm not ready for people yet." (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers



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"It's a very personal letter," she said, "but I'd like you to read it. There are a great many things you should know—about Chip and me."

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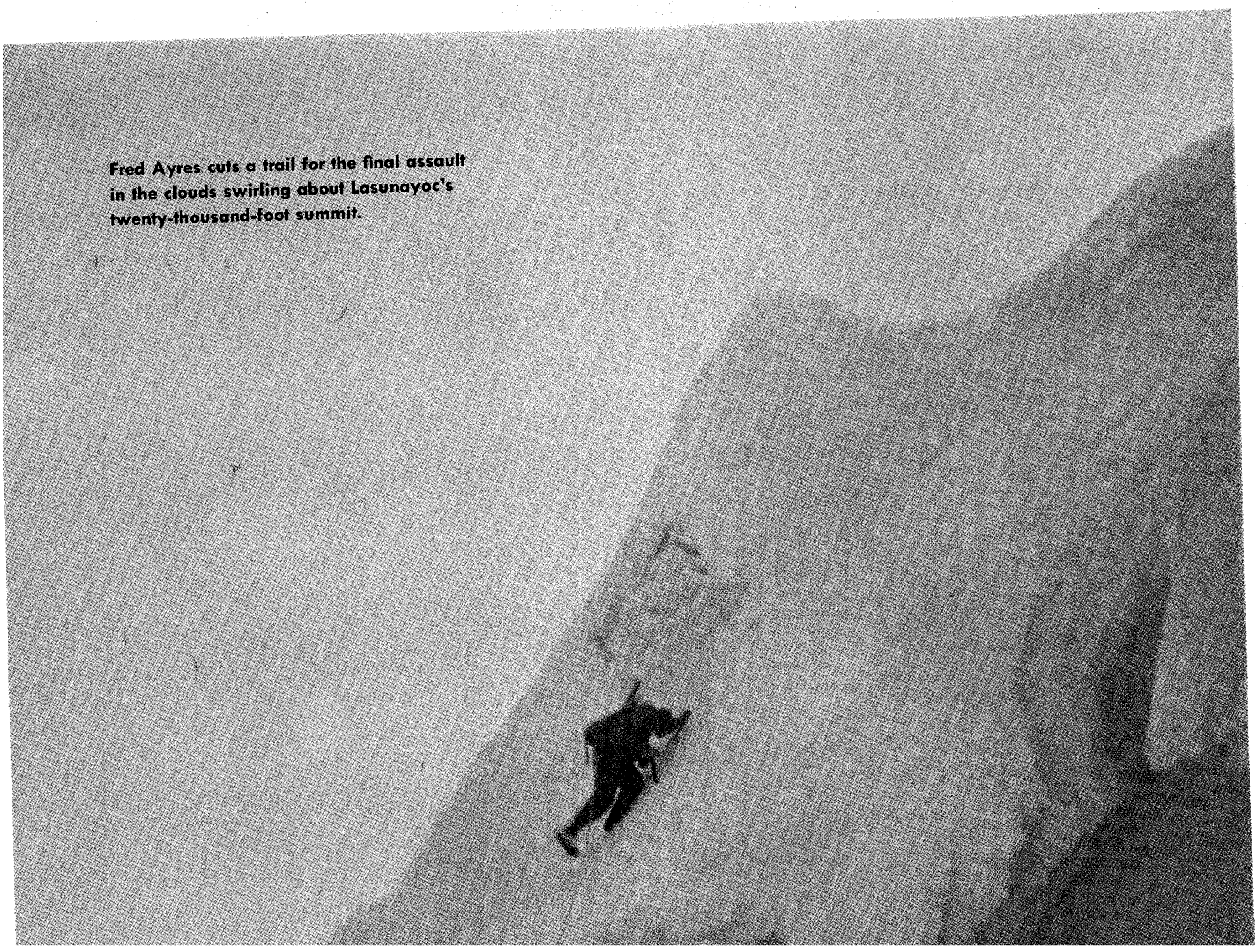
# We Conquered the Mystery Mountain

By GEORGE I. BELL

How nine Americans became the first to scale the treacherous peaks of South America's lost mountain range.



**Fred Ayres cuts a trail for the final assault in the clouds swirling about Lasunayoc's twenty-thousand-foot summit.**

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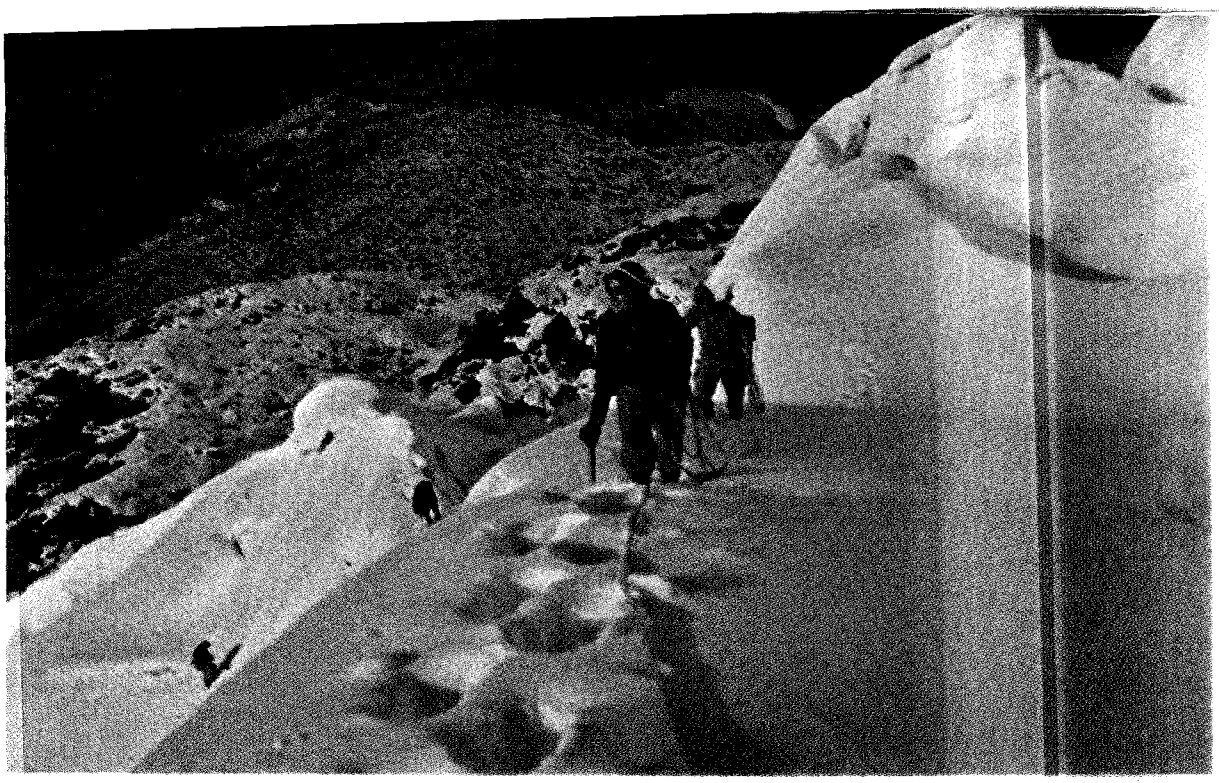


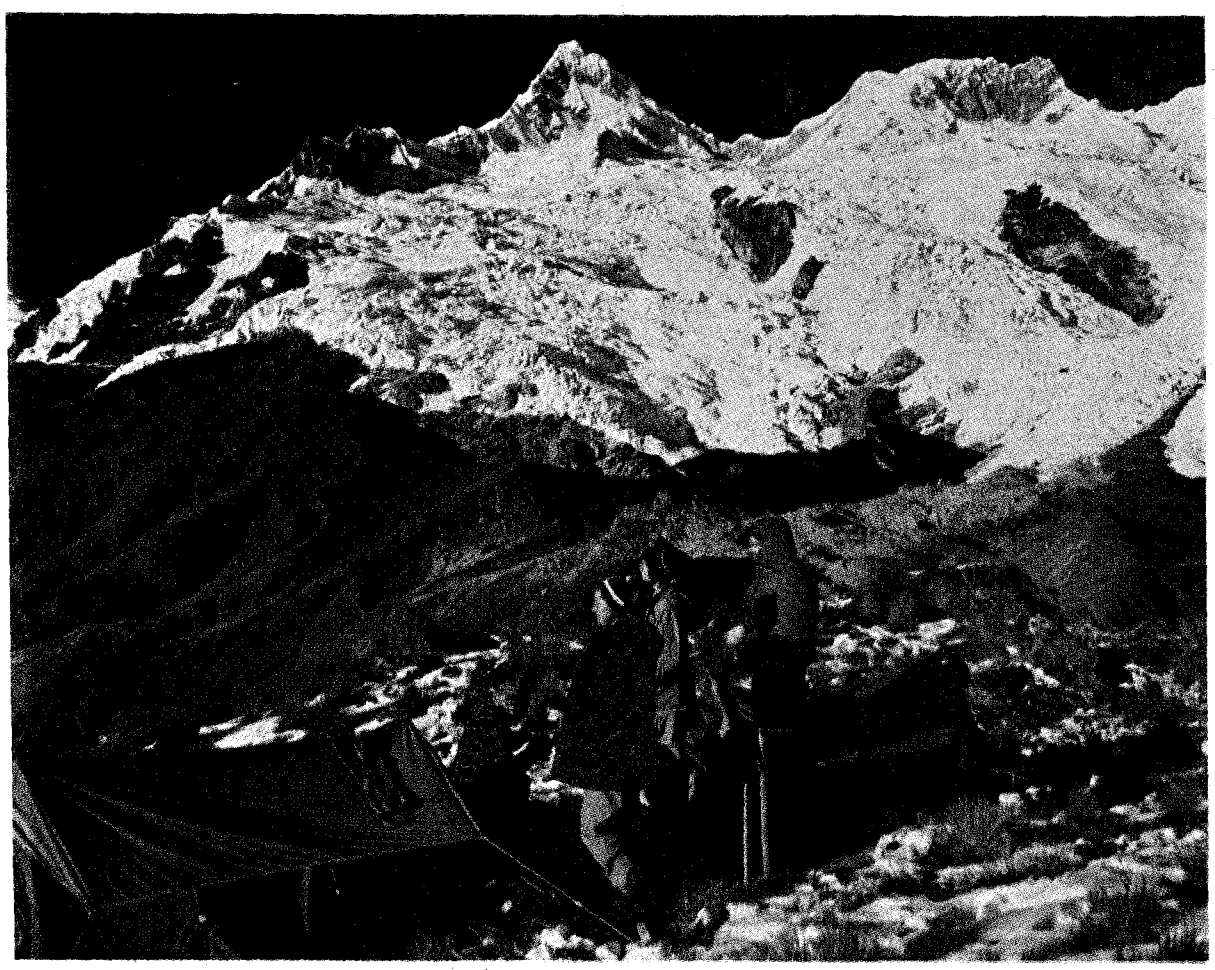
Ginny Bell, the author's wife, and Fred Ayres work their way up Ccollpachinac Human, one of Pumasillo's peaks. Below them are Corky Matthews and her husband Graham, veteran of previous Peruvian expeditions.

We knew that somewhere beyond the dark jungle lay a range of beautiful snow-capped mountains. These were our goals—these were the peaks we had come 4000 miles to climb. But when we reached the last outpost of civilization, everyone told us that no such mountains existed. The wealthy hacienda owner, our trusty guides, the Indians who lived nearby—all of them agreed that beyond the jungle there were no mountains.

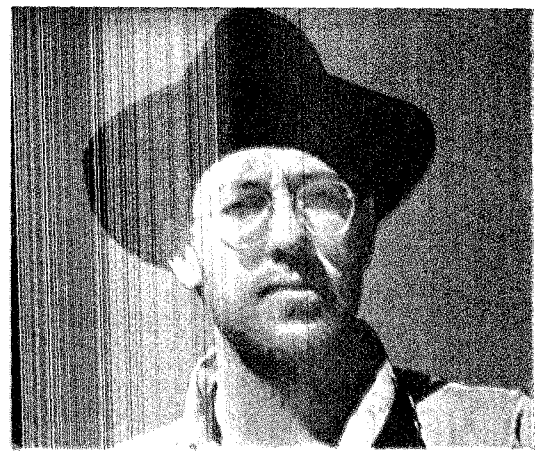
It was a puzzle. In planning the expedition, back in the United States, we had anticipated difficulties in reaching the peaks of Pumasillo. We knew that they were not shown on most maps of Peru and that they were misplaced on the few maps where they appeared. Yet, although no European or American had ever been in these mountains, we had been confident of our ability to find them. But now we had passed three frustrating weeks in Peru without getting near our peaks. We had met a party of the foremost British mountain climbers who had just spent a month wandering around the jungle valleys looking for the peaks of Pumasillo without success. We met a party of Dutch climbers who swore no such peaks existed.

But, finally, we proved that the peaks of Pumasillo were very real. Too real, they seemed, when we were later groping through the storms on their icy flanks. Too real, when Fred Ayres was desperately fighting his way out of an avalanche or when David Michael clawed out of the blackness of a bottomless crevasse which nearly got him. Too real, when Corky Matthews (Continued on Page 96)

Photographs by George I. Bell

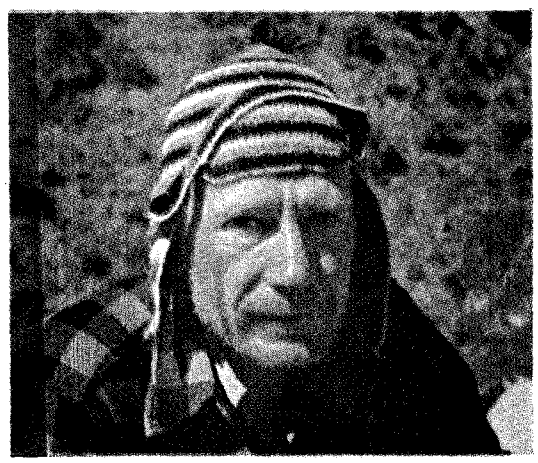


Ginny, Corky andGraham at a base camp on Ccollpachinac Human. Behind them rise the peaks of Lasunayoc.



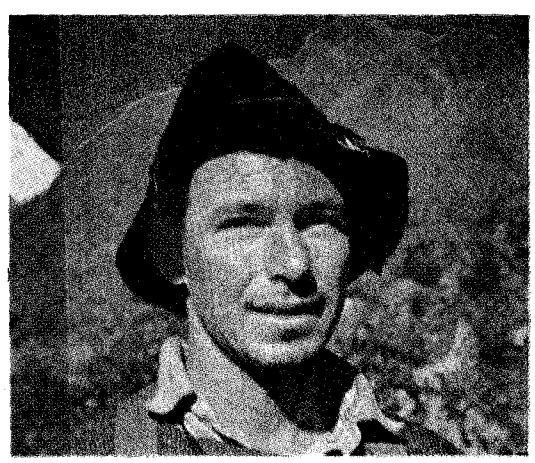
The author is a physicist at Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Ginny Bell works in a laboratory at Los Alamos.



Fred Ayres fearlessly hacked out a perilous route.

Corky Matthews. She had a very narrow escape.



David Michael almost skidded into a crevasse.

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Dave Bascom flinched the tiniest bit with every shot, as though the bullets were driving into him instead of his stock.

Death was the penalty for anyone who dared cross

# The Forbidden Range

By JOHN L. SHELLEY

We got to this place called Middletown, in Kansas Territory, one morning in early September. I swear I don't know what it was supposed to be the middle of, unless it was a few thousand square miles of prairie. The main street was mostly saloons and gambling houses, nearly all with false fronts to brag of a height none of them had. Men in boots, both high-heeled and flat-heeled, clumped along in the dust, and the ladies picked up their long skirts to keep from sweeping the street clean.

Our four big white oxen drew a lot of admiring looks from all sides as we came through the town, the giant Conestoga wagon rolling out thick ribbons of dust on both sides. They should have. We had spent more for them than for all the rest of the stuff combined, but pa had always said that when a man traveled his first thoughts should be of reaching the end of his journey. Only the man with good animals was pretty sure of getting where he was going.

There was one general store, and we stopped there to buy coffee and flour and such, even though the prices were high as a cat's back. Some things you just couldn't get off the land, and after you travel by ox wagon for a few months you're bound to run out of them.

It was a sort of sweet torture for us five boys, after a steady diet of jack rabbit, beans and flapjacks, to wander around in that store with our noses twitching and our eyes eating up everything in sight. We reveled in the smells: the smoky smell of hams and bacon, the slight mustiness of the open cracker barrel, with the sharp tang of the pickle barrels overlaying it all. The worst was when we got to the candy counter and stood in silent, stair-step formation with our noses flattened against the glass.

Pa asked the storekeeper some questions about the country to the west, but didn't get much in the way of answers. The old man, who wore a burlap sack for an apron, kept glancing across the store at a couple of men who seemed to be watching us. They were both dressed in cowmen's clothes, and appeared mighty interested in a poor family of immigrants. The old man looked at pa's right arm in its sling. "Bad?" he asked. (Continued on Page 56)

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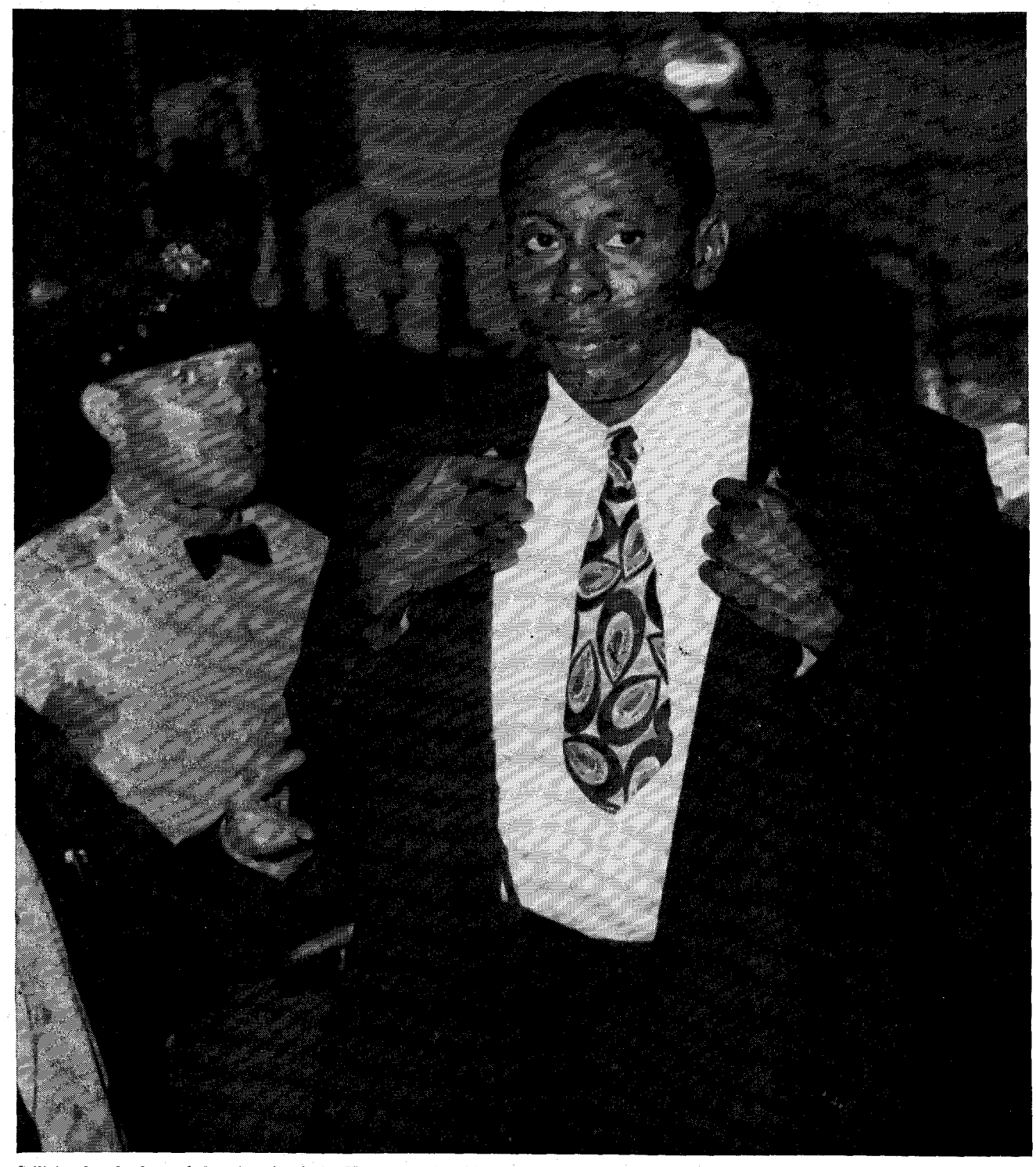
# DEATH IS HIS CELLMATE

By JACK ALEXANDER

Five times Aaron "Treetop" Turner has been convicted of a double murder. Four times he has been sentenced to death. Yet he's still alive—and still insists he's innocent. Is he?

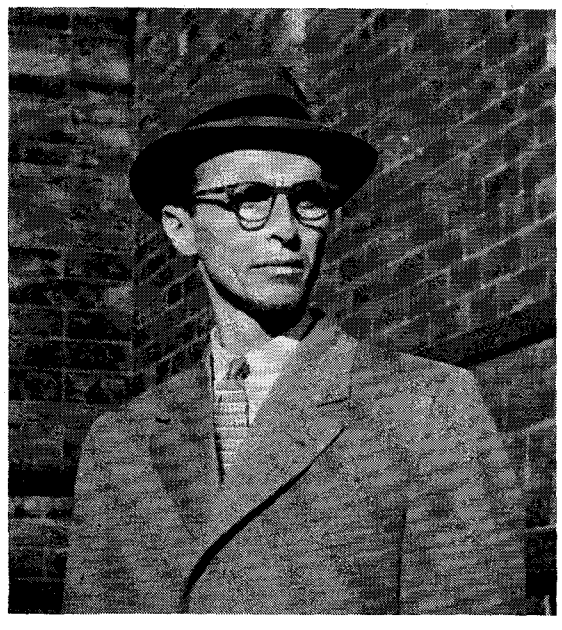


Still in the shadow of the electric chair, Turner makes his way to the courtroom at the end of his third trial.

Late in the afternoon of December 15, 1945, a chilling and overcast day, Patrolman David Monaghan, of the Philadelphia police, was going about the routine of trying the doors of the business houses on his beat. He found them all duly locked until he came to the Ace Broom Company at 355-357 North 2nd Street. Its door gave inward when he turned the knob. Cautiously, Monaghan opened it all the way and walked in. He found the recumbent forms of two men.

Their skulls had been bashed in with some kind of heavy weapon wielded without mercy. They lay, still living, but unconscious, in ugly lakes of blood. Plainly, they had put up desperate resistance, for blood was spattered all over the place. Dark drops of it had reached a height of two feet on neat bundles of brooms which were stacked primly along the walls. In this incongruous setting had begun a murder case which was to develop more and more incongruities as more than a decade passed. It hasn't been settled yet.

One of the broom-factory victims was the proprietor, Charles Simmons. He was fifty-three years old and powerfully built. The other victim was Frank Endres, sixty-three, one of Simmons' dozen-odd employees. Endres died two days later and Simmons six days later. Neither had regained consciousness.



Court-appointed lawyer Edwin Rome has fought Turner's 10-year battle, will defend him to the end.

It was a queer kind of murder case. No eyewitness to the crime was ever found, nor were any fingerprints, nor was the heavy weapon which had crushed the victims' skulls. There were no physical clues at all. Yet two men, both Negroes, are serving life terms for the crime. One is Clarence Lofton, a veteran criminal with a long record of felony convictions stretching from Louisiana to Pennsylvania. Lofton pleaded guilty. The other is Jasper "Fats" Johnson, who was only eighteen at the time of the murders. Johnson was found guilty by a jury. His only previous arrest was for having tried to rob a man in the washroom of a saloon. Johnson was just a punk.

The case is sometimes referred to as "the broom-factory job." More often it is called "the 'Treetop' Turner case" after the nickname of a third Negro enwrapped, much against his will, in the crime and its aftermath. His real name is Aaron Turner. The "Treetop" label stems from his height. He stands six feet, one inch and seems to have been designed by Nature for the basketball court. Implicated by Lofton and Johnson as the leader in the double murder and as the member of the trio who swung the weapon—a sash weight, according to them—Turner has steadfastly denied that he was involved (Continued on Page 84)

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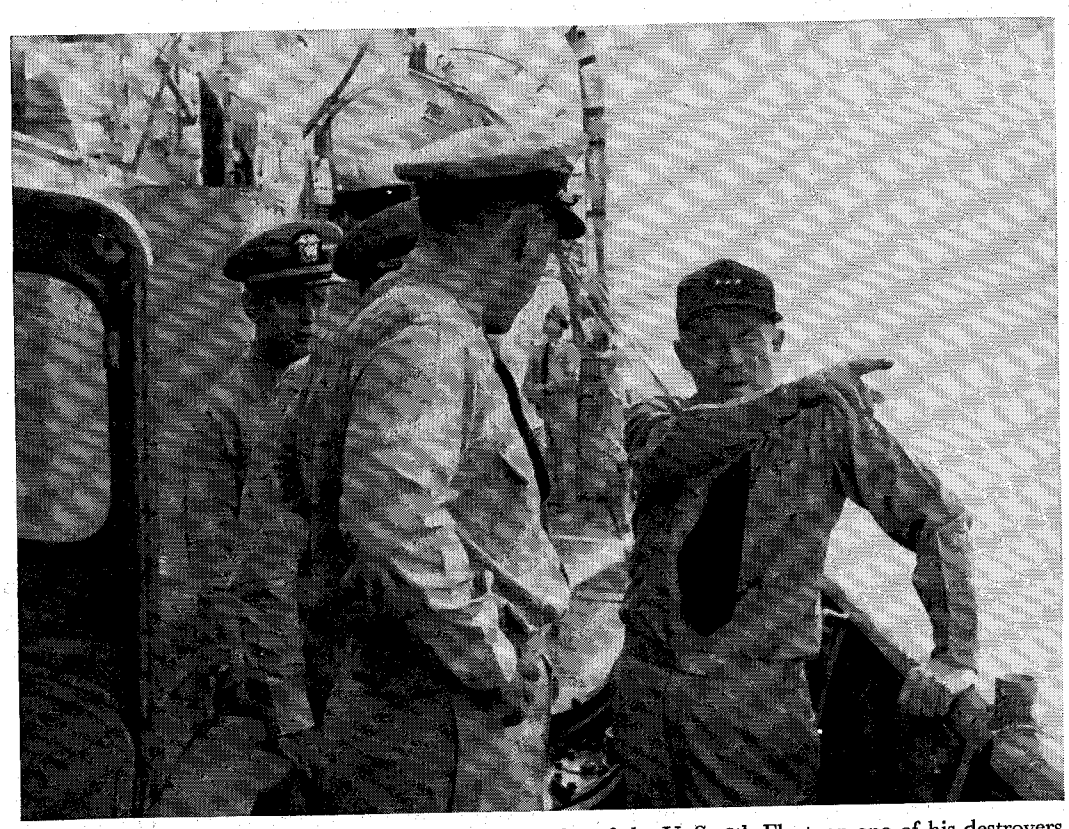
# Cat Brown's Kittens Have Claws

## "We can whisper, or we can roar," says the boss of our Mediterranean fleet, which makes us friends in the ancient world while it stands ready to deliver a knockout punch wherever it's needed.



Vice-Admiral Charles "Cat" Brown (right), commander of the U. S. 6th Fleet, on one of his destroyers.

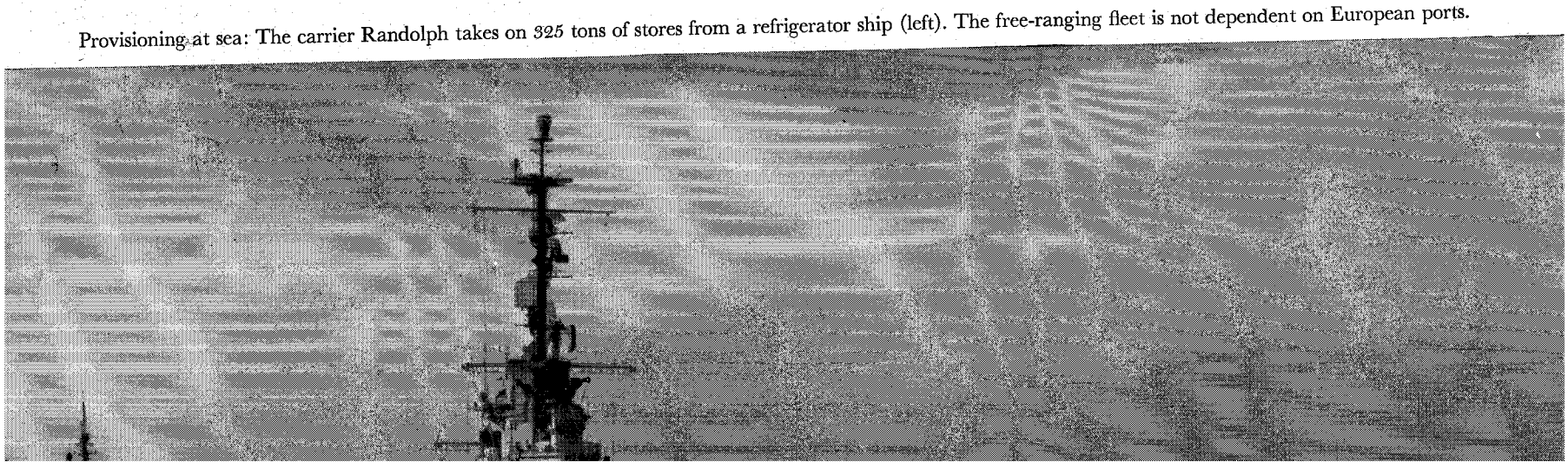
By HAROLD H. MARTIN

A few months ago, in his cabin on a swift gray fighting ship afloat in the Mediterranean, Vice-Admiral Charles R. (Cat) Brown, commander of the United States 6th Fleet, gave a visitor a brief history lesson. Adjusting his glasses on his nose, he pulled down a book from the shelf, and read aloud, in the lyrical prose of Mr. Emil Ludwig:

"The Mediterranean is the Helen among oceans. Like her, it was desired by all who saw it . . . fought over not for ten, but for two thousand years, and captured by the boldest. . . . Today, before our eyes, it is fought over anew."

Mr. Ludwig wrote in wartime. As the admiral spoke, no bombs were falling, no naval guns were booming on and around the almost tideless sea that links and separates Europe, Africa and Asia. The volcano that had been rumbling in the Middle East had quieted down, and the hot tin roof on which "Cat"

Provisioning at sea: The carrier Randolph takes on 325 tons of stores from a refrigerator ship (left). The free-ranging fleet is not dependent on European ports.



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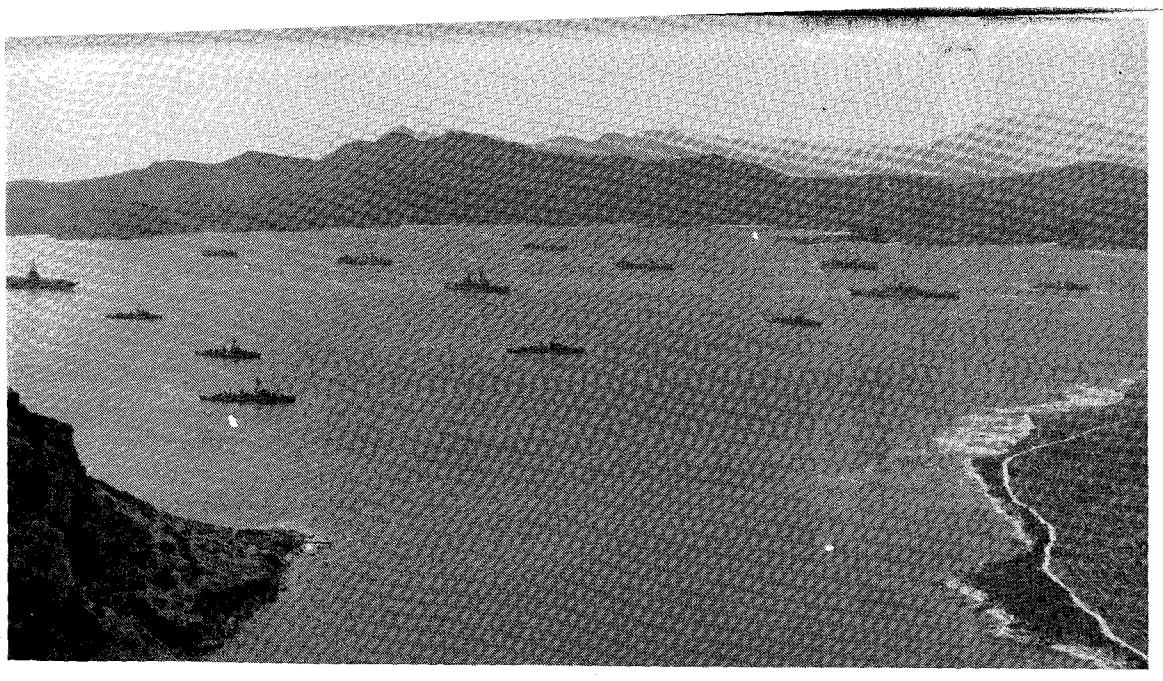


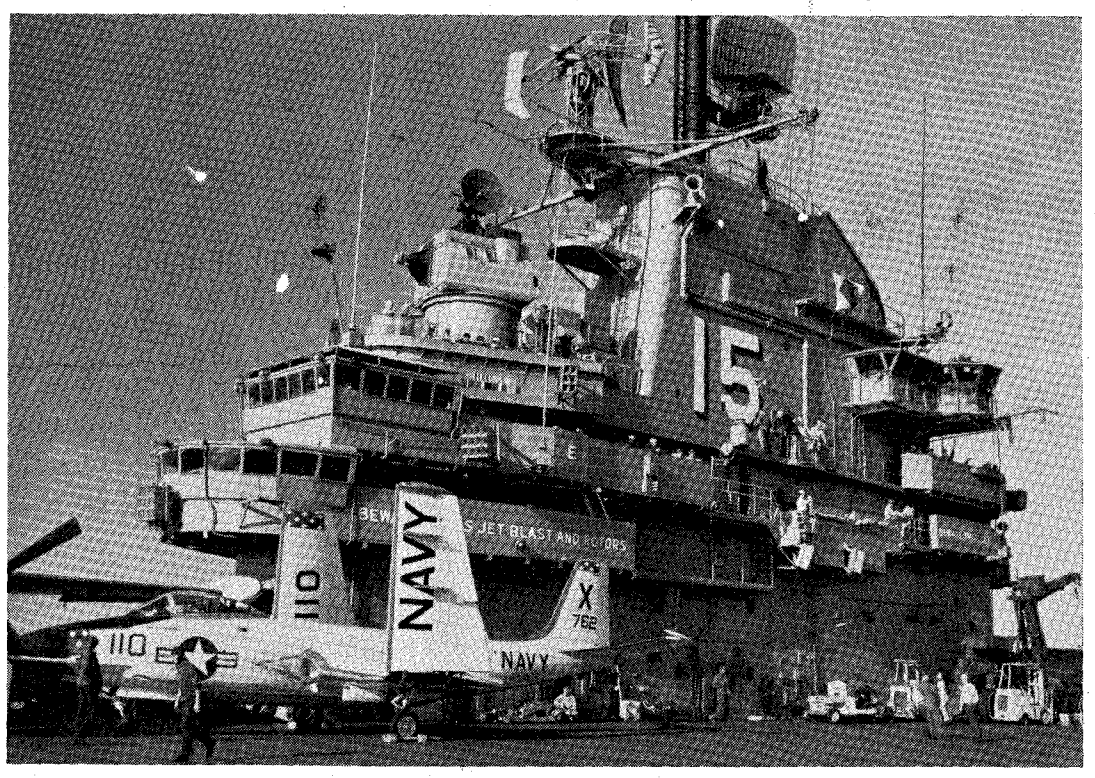
Secluded anchorage in the Mediterranean: A portion of the 50-vessel, 25,000-man armada at rest after the tension of maneuvers. At times like this, "we try to stay relaxed, but watchful," says Admiral Brown.

Frogmen of an underwater demolition team take to the water to clear a beach for an amphibious landing exercise.

Brown had for months been sitting was, for the moment, cool. But the implications of the brief quote were clear, the admiral said. Since time began, whenever two great nations rose to power around the Mediterranean's shores, they inevitably locked in mortal combat on the sea, and their battles changed the face of history. Persia attacked Greece, and the Greeks, victorious, survived to give the world the doctrines of democracy on which Western civilization was built. Rome conquered Carthage, and for 300 years an empire lived in peace under the Roman concept of justice under law.

Now, on a globe shrunk by the airplane to the dimensions of the ancient world, two great powers—the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.—again stood face to face in ideological conflict. And, unless a miracle of diplomacy intervened, war again could flare at any moment across this troubled sea, set aflame by the Moslem world's fiery nationalism and fanned by Russia's bold ambition to rule the Mediterranean and the people along its shores.

If that should happen, victory again would go only to (Continued on Page 81)




"Island" on the Randolph controls the carrier's potent striking force. Banshee jet fighter is in foreground.

Cougar jet prepares for catapulted take-off from flight deck of the Randolph. In case of war, 6th Fleet long-range aircraft could sock Moscow a mighty blow.

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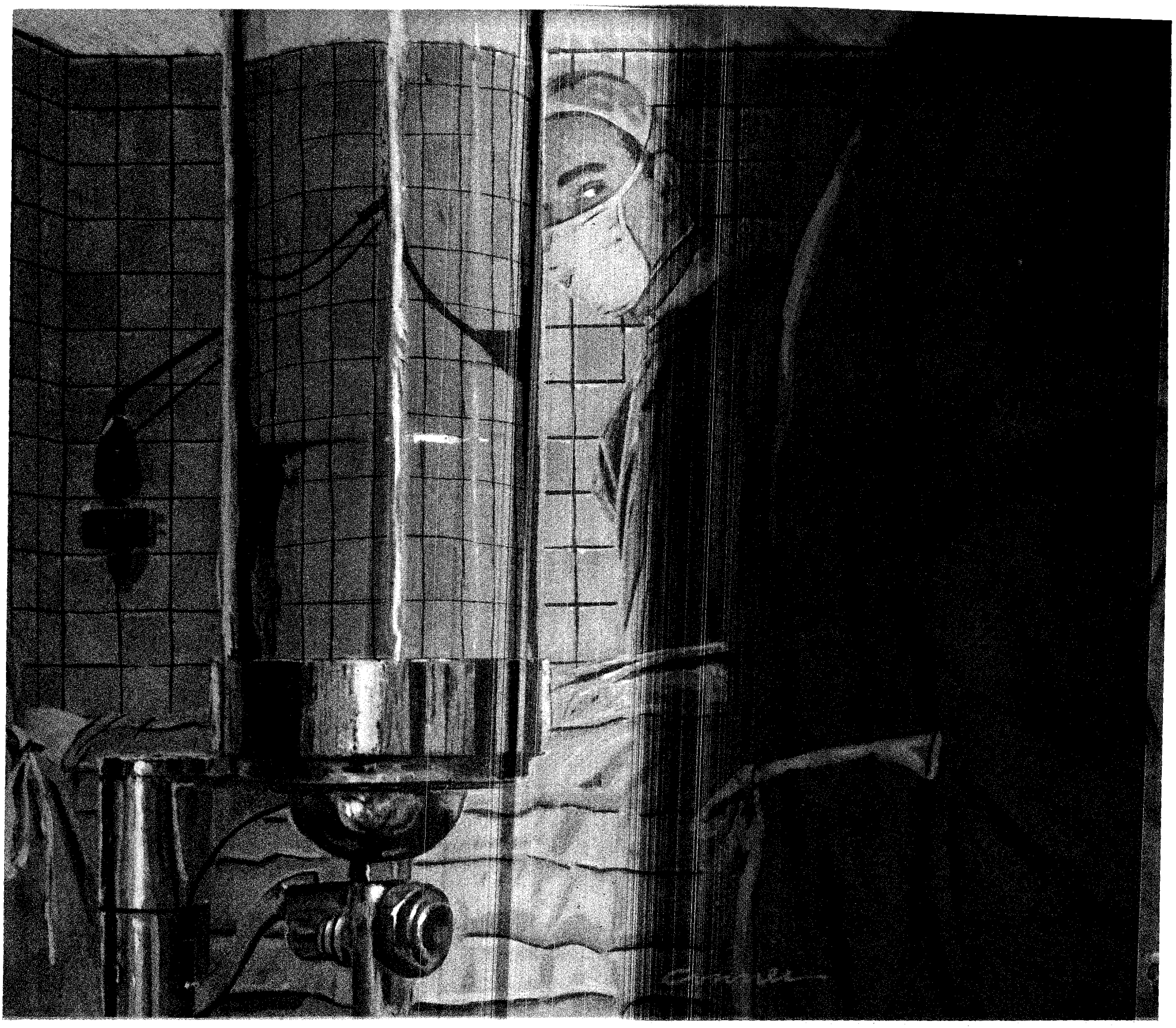

Duncan went to the chair without revealing where he had hidden the stolen $2,600,000.

The remarkable story of a boy who saw with a

# Murderer's Eye

By GERALD KERSH

The generosity of the criminal generally consists in the giving away of something that never was, or no longer is, his own property. A case in point is that of the robber and murderer Rurik Duncan, whose last empty gesture was thick and sticky with sentiment. Duncan gave away his eyes to be delivered after his death. It was regarded as a vital act of charity—in effect, a ticket to salvation—that this singularly heartless fellow gave permission for his eyes to be grafted onto some person or persons unknown. Similar cases have been printed in the newspapers. As it is with most philanthropists who give their all, so it was with this man Duncan. Having no further need for what he donated, he made a virtue of relinquishing it—stealing from his own grave; conning to the bitter end.

I knew a billionaire whose ears were stopped during his lifetime against any plea for charity, but who, when his claws relaxed in death, gave what he had to orphans. I knew a Snow Maiden of an actress whose body was be-



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With incredible skill, Dr. Holliday grafted Rurik Duncan's right eye into the head of the boy.

queathed to science. All that they were proud of, the billionaire and the beauty, they let go because they had to. Rurik will rank with them, no doubt, on the everlasting plane. And why not? Rurik prized his eyes, of a strange, flecked, yellowish color. He could expand or contract the irises at will, and seemed to look in a different direction while he watched your every movement.

Born on an eroded farm between the rocks and the desert, Rurik was what in my day was called a "nuisance," but is now termed a "juvenile delinquent." Physical force used to be applied to such, whereafter they generally lived to die in their beds; now they bring in psychologists, and only in extreme cases is a Rurik stopped in his career with a tingling jolt and—first and last restraint—the pressure of certain heavy leather straps. He killed chickens, maimed sheep, corrupted and led a mob of fourteen-year-old muggers; graduated to the rackets, in which he was employed to his pleasure and profit in nineteen states of the Union; got hot, gathered about him two coadjutors and went plundering from bank to bank, one of the most formidable operators since Dillinger. Something was missing from him that makes society possible—call it a heart, call it a soul, call it what you like, but say that he wanted to be alone. And so he was, right to his convulsive end, with a high-backed chair all to himself, and a secret which he thought he would carry on his own, locked within himself, to a narrow place where nobody could touch him.

This secret was the whereabouts of certain buried treasure. I mean the location of $2,600,000 which he had stolen and hidden nobody knew where.

It was Rurik and his two companions who stole the armored truck in Butte, Montana. At any moment now the pulp writers will rehash the Rurik snatch as a perfect crime. The details are available in the files of all the newspapers in the world. Here it is sufficient to say simply that one second there was an armored truck loaded with an immense payroll together with nearly all the money that had been in the vault of a great bank. Next second there were three or four bewildered guards, loosely holding pistols they did not know what to point at; three streets full of traffic had stopped for the lights, and a great fortune was on its way to nowhere. Only one shot was fired, and that by a bank guard named Larkin, who, when the three bandits appeared, let fly with a short-barreled .38. As it later transpired, the robbers carried unloaded automatics—it seems that Rurik was very particular about this. So, in about as long as it takes a man to say, "Was that a backfire?" one of the greatest robberies of our time was perpetrated. "Timing, timing, timing," said the Sunday-supplement criminologists; until one became sick and tired of the word.

Reconstructing the affair, the Federal authorities arrived at the conclusion that Rurik and his men, halting somewhere on the outskirts of

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Mac Conner



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Brook Hollow, Windsor's tailor-made answer to the blight of quick-grown industrial slums. It covers 1200 acres of land five miles from the Dallas skyline (in background).

This Texan turned a barren farm into a lavish, $13,000-an-acre development—not for houses, just for

# Factories Fit to Live In

By Neil M. Clark

A German economist, Dr. Hans Wesemann, visited this country recently under State Department auspices to study advanced industrial procedures. At the end of his tour, he remarked that the most impressive thing he had seen on this side of the Atlantic was the Brook Hollow Industrial District, in Dallas. "This," he said, "is what Germany needs."

Brook Hollow is the textbook example of a relatively new method of industrial location. It is a planned industrial district, defined by the Department of Commerce as "a tract of land which is subdivided and developed according to a comprehensive plan for the use of a community of industries, with streets, rail lead tracks, and utilities installed before sites are sold to prospective occupants."

Such districts belong in the same category as shopping centers and mass-housing projects. All three sell real estate in handy packages for special uses.

The developer of Brook Hollow is a thirty-five-year-old ex-Navy flier named Wilbur Cunningham Windsor, Jr. In Texas, home of big deals, Bill Windsor has surprised his neighbors by selling $200-per-acre farm land for $13,000 an acre and up, and making it worth the difference.

(Continued on Page 112)

Bill Windsor believes that a pleasant place to work is just as important as a pleasant place to live.

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A young girl's life changes overnight, when she arrives at

# The Age to Go Steady

By JOHN DE MEYER

It was six-fifteen and Walter Fenton was expected to make a long-distance telephone call. Because of it, he was pacing the living-room floor in a minor frenzy, for his sixteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, had appropriated the telephone with the serene confidence of one born to head-tax rights on the entire human race.

"Nancy!" Walter Fenton thundered.

Nancy tossed her blond head and grimaced with father-won't-you-ever-learn-any-manners impatience. "Go on, Henry," she sighed into the telephone.

Walter Fenton glared his frustration at his wife, Emily, who was knitting on a pair of Argyles. "Emily," he exploded, "will you kindly tell me why the head of this house can't make a long-distance telephone call when he's supposed to?"

Emily was never disturbed by Walter Fenton's continuing rebellion against the misdemeanors of the universe. "Oh, she'll be through in a certain time," she said.

Walter Fenton glanced at his watch and borrowed some patience. "Emily, it is now six-fifteen," he said. "At six o'clock I was expected to make a telephone call to a gentleman in Chicago who supplies at least half of our daily bread. Will you kindly tell me what is more important to this family than talking to this gentleman in Chicago?"

Emily had firm ideas on some subjects. "Right now, talking to Henry is more important."

"And just who is Henry, may I ask?"

"Nan's first steady."

Which caused Walter Fenton to forget all about the bounteous gentleman in Chicago. From his youth Walter Fenton remembered that girls who went steady had been nearly twenty, endowed with a full-grown hope chest and expected by one and all to get married as soon as suitable arrangements could be made. With Nancy only sixteen, the memory became horrible.

"Emily, do you mean that Nancy is going steady—with a boy?" (Continued on Page 92)

Walter gulped, for it was a little like trespassing. "Nan, would you promise me one thing?" he asked.

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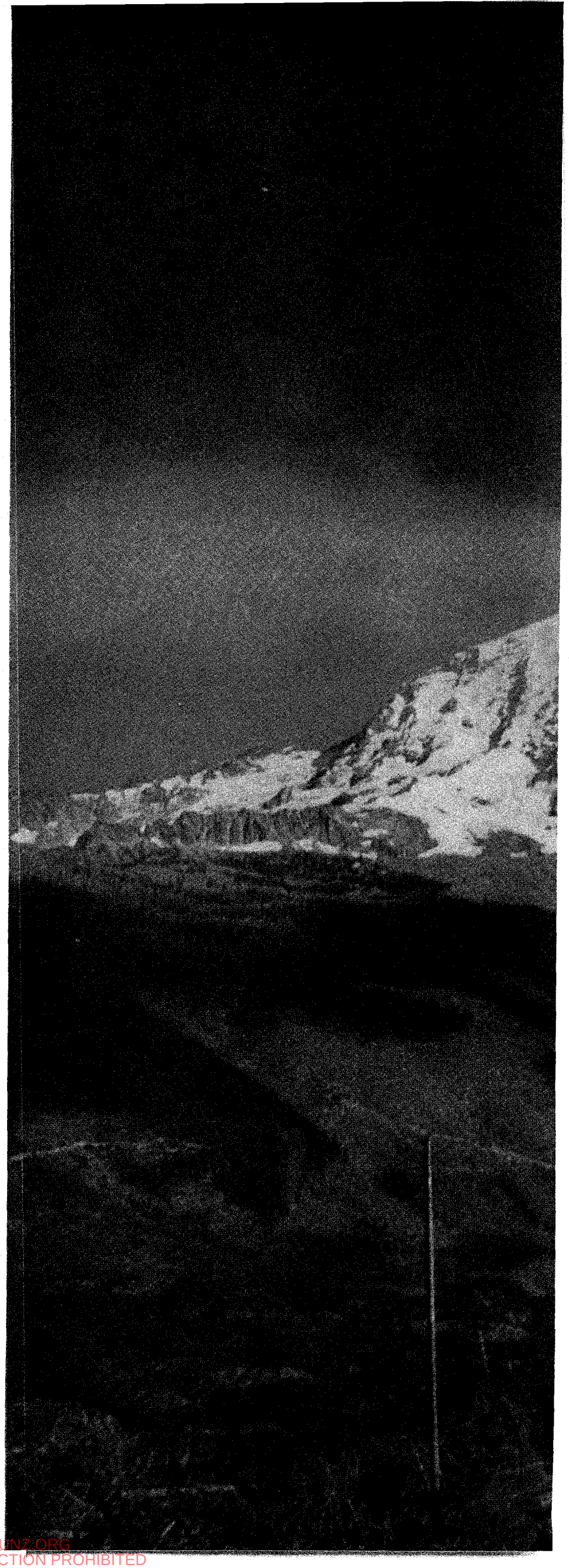
The Face of AMERICA

# High Climber

A moment after the tip of this tree snapped free, the trimmed trunk whipped back and forth. Up at the top, riding out the frenzied lashing, was Loren "Dutch" Streeter, a "high climber" or "tree topper" for the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company. During logging operations in the Northwest, a tall, straight "spar" tree is left standing. Then the tree topper works his way up, trimming branches with ax and saw. At a height of about 175 feet, Streeter tops the tree, hoping a freakish wind won't blow it the wrong way or that the trunk won't split along its length as the tip breaks off. After Streeter descends, rigging equipment is attached to the spar tree so that trees already felled can be dragged to loading points. Streeter's work is dangerous, but, riding high in the sky, he sees some fine scenery. That's Mount Rainier in the background. ◎ Photograph by Bob and Ira Spring



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# Post Scripts

## The Mamma Tackles the Cosmetic Dept.

"And now, madame!"

"Well, I wanted to pick up some shampoo for my daughter; she's in high school and ——"

"And you want to enhance her natural heritage of proud, shining good looks! Her ——"

"Not exactly. It's just that there's this one shampoo all the kids are using and if you don't use it you're a dope—you know how kids are—and I thought if you'd name me some of ——"

"Surely, madame! Would it be Shampoodle, the Champagne of Shampoos? Or perhaps Twinkle-Twinkle, first choice of the stars? Or is it Hairy-Carey, the Hair Care With the Solid Beat? Or ——"

"That sounds sort of like it. Does it come in a ——"

"It's revolutionary, madame! You don't spray it, you don't squeeze it; you simply pour it out of a glass bottle!"

"Well, if you're sure it's ——"

"Madame, it's THE complete treatment! Shampoo, conditioner, wave lotion, sparkle tint, all in one. You want the large bottle, of course."

"Well, no, I ——"

"Madame, you can't underestimate the importance of training your daughter early in the habits of hair beauty!"

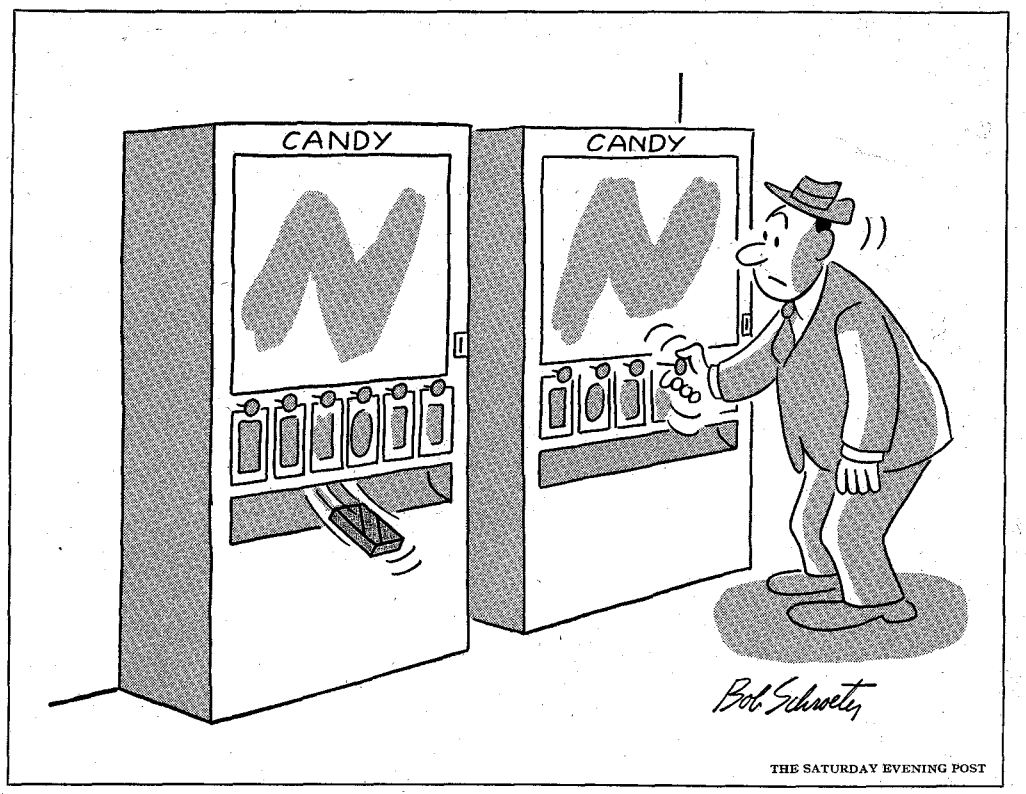
"Well, if you ask me, she messes with her hair too much anyhow. Honestly, if she isn't combing it and brushing it, she's washing it or cutting it or setting it or —— My goodness, just try to get a crack at the bathroom mirror!"

"Madame, no girl is too young to —— Say, if that isn't the truth. It's just like they say, all right; you gain a daughter and you lose a bathroom. Now you take our Debby, she's just thirteen ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"I suggest you try the other end of the pen, sir!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST




## With Hooks and Lines

He wasn't the only fish in the sea—
That's undeniably true—
But I wish to heck it had dawned on me
There were lots of anglers too.

IRENE WARSAW

## Folk Tale

I used to think that, after twenty years at it, my hobby of writing was making me something of an imaginative character. I find, however, that my wife, with no formal training whatever, is able to match me every time.

An example is a small incident in a supermarket that occurred recently (that occurred recently in a supermarket, if you want to be fussy).

The long and short of the thing is that my wife lost me somewhere in the capons and went roaming around the canned fruit with an expression of sadness on her face. A man stepped up to her and said, "Are you in trouble?"

She replied, "I am looking for my husband."

He said, "Oh," and turned to examine the label on some purple plums.

Now, by the time my wife had told me about this twice (I was changing a tire on my cart the first time), the man had become a "handsome" man and he had asked, "Are you in distress?", and she had smiled and nodded. And he had offered his arm and explained, "I am at your service."

"He was," my wife mused as we passed into mixed nuts, "flirting with me. Really quite flattering, don't you think?"

I held my tongue. You know and I know the type of men we get in supermarkets. They are men like me—mousy, browbeaten, frayed-trousered, shortsighted husbands who bumble around with an aluminum cart squeaking, picking up two packages of frozen peas mistaking them for French-cut green beans. If Diana Dors and Marilyn Monroe stood in bathing suits offering us samples of aged cheese, we would eat the cheese and never even notice the girls.

Yet my wife chooses to make a little dull exchange of words into the story of a gay cavalier among the canned goods.

When we got home, my mother-in-law was there, and my wife told her all about it. This time the man was young and had just got out of an expensive convertible. He had headed for my wife and, after removing two yellow gloves and propping his gold-headed cane against the cake mixes, had looked into my wife's eyes and asked, "Haven't we met before? Was it at Deauville? Cannes? Or perhaps, Paris (pronounced Paree)."

By late evening my wife was on the telephone with a story of how a young movie star making a personal appearance at the First Pacific Food Outlet had chased her up and down the aisles in order to press upon her an invitation to accompany him to a formal ball in Hollywood and to suggest that she take a screen test, with an eye toward being his leading lady in his next picture.

I hate to think how the tale will have been heightened by the time she tells it to her first grandchild.

ROBERT FONTAINE

## At the Banquet

Where is the speaker to compare
With him who rises from his chair,
Bows and smiles; then gains renown
By sitting down!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

## And Then He Says——

(I may forget the plots of movies, but I can't forget these speeches, because they never change.)

"Pull it out of the dive, Danny. Danny, boy, pull it out. . . . Danny, do you read me?"

"I reckon you must be the new schoolmarm, ma'am."

"It's no good this way, Robert. Your work at the Second General Neuro-Psychiatric Research Clinic and Goodsell B. Rittendorf Memorial Hospital means more to you than I do."

"Don't move, darling. Hold perfectly still. There's a twenty-nine-foot boa constrictor right behind you. I'm going to shoot him with my .45."

"Oh, mebbe we could cut them off, Tex—but no one's ever ridden a horse through Cataclysm Canyon before."

"That's odd! All I asked the guy was 'Did you enjoy the fights?' and he gets up and walks out. Never even touched his soup!"

"Men, I asked all of you to meet me here in the cellar of the Boar's Head Tavern because the king has need of three red-blooded, hard-fighting adventurers for an especially dangerous mission. Lady Isabelle must be rescued—tonight."

PAUL C. LAW

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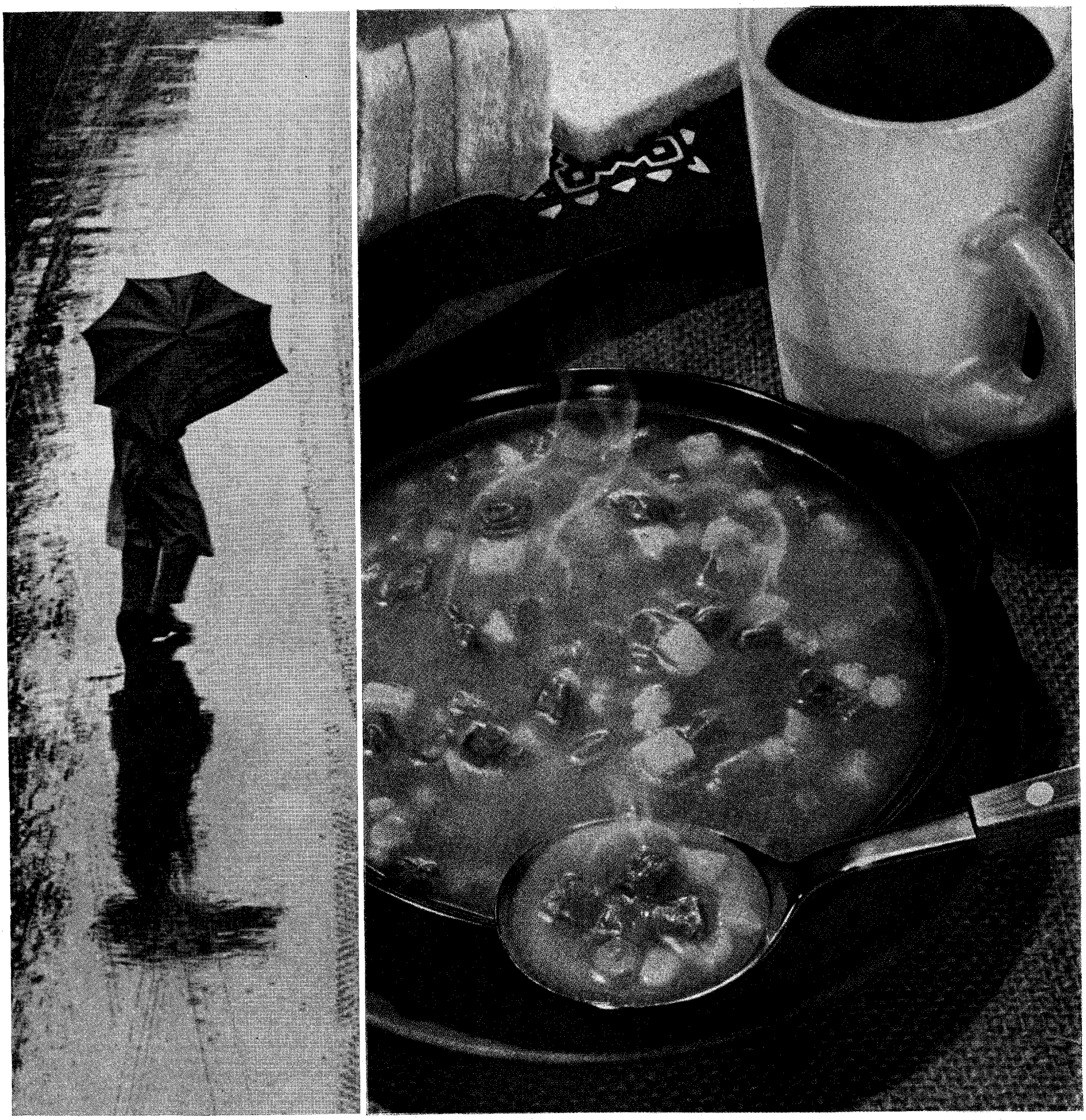
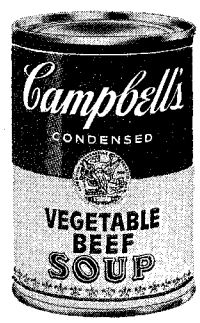


**March weather is miserable—chilly! Wet! Windy!** It's good hot soup weather. Hurry home—let the warmth and comfort of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup make you forget the rain and cold. Here's long-simmered beef stock with lean, brown beef and garden-good vegetables cooked to perfect tenderness. What a cheering thought—Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup—waiting for you. A delicious, steaming bowlful!




SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

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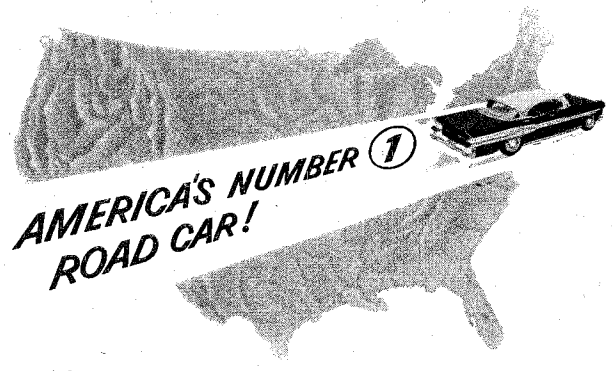
# Pontiac gives 'em all something to shoot at!*

*They'll all have to go some to top this brawny beauty's record of hits! *Appearance*, *ride*, *handling*, *performance*—Pontiac chalks up the top score in every department! One look explains the styling honors . . . there's blue ribbon written in every breezy line. And it's just as easy to call the rest of the shots. Slip into the driver's seat and see.

In a single memorable mile, you'll discover the deep-chested gusto of Pontiac's all-new Strato-Streak V-8 engine, the hair-trigger reflex of its perfected controls, the cloud-like smoothness of Pontiac's new dimension in wheel suspension—Level-Line Ride!

And along with it all, you'll feel a new confidence, knowing that here is a car solidly proved from end to end in a history-making 100,000-Mile Marathon Test Run! Try it, won't you? It's time you "zeroed in" on the sweetest number that ever ran off with the title of America's No. 1 Road Car!




PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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# THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

**Why had Margaret Brayton refused to reveal who murdered her husband?**

By LESLIE FORD

Defense attorney Enoch Chew took Johnny Brayton's arm as the young man's mother, Margaret Brayton, left the courtroom. "We can't go on, Johnny," said the lawyer. "We're licked."

Up to now, Johnny had hoped his mother would be acquitted of murder. Now he knew she didn't stand a chance. And the worst part was that the girl Johnny had loved was the cause of his mother's doom.

The girl was Kerry O'Keefe, an undercover woman with the Baltimore police. Kerry worked as a sitter in local night clubs to get the goods on suspected criminals. Johnny met her while she was in this pose, and fell in love with her. Kerry, however, did not tell him about her job.

One night Kerry was waiting for Johnny outside his house when she heard two shots. She rushed in and found Doctor Brayton sprawled over his desk, dead. All the evidence indicated he had killed himself.

However, when Kerry reported hearing two shots, the police investigated further and concluded Doctor Brayton was murdered. His wife was the prime suspect.

The discovery that Kerry had deceived him about being a cop, and the fact that she was responsible for his mother's arrest caused Johnny to break off his engagement with Kerry.

At the trial, Mrs. Brayton's lawyer tried to shatter Kerry's testimony. He failed and Mrs. Brayton was as good as convicted. The judge had just dismissed court when the Braytons' next-door neighbor, Mrs. Remstad, approached.

"Johnny!" she said. "Look here; I can help."

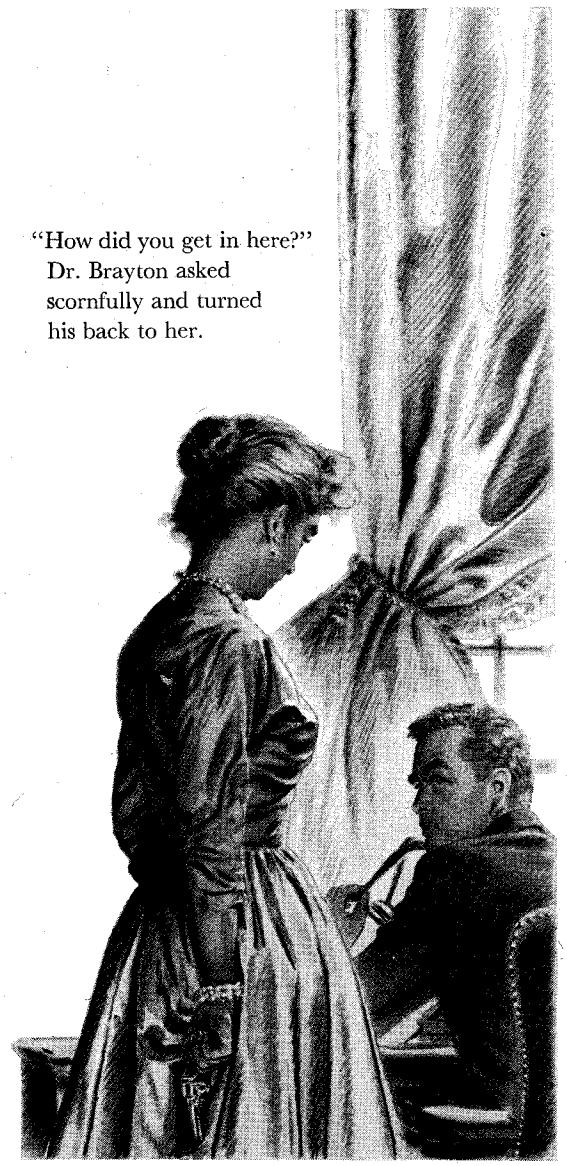
Mrs. Remstad, an ex-show girl, had no reason to like the Braytons. All of them, except Johnny, had ostracized her ever since they'd been neighbors. However, she told the court, she wanted to see justice done. Mrs. Brayton couldn't be guilty, said Mrs. Remstad, who had heard the shots fired, because she was outside at the time. "On my oath and before God she was," she concluded.

In a stormy hour-and-a-half session, the State fought tooth and nail to puncture the last-minute testimony of Mrs. Inga Remstad, next-door-neighbor witness, whose surprise appearance veteran court observers regarded as a major upset. In a second dramatic move, Enoch Chew, chief defense counsel, electrified the crowded courtroom in the closing two minutes of the session by suddenly resting his case for the defense.

Charges of trickery, hocus-pocus, Houdini tactics and worse were hurled by the prosecution. The witness evidenced her stolid Scandinavian background by sitting unmoved and unshaken throughout. Mrs. Margaret Brayton, the defendant, sat quietly, but seemingly as surprised as her attorneys at her neighbor's appearance on her behalf.

It had been Chew's intention, he asserted, to place Mrs. Brayton on the stand. In view of the tactics of the prosecution, however, he stated, he refused to submit her to an ordeal as vicious as that to which Mrs. Remstad had been subjected.

Arguments will be heard tomorrow.



"How did you get in here?" Dr. Brayton asked scornfully and turned his back to her.

Kerry put the paper back on the table and went on to her door. Part of her was still numb from the contempt and hatred in Johnny Brayton's eyes. She was still sitting in the corner of the sofa, the late twilight softly rose-colored through the open garden windows, when Dave Trumper came at eight o'clock.

He glanced at her bag and gloves still on the sofa. "What's the matter, Kerry? I thought you'd be all set up."

"Is it over?"

"So near we don't have to go to court tomorrow."

He sat down heavily, a puzzled scowl on his face. "So she wasn't in the house when the killing was done and she don't open her mouth. Why? What does she think she's doing—just trying to be convicted of murder? That's sure where she was headed when Caspari read her letter. Up to then she had a prayer. Then wham, and she was a goner. And a blind man could see Remstad wasn't there because she loved the Braytons. Just sore at the oil woman. I don't get any of it."

He took a sheet of paper out of his pocket and sat staring morosely at it. "This is a copy of the letter Caspari found, from her to her husband. All it says is, Mrs. Brayton can't stand that car out in front of the house and if Mrs. Ristwich had any sensibilities she can't stand it either. So what? Mrs. Brayton sits all through Ristwich's testimony and doesn't bat an eye, and she damn near passes out when Caspari reads this letter."

He shook his head, still staring at the sheet of blue note paper.

"Homicide's starting from scratch. We start right here. We find out what's the dynamite that blew her sky-high. It's in this letter someplace. And if this is a perfect murder it still belongs to Rackets—you, the boss and the gun shop. And I never bought that Ristwich dame anyway—I told you it was a flimflam." He got up. "I'll leave this with you; I've got another copy. And call my doll. Tell her I'm on my way. Anything the kids didn't eat's O.K. If there's enough of it."

## CONCLUSION

### Ninety-Minute Battle Fails To Shake Surprise Witness

Kerry saw the headline on her landlady's seven-star final on the hall table. She looked at the heavy type of the late news.

### Mrs. Brayton Not Guilty

The evening papers carried the headline when Johnny

(Continued on Page 101)

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# Murderer's Eye (Continued from Page 35)

Butte, hid the money in some place tantalizingly close to town, known only to themselves. Each took $8000 for current expenses. About fifteen miles farther, the truck was abandoned at a point near where they had secreted a getaway car. Rurik drove them away; then they separated, arranging to meet when it was expedient to do so. But Little Dominic, trying to buy a used car in Helena, was recognized and died fighting it out with state troopers, and MacGinnis lost his way northwards among the rocks and died there, in his pigheaded way, rather than give himself up.

Only Rurik was taken alive, having fainted through loss of blood in a filling station; Larkin, the bank guard, had hit him in the hip and so precipitated his capture. When he was convicted of bank robbery, the FBI furnished the additional information that, under another name, Rurik was wanted in the state of New York for murder. So he was shipped East and there, after fair trial, sentenced to death by electrocution. And while Rurik was playing pinochle in the death house, there came to him a certain Father Jellusik, who said that Doctor Holliday, the eye surgeon, wanted Rurik's eyes.

The condemned man, laughing heartily, said, "Listen, the D.A. offers me my life if I sing where the dough is stashed! No disrespect, father, but d'you think I never heard how you can see things in a dead man's eye?"

Father Jellusik said, "My son, that's an old wives' tale. A dead man's eye is no more revealing than an unloaded camera."

Rurik began, "Once, I looked into —— Well, anyway, I never saw nothing. What do they want my eyes for?"

"An eye," said Father Jellusik, "is nothing but a certain arrangement of body tissues. Put it like this: you are you, Rurik. If one of your fingers were chopped off, would you still be Rurik?"

"Who else?"

"Without your arms and legs, who would you be?"

"Rurik."

"Now say you had an expensive miniature camera and were making your will, wouldn't you give it away?"

"To the cops, no."

"But to an innocent child?"

"I guess I might."

"And the eye, you know, is nothing but a camera."

In the end, Rurik signed a document bequeathing his eyes to Doctor Holliday for the benefit of this remarkable surgeon's child patients.

"You can't take 'em with you," Rurik is alleged to have said, thereby letting loose a tidal wave of emotion. The sob sisters took him to their bosoms and put into his mouth all kinds of scrapbook philosophy, such as: "If more folks thought more about more folks, the world ——" His last words, which were: "Hold it, I changed my mind," were reported as: "I feel kind of at peace now." The general public completely ignored the little matter of two and a half million dollars which Rurik had, to all practical intents and purposes, taken with him. Little Dominic and MacGinnis being dead, no one had a clue to its whereabouts; it was buried treasure.

To Doctor Holliday, the grafting of corneal tissue from the eye of a man recently dead to the eye of a living child was a routine affair which he regarded much as a tailor regards the stitching of a collar. He was at once savagely possessive, devilishly proud and bitterly contemptuous of the craft to which he was married. Years before, when he first became famous and the reporters came to interview him, his face set in a look of intense distaste and, talking in an overemphasized reedy voice, Doctor Holliday said, "Human eyes? A fly's are far more remarkable. Your eye is nothing but a makeshift arrangement for receiving light rays upon a sensitive surface—a camera, and damned inefficient at that. Well?"

A reporter said, "But you've restored sight, Doctor Holliday. A camera can't see without an eye behind it."

Doctor Holliday snapped, "Neither can an eye see, as anybody but an absolute fool must know."

"Well, you can't see without your eyes," another reporter said.

"You can't see with them," said Doctor Holliday. "Even if I had the time to explain the difference between looking and seeing, you have not the power to understand me; and even if you had, how would you convey what you understood to the louts who buy your journal? Let it be sufficient for me to say, therefore, that vision comes from behind the eye."

One of the reporters who wrote up things like viruses and astronomy for the Sunday supplement said, "Optic nerve ——" at which Doctor Holliday stooped at him like a sparrow hawk.

"Optic nerve! A wiring job, so to speak, eh? Splice it, like a rope, eh? Oh, I love these popular scientists, I love them! My dear sir, you know nothing about the tiniest and most insignificant nerve in your body, and neither do I. But you will suck on your scientific jargon, like a baby. Can you name me thirty parts, say, of the mere eye—just name them—that you talk with such facility of optic nerves?"

The reporter, abashed, said, "I'm sorry, Doctor Holliday. I was only going to ask if it might be possible—I don't mean in our time, but sometime—really to graft a whole eye and, as you put it, splice an optic nerve?"

In his disagreeable way, mocking the hesitancy of the reporter's voice, Doctor Holliday said, "One thing is impossible, and that is to predict what may or may not be surgically possible or impossible in our time. But I can tell you this, sir: it is about as possible to graft a whole eye as it might be to graft a whole head. As every schoolboy must know, nervous tissue does not regenerate itself in the vetebrate—except in the case of the salamander, in which the regenerative process remains a mystery."

A lady reporter asked, "Aren't salamanders those lizards that are supposed to live in fire, or something?"

Doctor Holliday started to snap, but, meeting the wide gaze of this young woman, liked her irises and, gently for him, explained, "The salamander resembles a lizard, but it is an amphibian with a long tail. An amphibian lives both in and out of water. Have you never seen a salamander? I'll show you one"—and he led the way to an air-conditioned room that smelled somewhat of dead vegetation, through which ran a miniature river bordered with mud. In this mud languid little animals stirred.

A man from the South said, "Heck, they're mud eels!"

At him Doctor Holliday curled a lip, saying, "Same thing."

The Sunday-supplement man said, "Doctor Holliday, may I ask whether you are studying the metabolic processes of the salamander with a view to their application ——"

"No, you may not!"

Next day there were photographs of a salamander in the papers, and headlines like this:

HEAD GRAFT NEXT?
MYSTERY OF SALAMANDER

After that, Doctor Holliday would not speak to anybody connected with the press, and was dragged into the limelight again only when he grafted the right eye of Rurik into the head of a four-year-old boy named Dicky Aldous, son of Richard Aldous, a wealthy paint manufacturer of Greenwich, Connecticut.

It was not one operation, but eight, over a period of about six weeks, during which time the child's eye was kept half in and half out of a certain fluid which Doctor Holliday has refused to discuss. The Sunday-supplement writer, the "sensationalist," has hinted that this stuff is derived from the salamander. It is not for me to express an opinion; only I will insist that Jules Verne was a sensationalist, and now we are discussing man-powered rockets to the moon; H. G. Wells was a sensationalist, but there really are such things as heavier-than-air-aircraft, automatic sights and atomic bombs. I, for one, refuse to discount the Sunday-supplement man's conjecture that from the humble salamander Doctor Holliday extracted a regenerative principle for human nervous tissue. And why not? Alexander Fleming found penicillin in the mold on lemon rind. Believe me, if it were not for such cranks, medicine would still be witch-doctoring, and brain surgery a hole in the head to let the devils out.

Anyway, when the bandages were lifted, Dicky Aldous, born blind, could see out of his new right eye. The lady reporter made quite a piece out of his first recognition of the color blue. The Sunday-supplement man wrote an article suggesting that the delicate tissues of the human eye, especially of the optic nerve, might be seriously altered by the tremendous shock of electrocution; he noted that Doctor Holliday was frequently found in consultation with the English brain specialist, Mr. Donne, and Doctor Felsen, the neurologist. Doctor Holliday himself, after a few outbursts against the press, became silent.

Paragraph by paragraph, the case of Dicky Aldous dropped out of the papers. Other matters came up to occupy our attention—Russia, the hydrogen bomb, Israel, the World Series—and the fly trap of the public mind closed upon and digested what once it had gapingly received as The Dicky Aldous Miracle. But this is far from being the whole of the story; and since, now, it can do no harm and might do some good, I feel that I have the right to offer the public a brief account of subsequent events.

Richard Aldous was a third-generation millionaire; genteel, sensitive, a collector of engravings. His wife, whom he had met in Lucca, was an Italian princess—finely engraved herself, and almost fanatically fastidious. Tourists used to wonder how it was possible for a high-bred aristocrat to live in a *palazzo* surrounded with filth. The explanation is in the Three Wise Monkeys: "See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil"—and there you are, divorced from humanity. In extreme cases, stop your nose, having previously sprinkled yourself with strong perfume.

As you can imagine, therefore, little Dicky Aldous in his fifth year was in complete ignorance of the ugliness that exists in the world. The servants in the Aldous household had been examined, as it were, through a magnifying glass—generally imported from Europe, expense being no object. Dicky's nurse was a sweet-natured English gentlewoman. From her he could have heard nothing but old-fashioned nursery songs—sung off-key, perhaps, but kindly and innocuous—and no story more dangerous than the one about the pig that wouldn't jump over the stile. The housekeeper was from Lucca; she had followed her mistress six years previously, with her husband, the butler. Neither of them could speak more than two or three phrases in English. Mrs. Aldous' maid, Beatrice, also was an Italian girl; a wonderful needlewoman and hairdresser, she seldom spoke at all—she preferred to sing, which the little boy liked, being blind. Here were no evil communications to corrupt the good manners of poor Dicky Aldous.

Yet one day, about a month after the sensational success of Doctor Holliday's operation had been fully established, the English nurse came down from the nursery to make the required announcement that Master Dicky was asleep, and there was something in her manner which made the father ask, "Anything wrong, Miss Williams?" Rachel Williams, the English nanny, didn't like to say, but at last she burst out—that somebody must have been teaching little Dicky to use bad language. She could not imagine who might be responsible. Closely pressed, she spelled out a word or two—she could not defile her tongue by uttering them whole—and Aldous began to laugh.

All the same, when the nurse was at supper, Mr. Aldous went to the nursery where his son lay sleeping. On the way into the room he met his wife hurrying out, evidently on the verge of tears.

She said, "Oh Richard, our boy is possessed by a devil! He just said, in his sleep, 'For (*Continued on Page 48*)

"My! They certainly make it look real, don't they?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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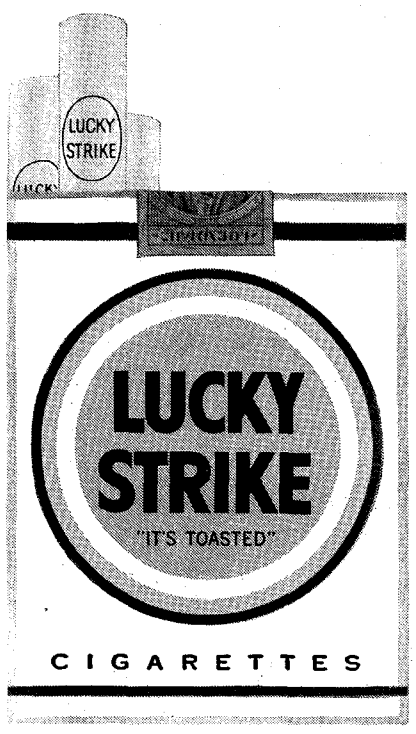


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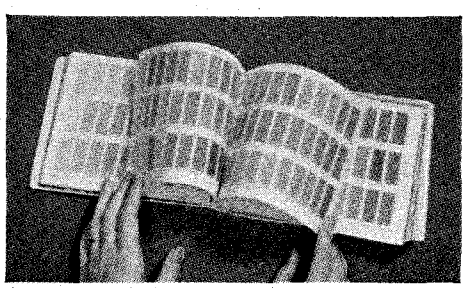

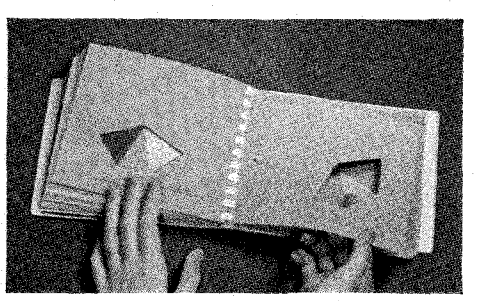

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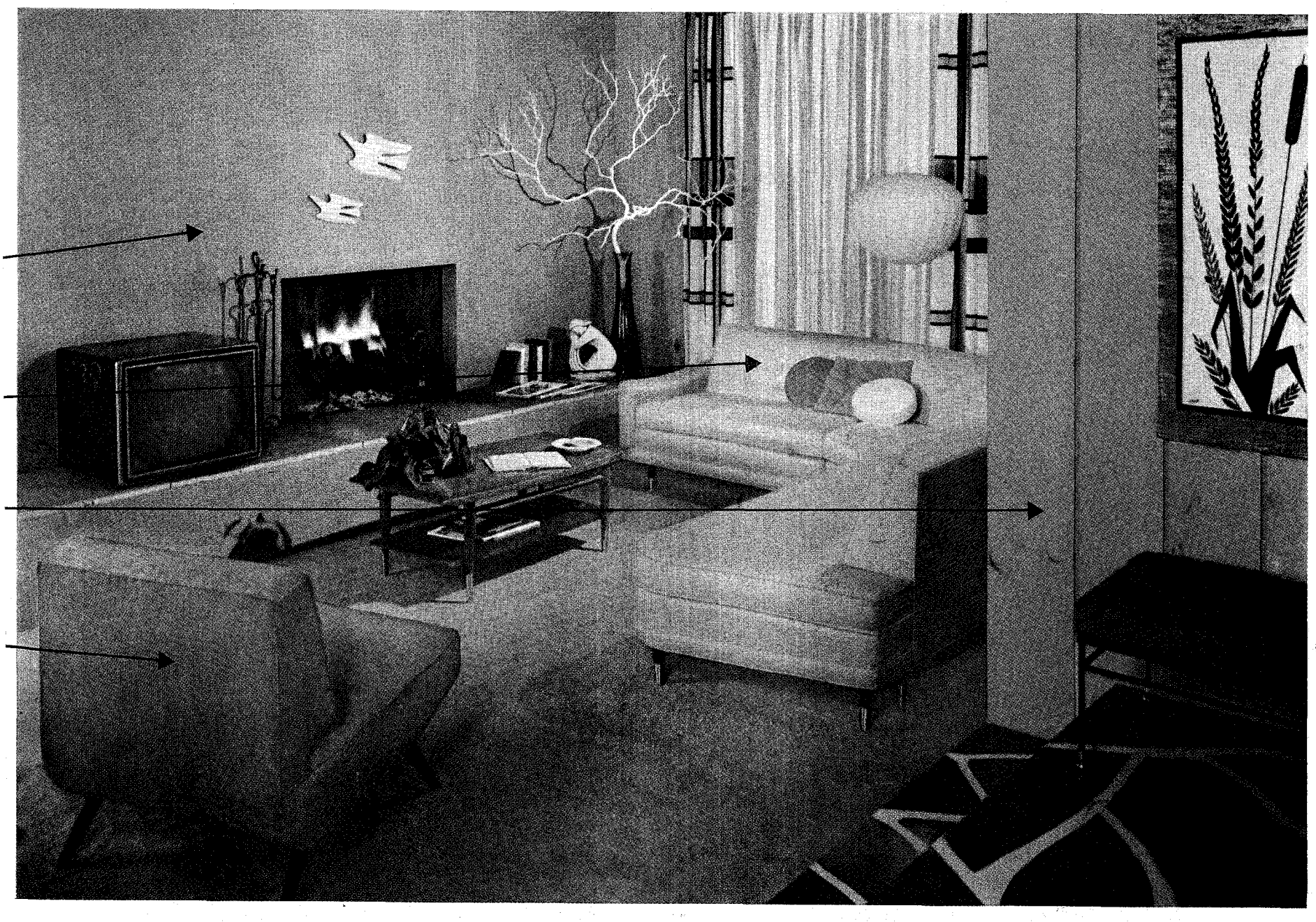

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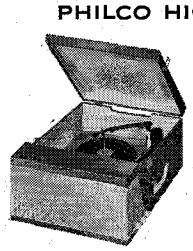

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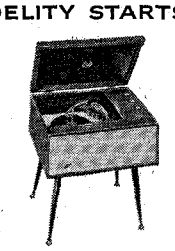

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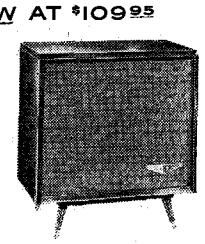

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(*Continued from Page 44*) crying out loud, cease, you rousy sandwich!' Where did he ever hear a word like 'cease'?"

Her husband sent her to bed, saying, "Why, darling, little Dicky has had to suffer the impact of too many new sensations, too suddenly. The shock must be something like the shock of being born. Rest, sweetheart." Then he went into the nursery and sat by the child's crib.

After a little while, stirring uneasily in his sleep, speaking in the accents of the gutters of the West, Dicky Aldous said quite clearly, "Ah, shup! Aina kina guya rat!"—distinguishable to his father as: "Ah, shut up! I ain't the kind of guy to rat!" Then, tossing feverishly from side to side, his face curiously distorted so that he spoke almost without moving his lips, Dicky Aldous said, in baby talk with which I will not trouble your eyes or distract your attention by writing it phonetically, "Listen, and get it right, this time, you son ——" He added a string of expletives which, coming from him, were indescribably shocking. Perhaps "horrifying" is the better word, because you can understand shock, being aware of its cause, but horror makes no sense. That is why it is horrible—there lies the quintessence of nightmare, in the truth divorced from reason.

Presently, in a tense whisper, while the entire face of the child seemed to age and alter, Dicky said, "Dom, you take the big forty-five.... Mac, take the cut-down, snub-nose blue-barrel thirty-eight. . . . What for? Because I'm telling you. A big gun looks five times bigger on a runt like Little Dominic. Get me? And a blue belly-gun looks twice as dangerous in the mitt of a big lug like Mac. Me, I take the Luger, because one look at a Luger, you know it's made for business. But empty—I want 'em empty.... You got an argument, Dom? O.K., so have I. In Montana, brother, they hang you up. . . . O.K., O.K., call it unscientific, but you'll do as I say because, believe me, this job'll be pulled using those things just for show. My weapon is time. Cease, Dominic.... Gimme a feel of that forty-five. Empty. Good, let it stay like that.... O.K., then, I want this straight; I want this right from the start. We'll go over this again."

Then Dicky Aldous stopped talking. His face reassumed its proper contours, and he slept peacefully.

Mr. Aldous met Miss Williams on the stairs. "It's worrying me to death," she said. "I cannot for the life of me imagine where Dicky darling picked up the word 'cease.'"

Mr. Aldous said, "I think, just for a few nights, Miss Williams, I'll sleep in his room." He lay down on the nurse's bed, and stayed awake, listening. He made careful notes of what poor Dicky said in his sleep—and many of the things the child said were concerned with visual memory, which the boy could not have had, since he was born blind.

". . . They's a whole knot o' cottonmouths on the island past Miller's Bend. What'll you give me if I show you? What, you never seen a cottonmouth? It's a snake, see, a great big poison snake, and it's got a mouth like it's full of cotton, and poison teeth longer'n your finger. C'mon, give me what you got and I'll show you the cottonmouths," Dicky said, his voice growing uglier.... "What d'you mean, you ain't got nothing? Ever learn the Indian twist, so you can break a growed man's elbow? All right, boy, I'll show you for free. . . . Oh, that hurts, does it? Too bad. A bit more pressure and it'll hurt you for keeps—like that.... You still ain't got nothing to see the cottonmouths all tangled in a knot? . . . Oh, you'll get it, will you? You'd better. And you owe me an extra dime for learning you the Indian twist. . . . No, sir, just for wasting my time I ain't going to show you them cottonmouths today—not till you bring me twenty cents, you punk, you. And then, maybe, I'll show you that nest o' diamondback rattlesnakes at Geranium Creek. But if you don't deliver, Malachi Westbrook—mind me, now—I'll show you the Seminole jaw grip. That takes a man's head clear off. And I'll show it to you good, Malachi. Yes, sir, me and Teddy Pinchbeck will sure show you good! Mind me, now; meet me and Teddy Pinchbeck at the old Washington Boathouse eight o'clock tomorrow morning, and bring Charley Greengrass with you. He better have twenty cents with him, too, or else."

Mr. Aldous wrote all this down. At about three o'clock in the morning, Dicky said, "O.K., kids. You paid up. You're O.K. O.K., I'll just borrow Three-Finger Mike's little old boat, and Teddy Pinchbeck and me'll take you and Charley Greengrass to look at them cottonmouths. Only see here, you kids, me and Teddy Pinchbeck got to pole you way past Burnt Swamp and all the way to Miller's Bend. . . . That'll cost 'em, won't it, Teddy? . . . You ain't got it? Get it. And stop crying. It makes me nervous, don't

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looks more
Like early matrimonial!

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it, Teddy? And when I'm nervous I'm liable to show you the Indian hip grip, so you'll never walk again as long as you live. You mind me, now!"

At about nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Aldous made an appointment with a psychologist, one Doctor Asher, who, finding himself caught on the horns of this dilemma—carte blanche and an insoluble problem—double-talked himself into one of those psychiatric serials that are longer than human patience. But what was Doctor Asher to say? Little Dicky Aldous had no vision to remember with; there was nothing in his head upon which juvenile imagination might conceivably fall back.

It was by sheer accident that Mr. Aldous met a lieutenant of detectives named Neetsfoot, to whom he confided the matter, hoping against hope, simply because Neetsfoot had worked on the Rurik Duncan case.

The detective said, "That's very strange, Mr. Aldous. Let's have it all over again."

"I have it written down verbatim, lieutenant."

"I'd be grateful if you'd let me make a copy, Mr. Aldous. And look—I have children of my own. My boy has had polio, in fact, and I've kind of got the habit of talking to kids without upsetting them. Would you have any objection—this is unofficial—would you have any objection to my talking to your son a little bit?"

"What in the world for?" asked Mr. Aldous.

Lieutenant Neetsfoot said, "Mr. Aldous, if you haven't got a clue to something—well, that's that. In that case, if you see what I mean, it doesn't even come within range of being understood. At a certain (*Continued on Page 53*)

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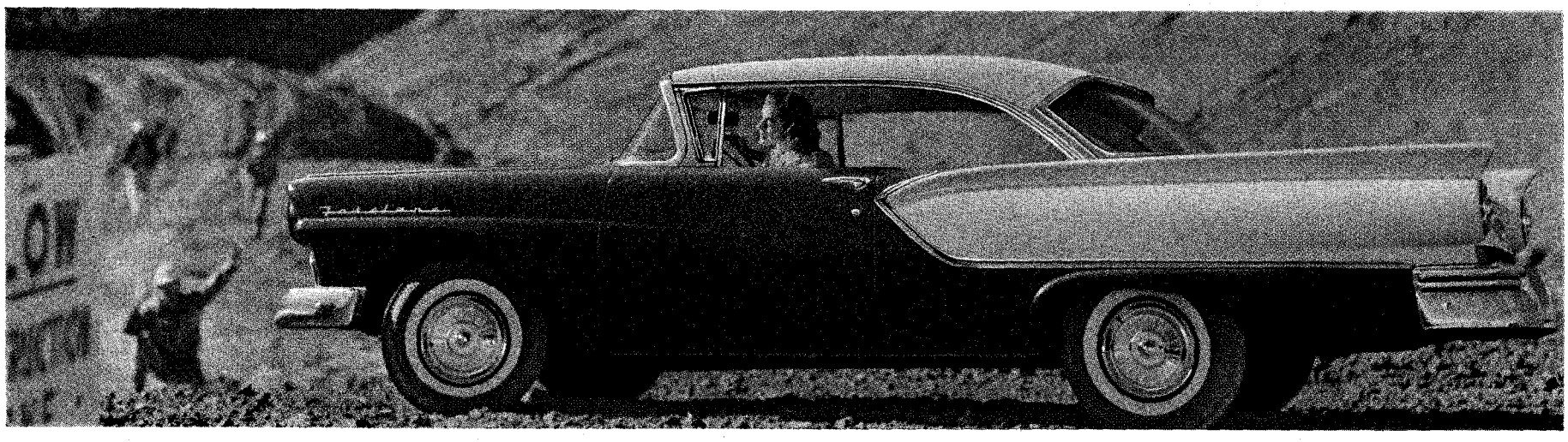

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**SYMPHONY OAKGRAIN WRITING PAPER.** 24 extra heavy white sheets, 24 envelopes in smart, wood design box. A popular favorite for both men and women. Reg. $1.39.....**$1.07**

**RETURN ADDRESS ENVELOPES,** 6¾ size. *Jumbo cellophane pack, reg. 25¢...2 for* **37¢**

**AIRMAIL ENVELOPES,** 6¾ size, printed red and blue airmail design, reg. 25¢ pack, **2 for 37¢**

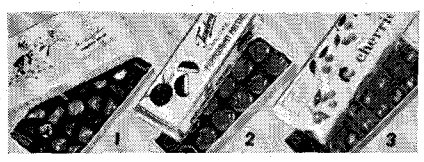
**ONION SKIN TABLET,** 60 cockle finish sheets, ideal for air mail. 8½"x 11". Special.....**37¢**

**TYPING TABLET,** Ripple Bond, reg. 50¢...**37¢**

**PLAYING CARDS.** Bridge, pinochle or poker deck, 65¢ value. Lucky 7 Special, only....**57¢**

**PLASTIC COATED BRIDGE CARDS.** Gilt edge, *smart new back-designs. Can be wiped clean* with damp cloth. Double deck, $1.80 value, now **$1.47.** Single deck, 90¢ value, now...**77¢**

## CANDY SPECIALS



**1. BARBARA ANN COUNTRY-FRESH** *Chocolates.* Assorted centers, rich dark and milk chocolate coating. Fine quality candies, deliciously fresh. 1 pound, a $1.25 value....**97¢**

**2. CHOCOLATE-PEPPERMINT PATTIES**—finest *quality from Taylor's, a famous name in chocolates,* sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores. Slender "serving" box, 1 lb., reg. 89¢.....**77¢**

**3. TAYLOR'S CHOCOLATE CHERRIES,** 100% liquid centers, ripe red maraschino cherries, *rich, dark chocolate.* 12 *oz., reg.* $1.20....**97¢**

## FOR BABIES AND CHILDREN

**REXALL TINY TOT COUGH SYRUP** has a soothing effect that eases irritation. Children love its pleasant flavor. 3-oz. size, 39¢, now...**27¢**

**REXALL POLYDROPS.** Drop-dose multi-vitamins mix easily with baby's formula. Vitamins A, D, $B_1$, $B_2$, $B_6$, C, niacinamide and panthenol, 60cc., regularly, $3.69. Save $1.22 at...**$2.47**

**STORK ALUMINUM BABY BOTTLE STERILIZER,** *6-quart sterilizer with rack that holds 7* bottles plus accessories. Reg. $4.25, now, **$3.67**

**STORK BABY BOTTLE WARMER** with electric element inside pink or blue Bakelite base. Regularly $1.98, now only.....**$1.57**

**TERRY CLOTH ANIMALS,** foam rubber filled. Made of printed Cannon terry cloth, completely washable. Choice of 5, each a $1 value...**77¢**

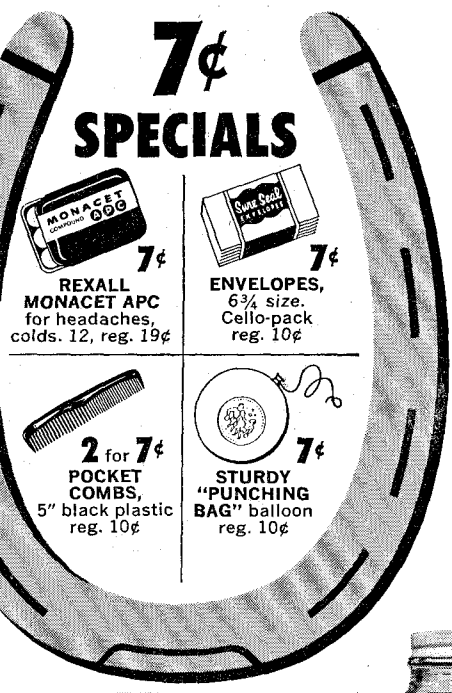
**BLUE BIRD PLAYGROUND BALL** *is a "junior* volleyball" of tough, tan rubber—ideal for kicking, volleying, dribbling. $1.29 value, now **97¢**

**WIRE-BOUND NOTE BOOKS** for school and home have lie-flat pages. Ea. a 10¢ val. 2 for **17¢**

**BIG COUNT PENCIL TABLET** in the generous 8"x 10" size. Regularly 25¢, now....**2 for 37¢**

**REXALL DE LUXE CHILD'S TOOTH BRUSH COMBINATION.** Plastic *duck sticks to wall and* holds two brushes—one for morning, one for evening. Another Lucky 7 Special, only **47¢**

## 7¢ SPECIALS



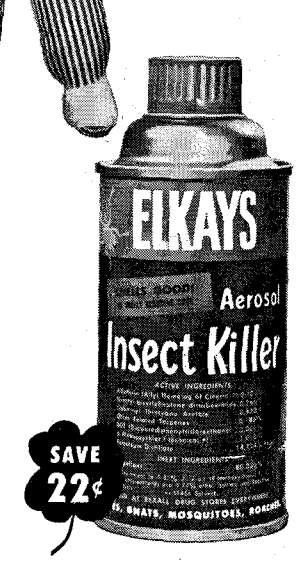
**REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES** contain pure glycerin to relieve constipation with prompt, gentle action. Adult's or child's, 24, reg. 89¢....**77¢**

**GIANT EASTE BUNNY,** over 3 fee tall, hops righ into kids' hearts He's imitation fu and wears stripe and a bow tie. Hi face is plastic bells jingle fror his ears. $2.9 value, now **$1.9**

**REXALL ASPIRIN**—the aspirin that, taken with water, is ready to go to work for you even before it reaches your stomach. Bottle of 200 five-grain tablets, regularly 87¢, now.. **67¢**

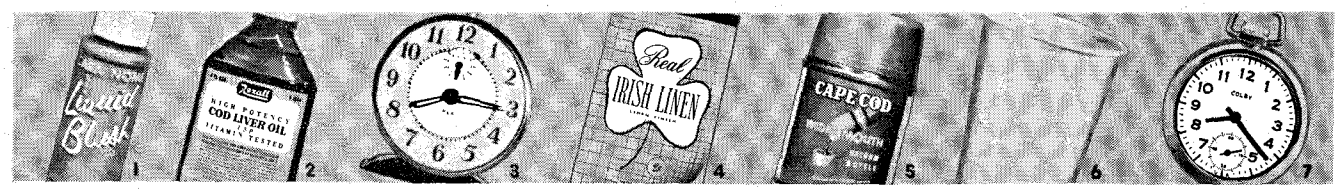
**REXALL Mi-31** is our famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. Actually kills contacted germs. Big 24-oz. bottle, regularly $1.25, **97¢**

**ELKAYS AIR REFRESHER** aerosol kills odors instantly in bath, kitchen, nursery. Just press the button and air is quickly refreshed. 12 oz., $1.79 value, now....**$1.27**




**ELKAYS AEROSOL INSEC KILLER** quickly kills flies gnats, and many othe pests. Harmless to human when used as directed. 1 oz., regularly $1.19...**97**

## LUCKY 7 SAVINGS FOR YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY




**1. CARA NOME LIQUID BLUSH,** *lovely rouge* that comes in choice of three shades. Tiny dot smooths evenly to exact "blush" hue you desire, stays on all day. Reg. $1.10, now....**57¢**

**2. REXALL COD LIVER OIL, HIGH POTENCY,** contains more than twice the USP minimum standard for Cod Liver Oil vitamin potency. 1 teaspoon provides 1⅘ times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamins A and D to supplement the diets of children and *expectant mothers; aids development of sound* bones and teeth; promotes calcium absorption. ½-pint, regularly 95¢, now only.....**67¢**

**REXALL THERAMINS,** *famous therapeutic* formula with high-potency vitamins $B_1$, $B_2$, A, C and D. 100 capsules, reg. $8.95, now just **$5.97**

**REX-RAY EXTENSION CORDS** *in color choice.* 12′ cord with extension plug, reg. 98¢ now **77¢;** or 9′ cord, reg. 89¢, now only.....**67¢**

**3. REX ALARM CLOCK,** dependable timekeeper that goes 30 hours between windings! Choose style *with luminous hands and dial,* $3.49 value, **$2.97;** or with plain dial, mahogany-color case, $2.79 value, now.....**$2.37**

**4. IRISH LINEN INK TABLET,** note size, with 140 sheets, ruled or plain. Reg. 25¢, now **17¢**

**IRISH LINEN ENVELOPES,** 30, reg. 25¢...**17¢**

**CAPE COD LUNCH KIT,** all metal with pint vacuum bottle. $3.15 value, now.....**$2.77**

**ELKAYS AEROSOL NON-DDT INSECT KILLER** means sure death for many household pests. Spray indoors or out. Harmless to pets when *used as directed.* 12 *oz., reg.* $1.59.....**$1.17**

**SPEEDWAY SCISSORS,** 6½" long, chrome plated, fine quality steel. You save more than one-third! $1.49 value, now just.....**97¢**

**MEDFORD PAPER TOWELS,** 3 rolls for....**57¢**

**MEDFORD TOILET TISSUE,** 4 rolls for....**57¢**

**5. CAPE COD VACUUM BOTTLE** with wid mouth, pint size. Keeps beverages or food hc *or cold for hours.* Regularly $2.59.....**$2.2**

**6. PLASTIC WASTE BASKET,** Polyethylene Large size with rolled rim. Washes to look lik *new. Color choice.* $2.19 *value*.....**$1.4**

**7. COLBY POCKET WATCH,** Chrome plated cas and second hand. With luminous dial, reg $3.19, **$2.87.** Regular dial, *reg.* $2.98....**$2.5**

**COLBY WRIST WATCH** for men or boys. 2-jewe shock resistant. Regularly $4.95.....**$4.3**

**SPUNTEX STRETCH NYLONS.**

Plain or dark seams; lovely shades. Stretch to fit every *leg and foot perfectly!* Pair, $1.39 value, now.....**97¢**

**REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

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# 7 SALE

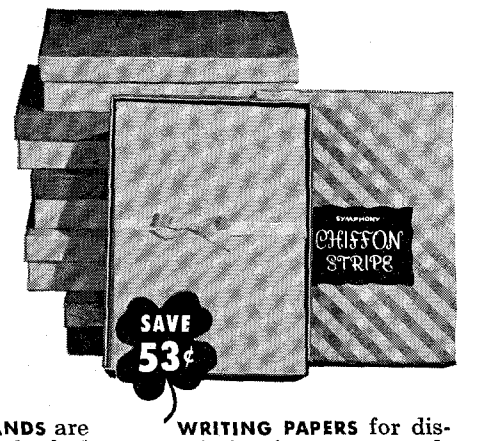
## REDUCED PRICE!

**FEBRUARY 28th through MARCH 9th**

Your Rexall Druggist will take advance orders now, to be picked up at any time during the Lucky 7 Sale

**CARA NOME CLEANSING-HORMONE CREAM COMBINATION.** Get: 1. Cara Nome Hormone Cream with 10,000 internt'l units of natural hormones per ounce (1⅝-oz. size); 2. Your choice of either Cara Nome Special Dry Skin Cleansing Cream (3¼-oz.) or Cara Nome Cold Cream (3-oz.). Combination of two, reg. $3.25.....**$1.77**

**REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS** are flexible adhesive bandages backed with Pro-Cap, the special formula adhesive tape that is less irritating and sticks better. Waterproof. Box of 33, special.....**37¢**




**WRITING PAPERS** for discriminating correspondents. Your choice of smart, top-quality papers. Regularly $1.00, now a special at less than half price, **47¢**

**REXALL DE LUXE TOOTHBRUSHES** available in a wide range of medically approved styles—fine-soft, medium and hard textures. Select the style that's best for you. In plastic handles and assorted colors. Here's an opportunity to stock up for the entire family. Reg. 59¢ ea., now **2** for **87¢**

**GENUINE SPONGE** Mediterranean. Two different size sponges packed damp in plastic bag. 98¢ value..... **77¢**

**SACCHARIN** Rexall ½ grain, bottle of 500 tablets, reg. 75¢, now 57¢; ¼ grain, 500 tablets, reg. 69¢, now..... **47¢**

**ELI COTTON** Giant roll for padding, stuffing, all utility purposes. Full pound, now a Lucky Seven Special for only.... **57¢**

**HELEN CORNELL BOBBY PINS** Rubber-tipped. Black or bronze. Card of 72, reg. 25¢.. **17¢**

**FILLER PAPER** 5-hole punched for 2 or 3 ring binders. Wide, narrow or plain. Each pack, reg. 25¢, now **2 for 37¢**

**DISH TOWELS** 15"x 28", assorted colors with woven stripe borders. Package of 6 quality towels, 98¢ value... **77¢**

**DISH CLOTHS** 12"x 14", with colored borders. Durable, lint-free. Bundle of six, ribbon-tied, 69¢ value, now.. **47¢**

**WHISK BROOM** Full broom corn, double-stitched; wire-bound handle, metal top, ring for hanging. Reg. 79¢.... **57¢**

**LUXURY POCKET PACK TISSUES** Strong, yet soft. Special, **6 for 27¢**

## SAVE UP TO ½ ON THESE LUCKY SPECIALS

**1. CARA NOME LIQUID FOUNDATION** is ideal for either a smooth, even base or a lovely, natural-finish makeup. Save more than ½ now! Choice of 4 shades, ea. reg. $1.25, now only **57¢**

**2. CARA NOME SKIN CREAM** has rich lubricating oils that help keep your skin soft and youthful looking. Apply each night, massaging well. Big 7½-oz. jar, reg. $2.50, now only.....**$1.25**

**CARA NOME LIQUID CLEANSING CREAM,** a pure, mild cleanser that penetrates deeply, cleans thoroughly. Contains mild antiseptic. 6-oz. squeeze bottle, regularly $1.50.....**77¢**

**CARA NOME POLISH REMOVER** removes polish quickly, neatly. Big bottle, reg. 49¢, now **37¢**

**REXALL PLASTIC ADHESIVE TAPE,** waterproof, flesh color, and flexible even on knuckles. It's less irritating and sticks better, thanks to Rexall's Pro-Cap adhesive. Easy to tear—needs no cutter. ½" x 5-yd. roll....**27¢**

**3. CARA NOME CREAM SHAMPOO** gives new life and lustre to hair. Conditions as it cleans; needs no rinse. Giant $2.00 jar, special at **97¢**

**4. CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM,** a delicate anti-perspirant that protects you from bath to bath. Large size now ½-price. Reg. $1.00, **50¢**

**REXALL MOLESKIN PLASTER** for foot comfort. Four 2"x 4" pieces. Cut size to fit. Reg. 33¢, **27¢**

**REXALL ABSORBENT COTTON,** sterile, 4-ounce package, reg. 63¢, now special at.....**57¢**

**REXALL REEL-ROLL COTTON** in handy package with self-cutting edge. Cut amount you want; rest stays clean in box. 1½ oz., reg. 43¢, **37¢**

**REXALL QUIK-SWABS,** 3" cotton-tipped applicators, ideal for scores of cosmetic and nursery needs. Package of 200, reg. 55¢, now **47¢**

**REXALL GAUZE BANDAGE,** 3", special....**37¢**

**REXALL QUIK-PADS,** 3" squares, special..**37¢**

**5. BILLFOLDS,** plastic, in color choice. Styles for men and ladies. Each $2.00 value.....**97¢**

**6. LADIES' HAIR BRUSH,** professional. Lucite handle, nylon bristles. $3.50 value, **$1.67.** Other hair brushes in professional, half-round or club style, each a $1.00 value, now....**77¢**

**LATHER SHAVE BRUSH,** pure badger with ivory plastic handle. Reg. $2.50, now only **$1.97**

**SUPER ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER** leaves your hair soft and shiny as sun-drying. Has gray metallic finish and adjustable walnut handle. UL-approved. Save $1.98! A $6.95 value, **$4.97**

**DEFENDER HOT WATER BOTTLE.** Fine quality red rubber. Regularly $2.39, now.....**$1.97**

**SHOWER CAP,** Vinylite, reg. 29¢.....**2 for 47¢**

Your Rexall Druggist brings you modern, efficient prescription service, dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.

**YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL**

## REMEDIES WITH REXALL'S MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

**1. REXALL HYGIENIC POWDER** makes soothing, cleansing wash. Lb., reg. $1.89, now **$1.57**

**2. REXALL KLENZO ANTISEPTIC.** Ruby-red mouthwash, gargle. Big 24 oz., reg. $1.09, **87¢**

**3. REXALL LIQUID SACCHARIN DROPS** in handy squeeze bottle, 25cc., reg. 65¢, now **57¢**

**REXALL ANALGESIC LIQUID** relieves sore, aching muscles. 1½ oz., reg. 75¢, now...**57¢**

**ANALGESIC BALM,** 1 oz., reg. 65¢, now...**57¢**

**REXALL EPOTHRICIN** skin cream contains antibiotic tyrothricin. 1 oz., reg. 79¢, now....**67¢**

**REXALL EYELO EYE WASH.** Soothing as natural tears when eyes are weary, strained or irritated. 4 oz. with free eyecup, reg. 43¢, now **27¢**

**REXALL FUNGI-REX POWDER** for Athlete's Foot. Proven formula stops smarting, itching; helps prevent re-infection. 4 oz., reg. 59¢, **37¢**

**REXALL GERMATINE,** painless antiseptic for cuts, minor burns. 6 oz., reg. 79¢.....**57¢**

**REXALL LANOLIN,** 1-oz. tube, reg. 33¢...**27¢**

**REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Choose liquid, 6 oz., or tablets, 36. Each, a 30¢ value, now **17¢**

**REXALL MINERAL OIL,** ½ pt., 50¢ value..**37¢**

**REXALL PETROFOL** mineral oil laxative. Gentle, tasteless. Full quart, reg. 98¢, now...**87¢**

**REXALL FLUID EXTRACT CASCARA,** aromatic. Laxative tonic. 2-oz. bottle, reg. 59¢, now **47¢**

**REXALL GLYCERIN,** 2 oz., reg. 57¢.....**47¢**

**REXALL GLYCERIN AND ROSE WATER** softens and soothes skin. ½ pint, regularly 95¢...**67¢**

**REXALL MERCUROCHROME,** 1 oz., reg. 35¢, **27¢**

**REXALL CASTOR OIL,** 2 oz., reg. 37¢.....**27¢**

**REXALL HYDROGEN PEROXIDE,** 3%, USP 10 volume. Effective antiseptic. 8 oz., special, **27¢**

**REXALL AROMATIC SPIRIT OF AMMONIA,** USP purity, 2 oz., regularly 53¢, now.....**37¢**

**REXALL SPIRIT OF CAMPHOR** helps relieve discomfort of cold sores. 2 oz., reg. 69¢...**57¢**

**REXALL TINCTURE IODINE,** reg. 20¢, now **17¢**

**REXALL WITCH HAZEL,** ½ pt., 43¢ value, **27¢**

**REXALL BORIC ACID,** Powder or Crystals, 1 lb., reg. 79¢, **57¢;** in Solution, 8 oz., reg. 43¢, **27¢**

**REXALL ALUM POWDER,** 2 oz., special...**17¢**

**REXALL EPSOM SALT,** 8 oz., reg. 35¢....**27¢**

**REXALL PABIZOL** for relief of simple diarrhea due to dietary error. 4 oz., reg. 57¢, now...**47¢**

**REXALL SALTEE FLAVOR,** sodium-free salt substitute. 2½ oz., reg. 79¢, now.....**67¢**

## FOR COLD RELIEF SAY "REXALL"

**1. REXALL BIOKETS,** antibiotic troches soothe simple sore throat. 35, reg. $1.29.....**$1.17**

**2. REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP** has 12 active ingredients. Pint, reg. $1.65...**$1.27**

**3. REXALL R.P.R. BUFFERED ASPIRIN** for rapid pain relief. Each tablet contains 5 grains aspirin plus 2 antacids. 15, reg. 25¢, now...**17¢**

**REXALL CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP** relieves coughs due to colds. ½ pt., reg. 98¢, **67¢**

**REXALL MENTHOLATED WHITE PINE AND TAR COUGH SYRUP,** ½-pint bottle, reg. 98¢...**77¢**

**REXALL REXILLANA** helps relieve dryness and tickling of coughs. 4 oz., reg. 59¢.....**47¢**

**REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE** for colds and hay fever. Bottle of 15 tablets, reg. 49¢, now..**37¢**

**REXALL LOZOTHRICIN,** antibiotic throat lozenges for fast relief. 28, reg. $1.29.....**$1.17**

**REXALL AQUEOUS NOSE DROPS** give effective relief from minor nasal congestion and irritation caused by colds. 1 oz., reg. 49¢.....**37¢**

**REXALL ASPIROIDS,** cold capsules. Quick relief for cold discomforts. 36, reg. 79¢....**57¢**

**REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL,** soothing, cooling body rub. ½-pint bottle, reg. 45¢, now **37¢**

**REXALL CAMPHORATED OIL,** 2 oz., 39¢..**27¢**

**REXALL TINCTURE BENZOIN COMPOUND** for minor bronchial irritations. 1 oz., reg. 35¢, **27¢**

These suggested retail prices are effective February 28 through March 9, 1957 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall

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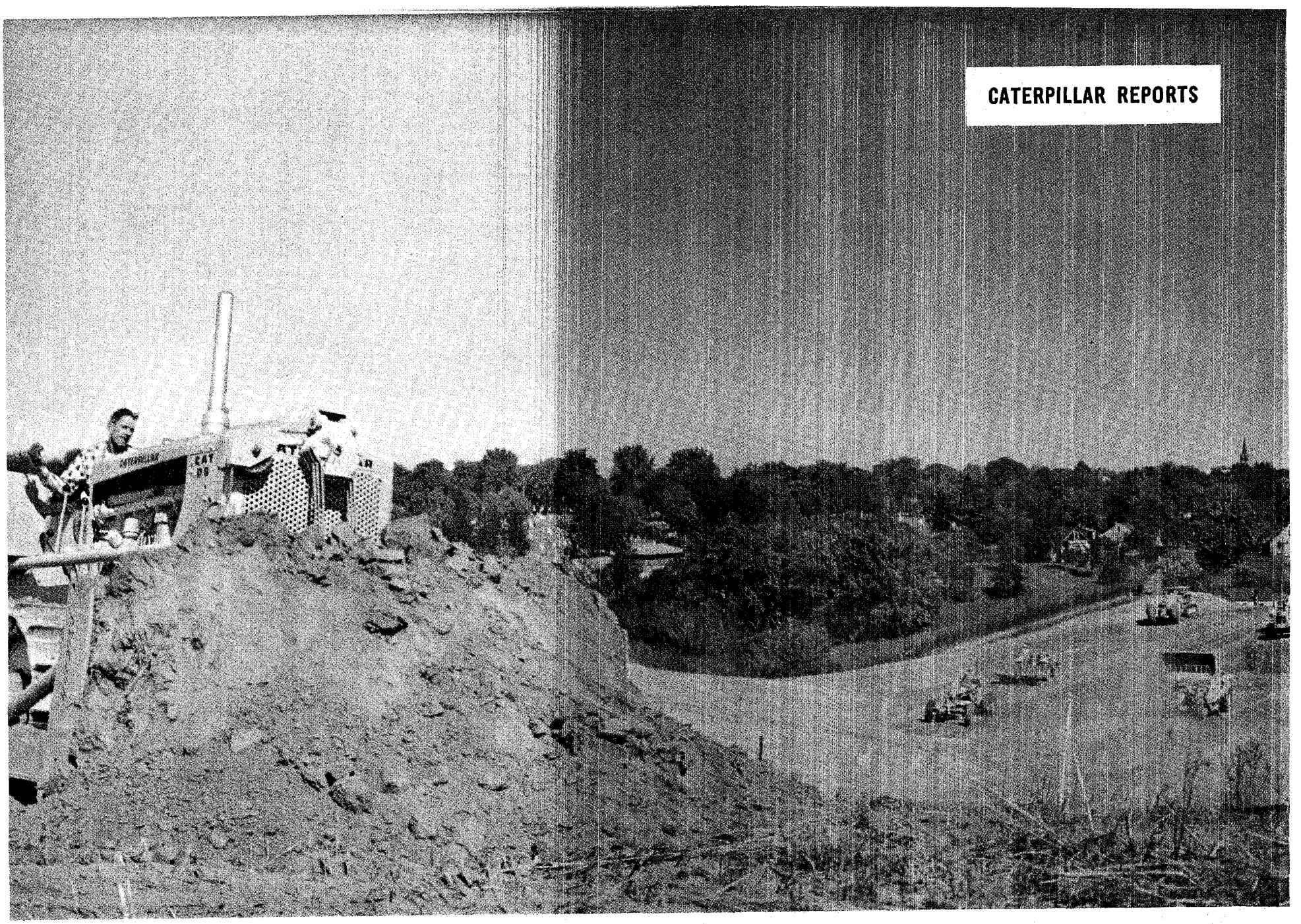


# THE GREATEST CONSTRUCTION JOB IN HISTORY HAS STARTED HERE

When the big earthmovers rolled into St. Charles, Mo., America began the monumental task of building 50 billion dollars' worth of highways in the next 14 years.

By 1971, the 2½ miles of divided four-lane highway being built near St. Charles, Mo., will be just a tiny segment of 41,000 miles of modern freeways crisscrossing the nation. But today it's something special. It is the first Interstate highway to be built under the new Federal-Aid Highway Act, which has unleashed the biggest building job ever conceived by man.

This is the beginning of the Interstate Highway System—a dream network of wide, safe freeways which will link all 48 states and serve over 90% of all our cities with 50,000 population or more.

The Interstate System is a state responsibility, even though the Federal government is paying 90% of the cost. The states worked out the routes. The states helped decide the standards. Each state will not only purchase the land for its part of the system, but decide what to build first, let contracts and supervise construction.

Missouri was ready to roll when the law was signed last June. Detailed plans were on hand. It had purchased the land for the St. Charles project. And most important, its laws permitted the land to be used for controlled-access roads. Those are roads without intersections. The entire Interstate System will be built that way, a move expected to stop 3500 traffic fatalities a year! And you'll be able to drive across the nation without a stop light.

Sounds good? Then support the plans of your state highway department. For your state may need more money to pay its share of this gigantic program. Or it may need up-to-date laws to acquire land. Your reward will be the largest, most modern highway system in history.

**WHAT EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE GREATEST CONSTRUCTION JOB**

Will the new Interstate System serve your town? When will it be finished? How much is it costing you? You'll be proud of your nation when you get all the facts in the free booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write today to Dept. 2, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT**

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

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(*Continued from Page 48*) point you stop trying to understand it. Now sometimes something that makes absolutely no sense at all, flapping about in the dark, throws a switch. And there you've got a mystery."

"I don't get what you're driving at lieutenant."

"Neither do I, Mr. Aldous. But I'll give you the leading points, if you like. A, I know all there is to know about Rurik Duncan—saw him electrocuted, in fact. And a miserable show he made of it. B, I don't like to dig these matters up, but your son, four years old and born blind, had one of Rurik's eyes grafted into his head by Doctor Holliday. And now, C, the child is going word for word and point by point into details of things that happened about sixteen years before he was born and two thousand miles away!"

"Oh, no, surely not!" cried Mr. Aldous.

"Oh, yes, surely so," said the lieutenant. "And geographically accurate, at that. What's more remarkable, your son has got the names right of people that he never heard of and who died before he was born. What d'you make of that? Teddy Pinchbeck was shot in a fight outside a church it must be ten, eleven years ago. A bad boy, that one. And where did I get my information? From Malachi Westbrook—he's a real-estate man now. There was an old Washington Boathouse, and Malachi Westbrook's the man that tore it down to make space for Westbrook Landing. Charley Greengrass runs his late father's store. There was a Three-Finger Mike, but he just disappeared. There really is a Cottonmouth Island just past a Miller's Bend, and in the mating season it's one writhing mass. And Rurik Duncan did break Malachi Westbrook's arm before your son was born. Well?"

"This I do not understand," said Richard Aldous.

"Me neither. Mind if I sit with the boy a bit?"

"No, lieutenant, no. . . . But how on earth could he know about cottonmouths? He never saw one. He never saw anything, poor child. To be frank with you, neither my wife nor I have ever seen a cottonmouth snake. I simply don't get it."

"Then you don't mind?"

"Go ahead by all means, lieutenant," said Mr. Aldous.

Neetsfoot went ahead—in other words, he sacrificed two weeks of his vacation in a dead silence, listening by Dicky's bed while the child slept. Mrs. Aldous was in the grip of a nervous breakdown, so that her husband was present only half the time. But he bears witness—and so, at a later date, does an official stenographer—to what Dicky Aldous said, in what was eventually termed his "delirium."

First, the child struggled left and right. It appeared to the detective that he was somehow trying to writhe away from something; that he was in the clutch of a nightmare. His temperature went up to 103 degrees, and then he said, "Look. This is the setup, you kids. The Pan keeps the engine running. . . . Get that right from the start, Pan. . . . Little Joe sticks a toothpick under the bell push. I put the heat on. O.K.? O.K.!"

Lieutenant Neetsfoot knew what to make of this. The man who was called The Pan on account of his rigid face was driver for several gangsters; Little Joe Ricardo was a sort of assistant gunman who was trying to make the grade with the big mobs. The heat, as Neetsfoot construed it, was put on a union leader named M'Turk, for whose murder Rurik Duncan was tried, but acquitted for lack of evidence.

M'Turk was shot down in his own doorway; the street was aroused less by the noise of the shot than by the constant ringing of M'Turk's doorbell, under which somebody had stuck a toothpick.

But all this had happened at least eight years before Dicky Aldous was born.

"And this I don't quite get," said Lieutenant Neetsfoot.

"There is something distinctly peculiar here," Mr. Aldous said. "But I won't have the child bothered."

"I'm not bothering the child, Mr. Aldous; the child's bothering me. Heaven's my judge, I haven't opened my mouth. Not even to smoke! The kid does all the talking, and Gregory takes it down on the machine. You can believe me when I tell you there's something funny here. Your little boy has gone into details about the M'Turk shooting, and this I can't understand. Tell me, Mr. Aldous, do you remember the details of M'Turk?"

"No, I can't say I do, lieutenant."

"Then how does the kid?"

"I must have told your people a thousand times: my son couldn't possibly have heard anything about the people or the events you keep harping on."

"I know he couldn't, Mr. Aldous. This is off the record and on my own time. That's understood, isn't it?"

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The best proof that appearances are deceiving is the fact that the dollar looks just the same as it did ten years ago.

FLOYD R. MILLER

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"It is a most extraordinary situation, lieutenant."

"You can say that again."

Mr. Aldous said, with a kind of detached enthusiasm that somehow disgusted the detective, "You know what? The eye of this man Rurik Duncan having been grafted, complete with optic nerve, it's almost as if the child's actually seeing through Rurik Duncan's optic nerve!"

"Almost as if," said the lieutenant.

"But how?"

"Ask the doctor, don't ask me."

And Doctor Holliday was, indeed, the fourth witness to the last, and most important, utterances of the boy into whose orbit he had grafted the right eye of Rurik Duncan. It happened, as previously, between two and three o'clock in the morning.

Dicky said, "Now listen. You, Dom, listen. . . . And you listen, Mac. . . . You heard it before? Then hear it again. This is the way I want it, and this is the way it's going to be. . . . Dom, you always were trigger-happy. First, no loads in the rods. I want these guns ice-cold. One thing I won't do, and that's hang. And in Montana they hang you on a rope. Never forget that. . . . Second, follow my timing and you can't go wrong. We beat the lights. Remember, it's two million and a half in small bills. Better men than you have died for less. My Uncle Gabe died through getting bitten in the leg by a hog. This way's more fun. . . . Third, the short haul in the armored truck and the swift stash in the rocks, you know where. Got it? . . . Fourth, the quick scatter. Now somebody could get hurt. So let's get this right. O.K.? I'll go over it again."

At this point, Mr. Aldous, carried away by sheer excitement, cried, "Yes, but exactly where is the money? Where did we put it?"

Dicky sneered in his sleep, "And exactly where d'you get that 'did'? It ain't put there yet. . . . And who's 'we'? Little Dom and Mac I told already. There ain't no more 'we.' Go burn me, mister, and sniff for it. 'We,' for cryin' out loud! Well, I guess you got to be dumb or you wouldn't be a cop. O.K. You want to know where the dough is? I'll tell you. It's in Montana. Got that wrote down? Montana. It's going to be loaded in a great big armored truck in Butte. And taken where?" The child laughed in a singularly ugly way. "It'll be my pleasure to tell you, mister: somewhere in Montana. All you got to do when I stash this dough is scratch. O.K., Mr. Dickins?"

"Wasn't Dickins the name of the district attorney who offered Rurik Duncan his life if he would divulge the whereabouts of the stolen money?" whispered Mr. Aldous.

Lieutenant Neetsfoot replied, not without bitterness; "Yes, it was. For Pete's sake, shut up! I think you've already talked us out of that two and a half million. And here I've sat like a stone for fifteen days, and right at the end you must bust in and open your yap."

Deeply hurt, Mr. Aldous said, "My son has always responded to my voice."

The lieutenant looked at him with disdain, and then said, in a carefully controlled voice, "Yes, Mr. Aldous. Your son has always responded to your voice, Mr. Aldous. But damn it, that wasn't your son who was talking—that was Rurik Duncan! That was Rurik Duncan running over orders with Little Dominic and MacGinnis before the truck was snatched and the money stashed away! I told you to keep quiet like me; I begged you to keep your mouth shut like I did. But no, your son has always responded to your voice. Congratulations, Mr. Aldous; you've got the costliest voice in the world. It's just talked us out of ten per cent of two million six hundred thousand dollars!"

They sat by the crib until dawn, but, his fever past, Dicky Aldous, perspiring freely, talked no more in his sleep.

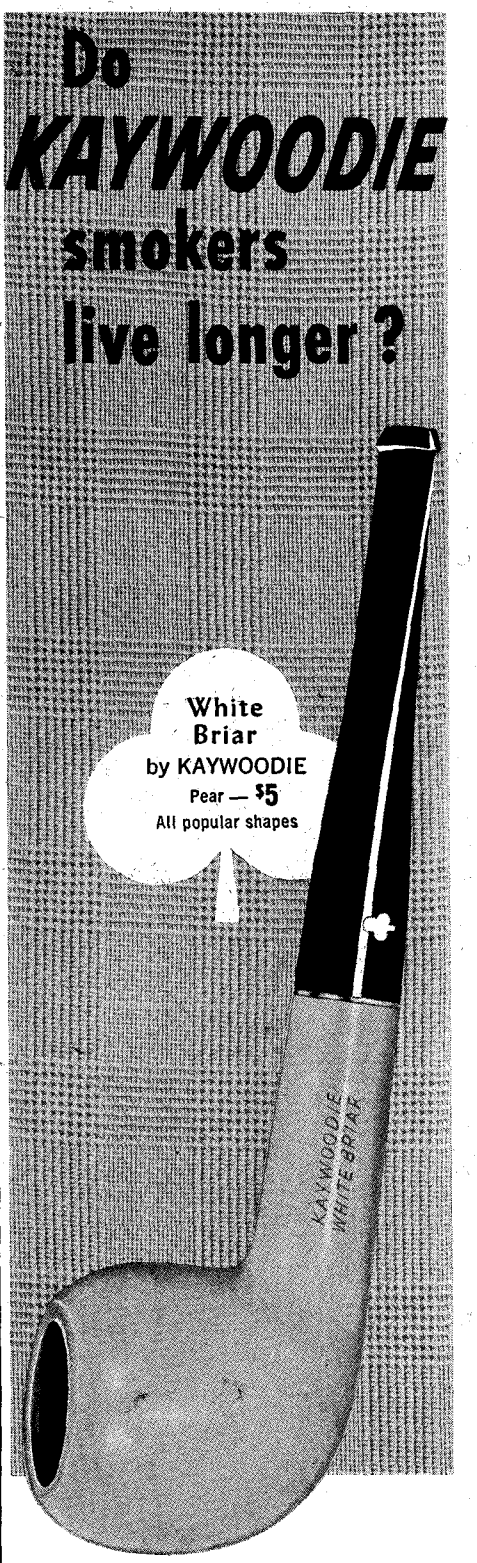
When he awoke, his father, who had an unshakable faith in the power of his voice to arouse response in his hitherto blind son, said, "Now, Dicky darling, tell Daddy dear about Montana."

"Want to see blue," said Dicky; and became engrossed in the color and the shape of a large red nonpoisonous-nylon teddy bear of which he had previously known only the texture.

And from that day to this he has not talked of Montana. His memory of events preceding Doctor Holliday's operation is rapidly fading. Doctor Holliday, who visits the house from time to time, has put forward a halfhearted theory that, by some unexplained process, the regenerated nervous tissue, heavily charged with electricity, retained and conveyed the visual memory of Rurik Duncan only while this tissue was knitting. It may come back, he says, in adult life or, on the other hand, it may not.

Lieutenant Neetsfoot, whom Mr. Aldous regards as a "character," pays a visit every other Sunday. He likes to play with the little boy. It was he who said to me, "This is unofficial, off the record; but I'm pretty observant. When I was a rookie I learned to watch you without seeming to. And I can tell you there's something very, very funny about that kid's eye when he thinks he isn't being observed. He's seven now. I'm due to retire nine years from now. Call me crazy, but, believe me, when that kid is old enough to have a car of his own and take a vacation without anybody else along, wherever he goes I'll follow him."

Here, for the time being, the matter rests. THE END


Have you ever seen an overwrought pipe smoker? Somehow the two just don't go together. There's something about pipe smoking that calms you down, lets you relax, helps you avoid the tensions so injurious to good health. And with Kaywoodie, you enjoy the sweetest, coolest smoke of your life. Sweetest because each pipe is carved from the very heart of centuries-old Kaywoodie briar. Coolest because of the dense, close grained briar, reserved solely for Kaywoodie.

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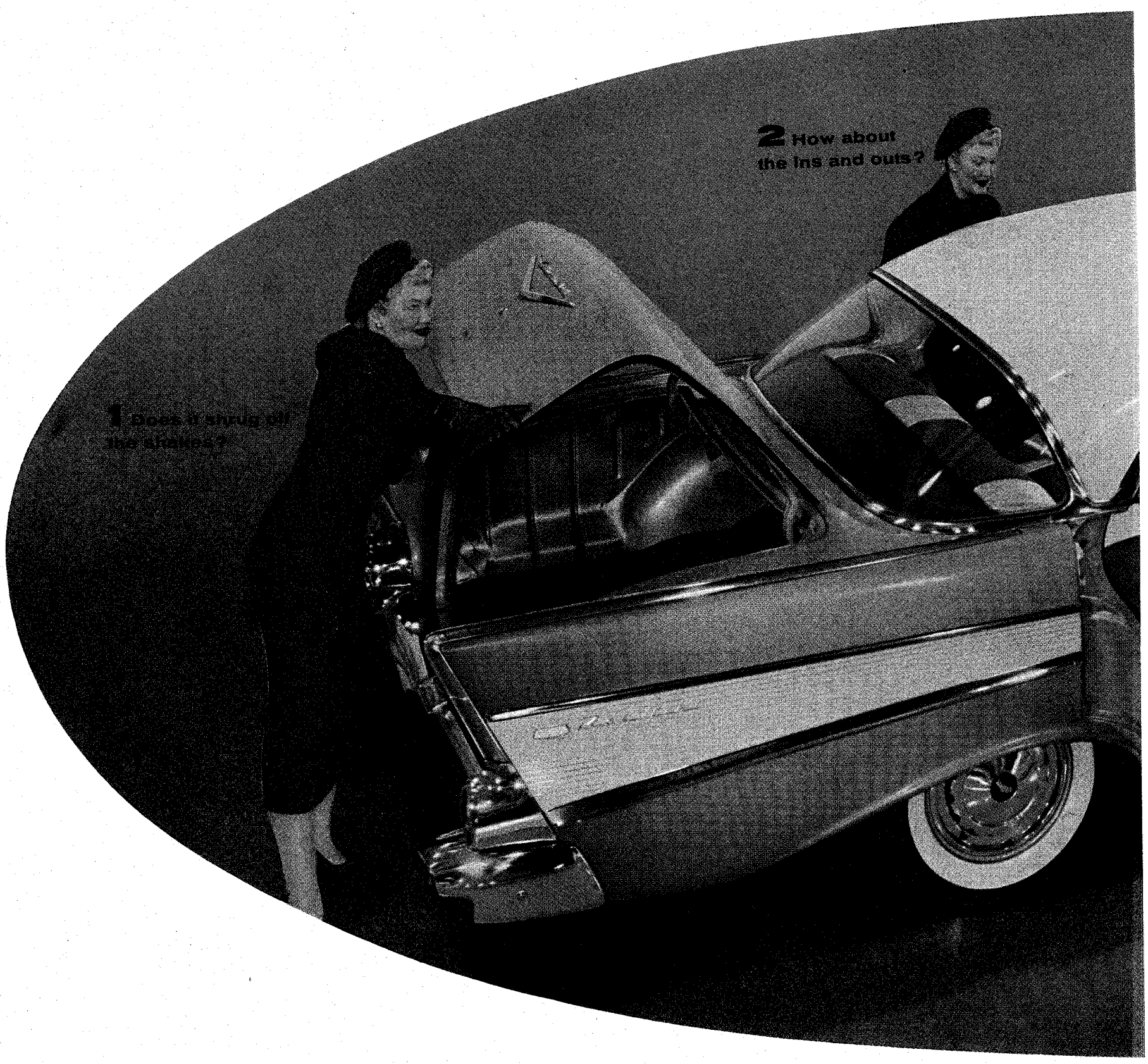


# 5 Ways to Judge

**1 Does it shrug off the shakes?**

Raise the deck lid of a Fisher Body—then wiggle it. There's *backbone* here: a rugged X-frame beneath the steel gives this lid *extra* rigidity. And for all its strength, it rises at a finger's touch.

**2 How about the ins and outs?**

Step into—and out of—a Fisher Body. Admittance is free—unencumbered by awkward projections. This body is designed to be *lived* in. It has seats that are high and deep, ample headroom, plenty of "walking space."

**3 Is this a "skin" you love to touch?**

Run your finger over the mirror-like finish of a Fisher Body. No pebbled, grainy "orange peel" effect here. Only a Fisher Body has *four* separate coats of fine lacquer buffed to a satin sheen.

**4 Can you see clear around the corner?**

Look through the Panoramic windshield of a Fisher Body. A special molding process lets you see things clearly, even through the rounded corners. And only Fisher Body uses *plate* safety glass, front, rear *and side*.

**5 Does it close on a solid note?**

Shut the door of a Fisher Body. Listen to that solid "kerchunk" as steel meets steel through a substantial rubber cushion. Securely hinged, snugly fitted, this door is a study in sturdiness.

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ght on the showroom floor, you can *see*, *feel* and *hear* the difference. id you can be sure the difference extends behind the "seen"—into ery brace and beam of a Body by Fisher.

ll it "quality" if you will. At Fisher Body, it is called *care*—and *caring*. is is the big reason why a Fisher Body is better to look at, safer to ride more pleasant to live with through the years.

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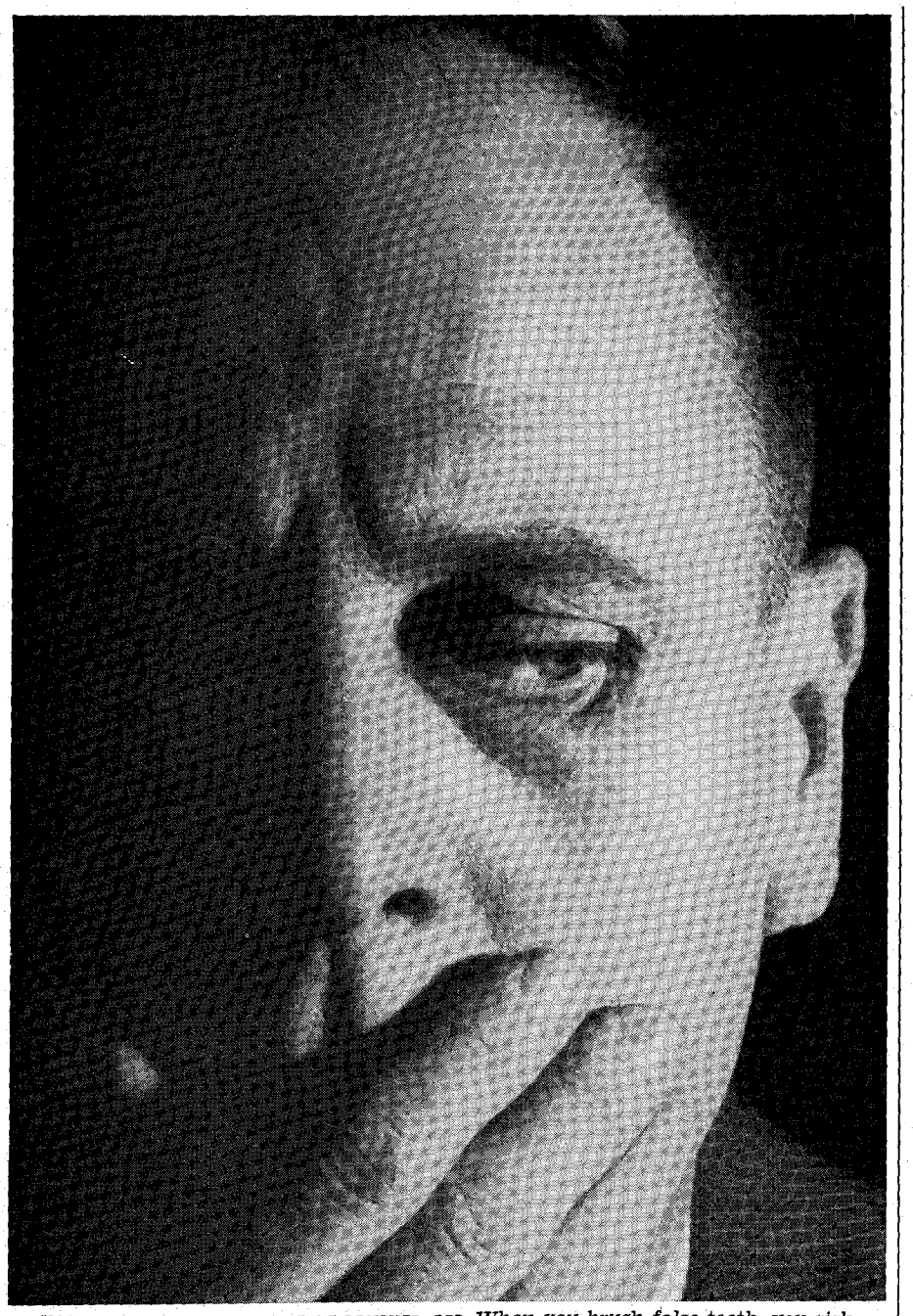

**YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF.** When you brush false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It soaks into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

**You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!**

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

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With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

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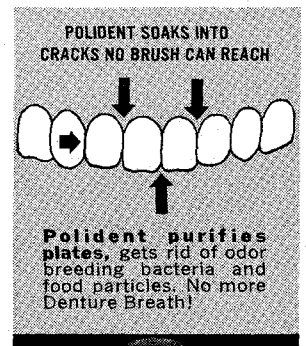

POLIDENT SOAKS INTO
CRACKS NO BRUSH CAN REACH
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today . . . At any drug counter . . .

# The Forbidden Range

(Continued from Page 30)

Pa nodded shortly and said, "Bad enough." He didn't say it had been smashed by a bullet when a gang of cattlemen had raided a camp of immigrants back at Soda Creek, but then pa was always sort of close-mouthed. He took his change and handed a ten-cent piece of it back to the old man.

"Better give us all that hard candy this'll buy," he said. "I reckon boys and stripy candy just naturally go together."

I was older than the rest of the boys and I knew better than they did how much that ten-cent piece meant to us, but that didn't stop me from enjoying my share. I guess any ten-year-old boy's stomach is likely to get more attention than his conscience.

Ma was at another counter, looking at some dress goods, and pa went to loom over her and grin down into her upturned face. "Thinkin' of a Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress, ma'am?" I heard him ask her.

Ma folded back the piece of checked gingham she had been looking at. She looked up at pa, in the way that had made him shuffle his feet and run his fingers through his thick brown hair ever since I could remember. It was a sort of half smile and eye crinkle that made her small face light up like a Christmas tree stuck full of candles.

"You know my failing, Dave Bascom," she said, "and don't tease me about it. Colors are to me what food is to the starving, but I'll never die from the lack. I can live on the sunrises and sunsets and the blue in the eyes of my men." She moved against him for an instant, her hands gentle on his slung arm, and I could see pa's face, smoothed out of the granite and so soft it looked almost hazy.

Then she moved away and tossed her head at him. "This lallygagging is not getting us to Long Valley, while our land waits. Stir your lazy carcass and help the boys carry out the things." I remembered something she had said. I looked at the other boys, and sure enough their eyes were blue, too, just like mine. I nearly broke my back carrying out the heaviest sack. . . .

We hadn't got a half mile out of town when they came. The two who had been in the store and one other, a tall, handsome man wearing dress-up clothes and straddling the most beautiful black horse I had ever seen. The two others rode up in front and blocked the road while he stopped alongside the wagon. He took off his hat as the big Conestoga wagon groaned to a halt.

Pa was riding out front, and he wheeled to come back and range up alongside the tall man. I was riding Prince, off the right side of the wagon, so I stopped where I was. The four younger boys were riding in the wagon with ma, and their heads came popping up from everywhere to see what was happening.

"Where are you headed?" the tall man asked.

"Out Long Valley way," pa answered. "Why?"

"Long Valley's a hundred miles." The tall man's voice was soft, but it carried strongly over to where I sat on Prince. "Can you make it?"

"Don't know why not. We got good oxen, enough supplies and everything else we need to make it."

The tall man looked at pa silently for a moment. He was handsome, but he looked tired, as a man looks when he's faced with a job he hates, but can never get finished. The tiredness was in his voice when he spoke again. "Be sure you make it. The country you're coming to is graze land that has never seen a plow. After you cross the hills your choice is your own, but not here. If you have a plow in that rig, see that it doesn't touch the ground in this section."

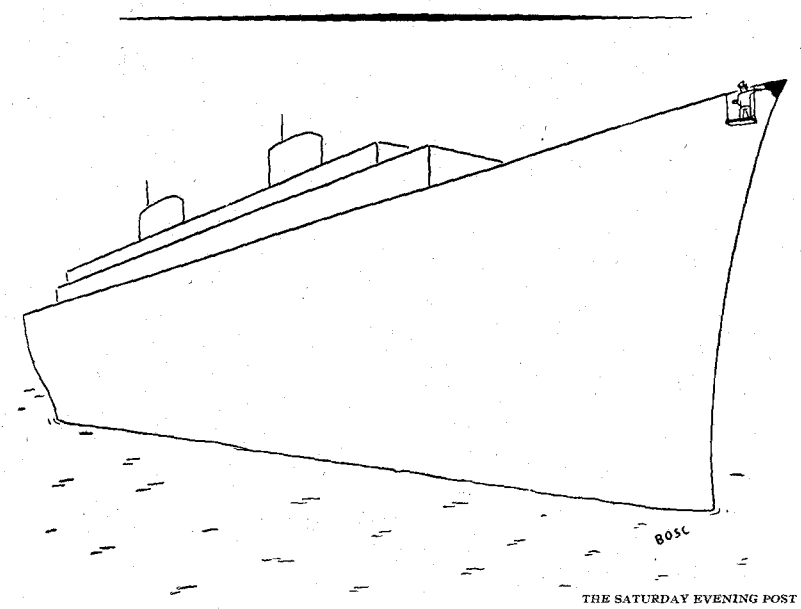
Ma spoke up. "Why do you cattle people try to run the earth? All we ask is a piece of land where we can make our living and raise our boys to be good men. It's not as if we wanted to take anything away from others. We've met people on the back trail who were burnt out and their stock and menfolks killed just because they didn't leave when the cattlemen told them to go."

You could see the tall man was studying ma as something new in this land. The dust of travel couldn't hide how pretty she was, and if she talked like an educated person, it was because pa had stolen her away from her teacher's desk back in Fort Wayne a dozen years before.

"I'm sorry it has to be this way, ma'am," he said, "but if one gets a foothold in this graze land, it will be like a prairie fire. He'd be followed in by hundreds of others, and in ten years' time there wouldn't be a natural blade of grass for cows to eat. Could the cattle people take their herds back East and turn them loose on the farmlands, and expect no trouble?"

"But you don't own this land!" Ma was starting to get her back up, and though she was barely five feet tall, she was sure a fooler for spirit. "This is free land, declared so by the Government and open to settlement by anyone with the ambition and courage to leave their homes behind and make a new life."

He turned his horse to go, then twisted in the saddle and smiled, not really a smile at all, (*Continued on Page 60*)




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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*Bernard F. Gimbel, Chairman of the Board, Gimbel Bros., as photographed by Peter Benech*

# "Nothing but nothing gets things done like telegrams," says Bernard Gimbel

"Nobody but nobody undersells Gimbels," says the Chairman of the Board of Gimbel Brothers. "And living up to that promise really keeps us stepping. For instance, we buy carpet by the carload—but only after we've checked enough other sources to make sure the price is as low as possible. A business operation like this means we often must move at a moment's notice. That's where the telegram can't be beat. Bids are placed fast and in writing—avoiding costly misunderstandings."

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments; telegrams provide business with the facts and figures which are its lifeblood. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

**DO YOU KNOW** about these other Western Union services? *Market Surveys:* from a one-town check of dealers to nationwide sampling of consumer buying habits . . . *Charge it:* any time, any place, you'll find it's easy to charge a telegram either to yourself or your company.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION . . .

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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# BOSTON TO NEW YORK

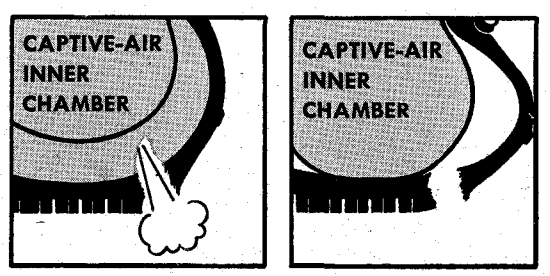
## 231 miles...on four blown-out tires!

***New Goodyear tires made roadside tire changes unnecessary!***

**Goodyear's** new nylon Captive-Air Safety tire is a tire that actually has a *spare* right inside it.

This latest safety development virtually frees you, your wife, and your children from the danger and inconvenience of roadside tire changing.

### Here's how Captive-Air works:




Only the air in the outer chamber escapes when the Captive-Air tire is cut, torn or blown out.

Reserve air in the built-in spare supports the car—lets it drive on for 100 miles or more at normal speeds.

### 3-T Nylon makes it possible!

Only Goodyear has the Captive-Air because only Goodyear has a tire body made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord to give you a tough first line of defense against blowouts and punctures.

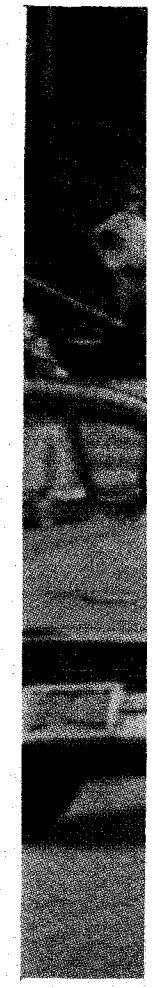
The built-in spare is made of brawny nylon to carry you safely and comfortably until you can stop and have the tire repaired. And all the while you drive, the two fully independent treads of the new Twin-Grip design give you up to 24% quicker stops . . . up to 24% surer starts.

The Captive-Air Safety Tire—tested and proved in Detroit—is now standard and optional equipment on some of America's finest cars.

See the amazing new nylon Captive-Air Safety tire—a tire within a tire—at your Goodyear dealer's this week. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**

**Backed by Goodyear's Lifetime Guarantee**
**No time limit! No mileage limit! No expiration date!**



H
WE

17
MILES

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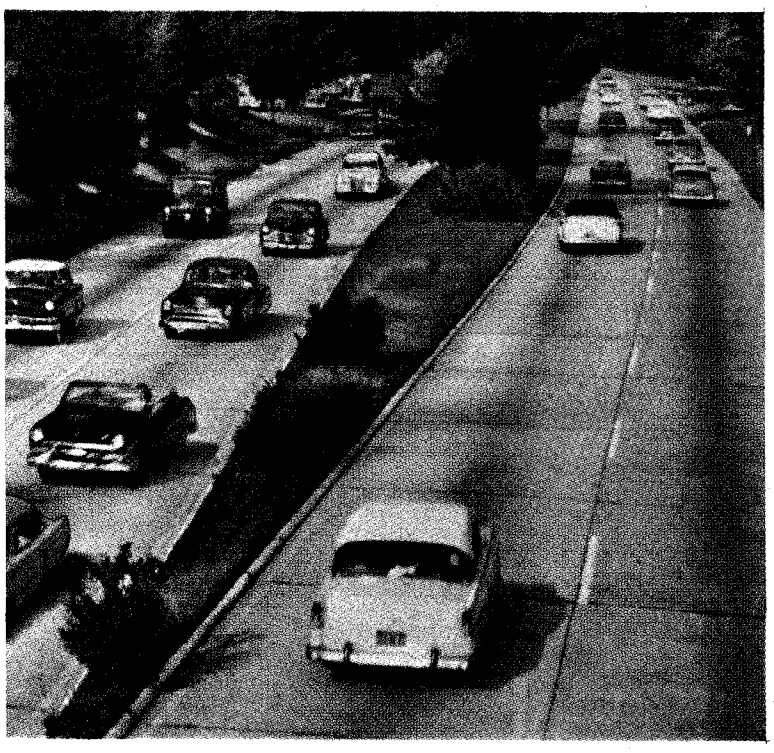
A few moments ago, we blew out all four tires with a knife. Now we're moving through Boston's busy Copley Square. This sudden stop-and-start city driving is no tea party for tires . . . and remember, all four of ours have been blown out! But the tough multi-ply nylon "inner tires" take the punishment in stride . . . make us feel certain we'll reach New York without having to stop and change a tire along the road.



We're driving on the Merritt Parkway now, and when traffic is clear we step up our gait to near the posted speed limit of 55. Are we worried? Not a bit! This double air chamber principle is backed by millions of miles of LifeGuard experience.

**231 MILES LATER!**

Back in heavy traffic again—this time in New York City's Times Square. We drove on those four blown-out Captive-Air Safety tires for more than five hours. No damage to the "inner tires"—no damage to the outer tires other than the knife cuts.

## Only Goodyear has CAPTIVE-AIR...the safety tire with the built-in spare!

# GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, Captive-Air T.M's. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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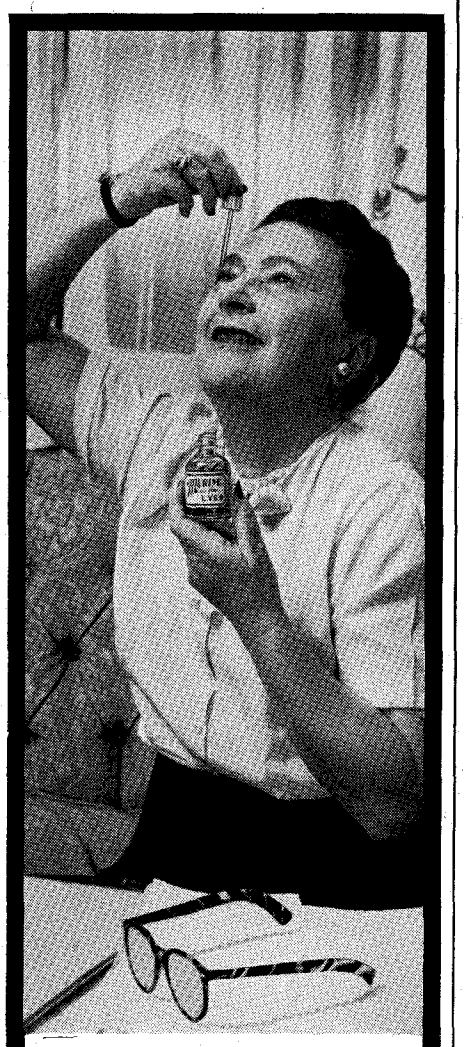

"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

**Emily Kimbrough**

*Lecturer and Author, whose latest book is "Water, Water Everywhere"*

"Whether I'm traveling or writing, my eyes are always on the go. Murine is such a pleasant way to relieve that tired, tense feeling." Your eyes, too, are always on the go . . . straining, working. Give them soothing comfort, pleasantly. Just two drops of Murine in each eye cleanses gently and refreshes. Keep your Murine with the *unbreakable* dropper handy. Use it *regularly*—to rest and comfort your eyes *any time* they feel tired or tense.

**MURINE**
*for your eyes**

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from Page 56*) and said, "Madam, a man owns what he's man enough to hold. There are times when the holding of it is hard, and after he has held it he wonders if it was worth while, but he can't help himself. When enough men come here to take this land, the cows will turn into plows and nobody will ever see it the same again, but a lot of grass will be turned into beef before that happens. Keep your oxen moving. You've a long way to go." He waved an arm at the two other men, and they galloped on up the road in the direction we were going.

Ma was mad as a puffed-up turkey gobbler, but she had to admit the cattleman had been pretty much of a gentleman. Pa just sat there on old Lancer with his face white and set-looking.

That night in camp Samuel leaned over close to me as we were eating our jack rabbit and beans. "Them men all had guns," he whispered.

"I know it!" I shoved him away. I was feeling kind of tired and cross. "Anybody could see them."

"Do you s'pose they'd of shot pa if he argued?" Suddenly the thought gave me a start too. Now the sight of those guns didn't seem near so romantic. I felt as if a cold wind had blown across my back, and I shivered. I guess I grew up a little bit that night.

The next day we broke a wheel in a chuck hole. We had no choice but to camp where we were and make repairs. Luckily there was a creek nearby for water and plenty of grass for the stock, which consisted of our four white oxen, two milk cows, one with a calf, and the two horses pa and I rode.

Pa couldn't do much on account of his bad arm, so ma and Samuel and I did most of the work on the wheel. Near suppertime the job was done, but it was too late then to move on.

We had just finished supper when pa looked down the road. "Big cloud of dust comin'," he told the rest of us. "Might be one man or an army, dusty as this road is. Oliver," he said to me, "go help Samuel and Henry with the stock, and take Abner and Michael with you. They'll be under foot here."

I took the two littlest boys over to the creek where the others were watching the stock, but I sneaked right back. I'd seen the two men that rode in, and they were the same ones that had been with the tall man the day before.

One of them was looking at the stuff on the ground. "You don't follow orders very good, do you, sodbuster?" he asked pa. "You was told not to let that plow touch the ground in this section."

Pa looked at the plow and grinned. "Busted a wheel," he told them. "We had to unload some of the stuff to lighten the load so me and the missus and the boys could raise the axle, me with this busted arm. We'll be hittin' the road in the mornin'."

The rider turned to the big, mean-looking cuss with little pig eyes. "Ain't that a good one, Harvey?" he said. "They're about to hit the trail again in the mornin'. Didn't you hear Ed Sparks tell this nester not to let that sod cutter touch the ground before they got to Long Valley?"

Harvey nodded. "I heard him, all right," he said. "What do you think we'd ought to do about it? Ed's a kind man, but he don't like it when folks start puttin' plows to the ground in this territory."

"Ed Sparks! Ed Sparks!" ma fumed. "What have you people done—made a god of this Ed Sparks?"

The one who had talked first took off his hat with an exaggerated sweep and bowed in his saddle, which made ma's lips tighten even more. "You might say the next thing to it, lady. He happens to be top man, and what he says goes. He has the most cattle and the biggest saloon, the most riders and guns back of him, and the idea in his head that nesters ain't ever goin' to get a foothold in this part of the country."

Then his voice got harder, "You had your orders, nester, and if you think Ed Sparks gives orders just to hear his teeth rattle, that's too bad for you. You had your chance and you wouldn't take it. . . . Harvey!"

The one named Harvey spurred his horse up close to pa. "You and your missus walk ahead of us over to them oxen, and walk light."

Pa stood right where he was. "What do you men aim to do?" he asked quietly. "If you try to hurt that stock, I intend to jump you. You better start on me."

At that, they both pulled their guns. Harvey looked as if he was having fun, with the grin back on his beefy face.

"That's all right with us," he said, laying the gun along his leg and thumbing back the hammer. "I'll give you till I count three to start movin'. After that, you won't be able to."

Ma took pa's arm. "Don't, Dave," she said, and I saw pa casting a longing glance over to where the shotgun lay, inside the canvas shelter. "Can't you see that these gentlemen are only looking for an excuse to use their guns? Oxen or people, it makes no difference to them. . . . Oliver, go and get the other children."

Right then I knew that my father was the bravest man on earth. But for ma dragging him away, he was ready to tackle both of them, broken arm and all. Knowing it was hopeless, he stiffened like a stone, and his eyes had an expression I hope never to see again. He flinched the tiniest bit with every shot, as though the bullets were driving into him instead of the stock.

They killed all four of the oxen and the two milk cows, leaving only the calf, and the two bony old horses pa and I rode. Ma stood there with little Ab in her arms and she never took her eyes off the two men. When they had finished, she stepped out in front of their horses and looked from one to the other.

"Now that you have done your proud day's work," she said, "go. Go and tell your god, Ed Sparks, that you have done his bidding, that he need no longer worry for fear the Bascom family will dispossess him of his empire. Tell him you left behind you a ruined man, a bitter woman and the broken hearts of children. Your god will be proud of you. May mine forgive you."

Ma had spoken truly when she said we boys were brokenhearted. To see those oxen, which had come to be like part of the family, lying there with blood crusting on their white heads, was almost more than we could bear. Then I heard pa raving like a wild man. He ran to the shelter and dragged out the shotgun, yelling at me to saddle one of the horses, but ma stopped him.

"All you'll do is get yourself killed," she told him firmly, "and then you'd be of no more use to us than the oxen."

We all hated to do it, but we spent the night butchering the poor beasts. The meat would make plenty of jerky and it couldn't go to waste.

We cut the meat into thin strips and made a makeshift smokehouse out of the canvas wagon top and willow branches. Samuel and the younger boys were put to bed early, but I helped until almost daylight, when we turned in for a few hours' sleep. Then we went at it again, cutting up the meat till all of it was being either dried in the sun or in the makeshift wagon-top smokehouse with a smudge of willow smoke under it.

At the noon meal, ma said to me, "Oliver, as soon as you're finished eating, I want you to go and saddle Prince."

Pa started to say something, but she beat him to it. "Dave, have I ever asked you to do a wrong thing?" He had to shake his head at that.

"Then listen to me," she said. "Those two men went back up the road in the direction we were going, and they were traveling light. We know they were not going far."

Pa looked worried and his voice was low and growly, "Nellie Bascom, what are you thinkin' of?"

"I'm thinking that somewhere not too far down that road there is a man named Ed Sparks. I am going down that road until I find him, and when I do, he is going to pay for our oxen and cows."

Pa stared at her as if he thought she'd gone crazy. "You're goin' to what?" he bellowed. "A woman bracin' a bunch of cutthroats like them?" He slammed his hunk of oxen beef down into his tin plate. "What kind of a man do you think I am, Nellie? That's a man's job, and if I ain't man enough to ——"

"That's just what they expect," ma interrupted, handing him his mug of chicory coffee. "Don't you see, Dave, that you can't go? What would I do with five boys to raise myself, if anything happened to you? How long could one man, even without a bad arm, stand up to them on their own ground? Oh, Dave, I know how brave you are, and I glory in it, but I don't want you brave and dead. I want my men all alive to love me, and someday to walk with me in our fields, and to be with me always."

Pa bellowed and grumbled some more, but she turned to me. "Oliver, you get the horse ready. Put the blanket pad on behind the saddle too. You are going with me, so you can ——" It wasn't till later that I realized she meant so I could bring back the horse if anything happened to her. I began to wonder if they'd shoot ten-year-old boys too.

I wasn't feeling very big, getting ready to ride in on a bunch of roughnecks like that, but I did as ma said, and rode Prince back to the wagon. Ma handed me a long package done up in canvas and got up behind me on the blanket pad, sitting sideways.

Pa came alongside then. "I can't let you do it, Nellie," he said flatly. "There's just some things a man can't abide. Get

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## The Way Good-by Happens

By BETTY JANE BALCH

I don't remember
Much of the place;
Only some shadows
On a white face;

Only a cricket
And a brown toad,
And footsteps that led
Down a wrinkled road;

Only some words,
Quick and contrary,
Much to the point
And unnecessary.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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down and we'll turn around and head back with the two horses put to the wagon. We'll try it again, when I can take my rightful place in the family and handle the fighting to be done."

Ma leaned down and kissed him; then just looked at him. He realized words wouldn't hold her back.

"Take care of the boys, Dave," she said. "We'll be all right."

That was the most miserable ride I ever took. It was hot as the hubs of Hades, and I was sick inside all the way, thinking of what might happen. For all I knew, we were riding straight to our deaths, and the thought of ma getting hurt twisted me all up inside.

We stopped at a creek to eat and to give Prince a chance to rest and graze awhile. Then we went on, and sure enough, as ma had figured, it wasn't more than about five miles when we saw the cluster of buildings down the road.

It wasn't actually a town, but more like a big estate, with only one building facing the road. The others were barns, storehouses and a big, rambling two-story house set well back on a little knoll in a grove of trees. A couple of children were playing out on the broad lawn and a woman in a bright-colored dress was sitting in the shade of one of the trees, reading a book. Behind the house was an orchard of fruit trees, still in full leaf and bearing.

On both sides of the road were cattle pens—I suppose to hold the better stock before taking it to market—and there must have been five hundred head of fine-looking cattle milling around in them. I knew Ma was thinking of the four poor oxen these cattle-rich people had deprived us of, and of the two milk cows.

Coming closer, we saw on the one building fronting on the road the sign: DROVER'S REST, ED SPARKS, PROP. It was a long, low, one-story structure with a lot of ornate decorations on the outside, and I knew this was probably what the rider had described as Ed Sparks' biggest saloon in the section. Several horses were tied to the hitch rail and everybody seemed to be inside out of the heat.

Ma told me to stop Prince at the corner of the building. We got off and she unwrapped the long package, and then was the first time I knew what it was. The sight of our old shotgun in ma's hands scared me more than ever. She took two shells from her coat pocket and slipped them into the double barrels. Her directions to me were short and simple.

"You wait here with Prince, Oliver. If anything happens to me, ride and tell your father as fast as you can." Then she kissed me, too, a quick little peck, and walked slowly but steadily toward the front entrance.

I had about a two-second battle with myself, and that was all. Orders or no orders, I had no intention of standing there holding Prince's bridle and watching our ma go into a place like that alone. When I came up alongside, she shook her head once; then gave me a quick little smile and didn't say a word. We went in through the swinging doors together.

The man back of the bar saw us first. His handle-bar mustache went up against his nose and his eyes bugged out as if he couldn't believe what he saw. When we got inside, ma moved sideways till we were up against a blank wall, and put her back to it.

"Where is Ed Sparks?" she asked, and her voice seemed to cut through the noise and hit every ear at once. The bar was lined with men, and they swiveled around as if they were all pulled with the same string. Every eye was riveted on the shotgun, which looked like a cannon in ma's small hands. Both of the hammers were eared back and nobody needed to tell those men they were looking at two big helpings of trouble.

"I asked a question and I want an answer!" she said sharply. "Where is Ed Sparks?"

Later on, I could see the humorous part of it—those tough cattlemen wanted to get out from in front of the black twin tunnels of that shotgun and at the same time maintain their dignity. The bartender looked like a man who had found out too late he had put salt in his coffee instead of sugar.

"Why—uh—ma'am," he spluttered, "I reckon he must be on up at the house. Leastways, he ain't ——"

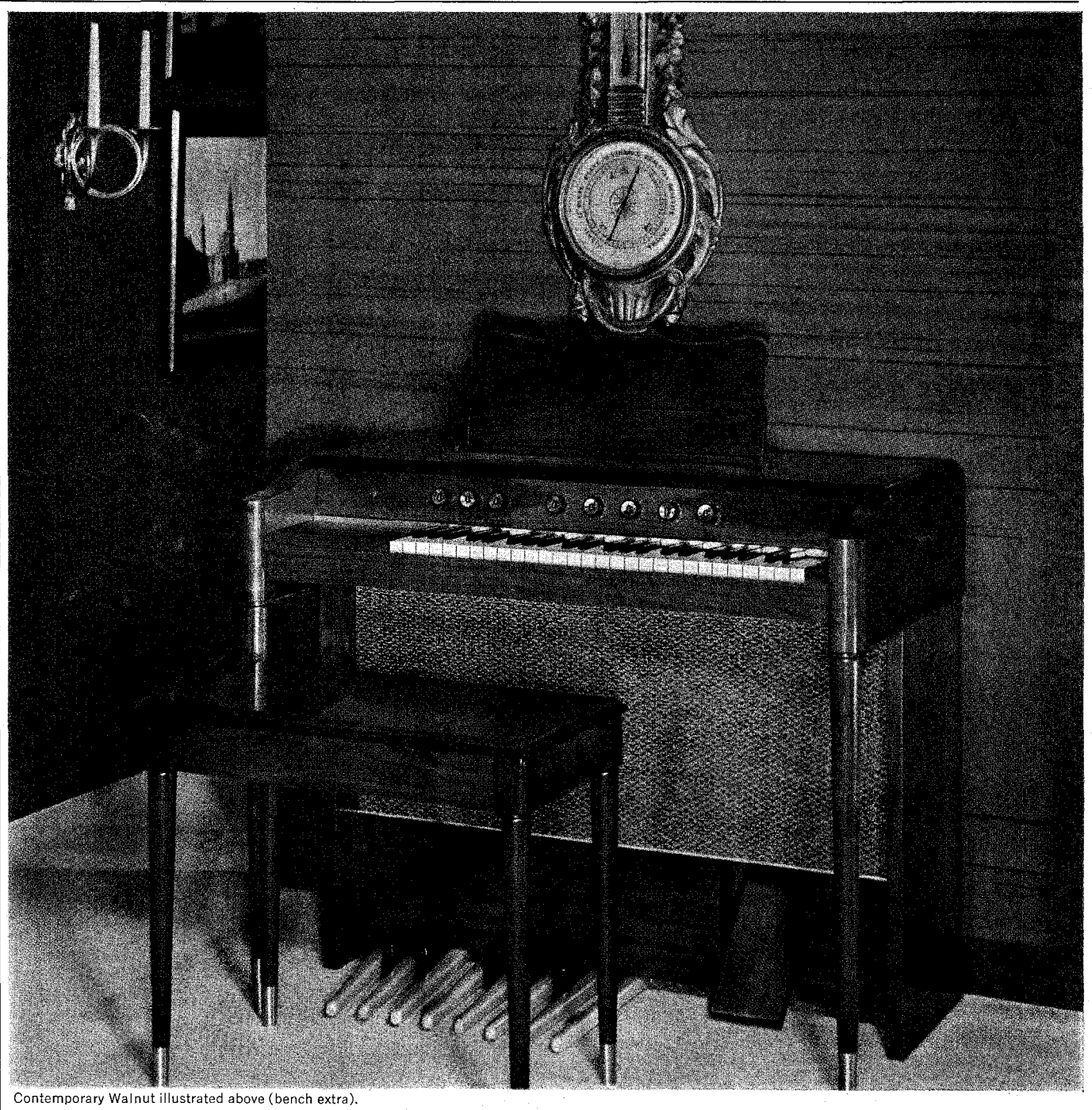
"Get him," ma snapped.

"Get him, ma'am?"

"Immediately!" Ma was giving the orders. "The rest of you men stay where you are. If any man comes within ten feet of me or my son, I'll blow him to kingdom come!"

The way she said it even scared me. I sneaked a sideways look at her and her eyes were fairly shooting fire. The excitement had brought extra color to her cheeks and she was prettier than ever, as she stood there and defied the whole territory of Kansas. They were all mighty careful how they moved, too, not being used to facing a woman with such heavy artillery and not being able to guess whether or not she might yank the triggers from pure nervousness.

One by one, they unbuckled their gun belts and dropped them to the floor, shoving them toward us with their toes. I guessed it was their way of declaring

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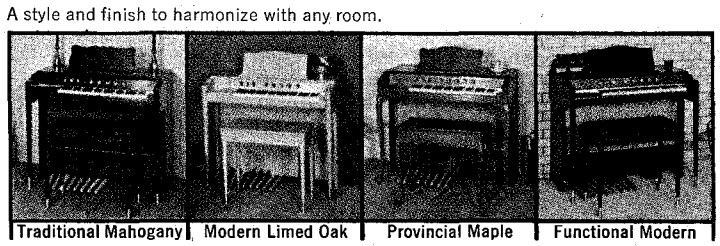


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themselves neutral. The bartender fumbled around under the bar and came up with a big old horse pistol, holding it by the end of the barrel, and laid it carefully on the mahogany. Then he turned and went out the back door in a hurry.

During the three or four minutes he was gone nobody spoke a word. When Ed Sparks came in the door, not a head was turned to greet him.

Sparks was even more dressed up this time. He had on a fancy-cut coat of a deep wine color and tight-fitting, fawn-colored trousers, with a small expanse of white shirt showing above the high-buttoned coat, setting off the black string tie. His boots—the low-heeled kind—gleamed like mirrors. He was smoking a long, thin cigar, and I remember how handsome his dark face was against the white of the shirt. He took the cigar from his mouth and walked toward us.

Ma didn't raise the gun any higher. She just said, "That's close enough, Mr. Sparks." She said it quietly, but Ed Sparks set both feet on the floor and didn't move. He raised the cigar and took another puff at it, looking at us through the smoke in a way that wasn't hostile, but more curious than anything else. Still he didn't speak.

"You remember me," ma said in the same quiet tone. "I'm Mrs. Dave Bascom. You owe my husband and my children and me for four oxen and two milk cows. I am here to collect."

The cigar jerked in Ed Sparks' mouth and his hand flew up to take it away. His eyes narrowed slightly and he looked thoughtful as he waited for ma to go on.

"Your two brave men did their job well, Mr. Sparks. They shot down those poor beasts right in front of our eyes just to satisfy their lust for cruelty, and if any of us had tried to stop them, they would have shot us as well."

Ed Sparks spoke for the first time, and his voice matched ma's for softness. "And you came here to ——"

"I came here to pay you in kind. You can either pay for our losses or you can stand here and watch me shoot this saloon to pieces around your ears. I have no doubt the big mirror back of the bar is quite expensive, and this chandelier must have cost as much as all our animals put together."

"It did," murmured Ed Sparks.

Ma's voice trembled then a little for the first time. "It cost you money, but not the love of your heart. Do you pet it and feed it grass with your hands, and feel its presence as a part of you? When it drops and shatters, will you fall on your face and cry your heart out as my children did when the oxen and cows they loved were murdered—yes, murdered—before their eyes? Does it mean so much to you that you face starvation when you lose it?"

There was a dead silence. Ed Sparks puffed at his cigar and found that it had gone out. When his hand carried it back down to his side, his slender fingers curled in on it and there was an audible snap as it crumpled. I saw his face darken even more, and his nostrils thinned in a way that was like a cat switching his tail. He turned to one of the men at the bar.

"Get me Harvey and Keene!" His voice cracked like a whip. "They're over at the cattle pens! Put a gun on them if you have to, but bring them!"

He turned to ma, and all the sudden the hardness had gone from his face. "Mrs. Bascom, you won't need your gun. Whatever those men did, they did without my orders or knowledge, and if there's a price, they'll pay it. There's no use saying I'm sorry, for it is a poor substitute for the way I feel about this. May I?"

Ma blinked just a little as Ed Sparks reached out and gently took the shotgun from her hands. He broke the action and looked at the two shells in it, and then his face went bleak as a snowdrift as the doors swung open and Harvey and Keene came in, their faces sullen and worried. Sparks snapped the action of the gun shut again and faced them with the muzzle pointing at their feet.

"You were paid yesterday," he told them softly. He motioned to a spot on the floor a couple of feet in front of them. "Put it there."

The two men looked at each other, then at ma and me. "Aw, Ed, we was just havin' a little fun," Harvey spoke up. "Anyway, you wanted to keep these nesters out of here, didn't you?" His voice broke off suddenly as the shotgun came up and leveled at his stomach.

"Talk once more about fun and I'll splatter you all over that wall!" Ed Sparks ground out. "When you came riding in here looking for work, I told you there would be no rough stuff, and I meant what I said. You took it on yourselves to impoverish a family, now impoverish yourselves! Down to the last penny! Move!"

Under the urging of the shotgun, the two men stripped their pockets of every bit of money they could scrape out. It made a pretty respectable heap on the floor, and when it was all there, Sparks motioned them back and pointed.

"That is the price of their entertainment, Mrs. Bascom," he said. "It's yours." He turned to the two men, and they cringed before him. "Ride out," he said with a razor edge to his voice, "and don't come back unless you're looking for a different kind of fun!" They slunk out in a hurry and we heard them ride away in the opposite direction from our camp.

Ed Sparks turned to ma, who was now crying openly, her small hands up over her face, and he put a snowy-white handkerchief under her fingers for her to mop with. I had never thought a man could be so deadly one moment and so gentle the next.

"You could say that only a fool hires fools," he said. "Harvey and Keene acted without my orders, but they were in my hire and the responsibility is mine. You'll lose nothing, Mrs. Bascom."

"But why did they ——" Ma stopped and sniffled. "We thought you hated us, like all the other people coming in, and had ——"

Ed Sparks shook his head, and the look of tiredness was back on his face. "My talk to you outside Middletown was not meant to frighten you on my own account. I was pressing you to go on to Long Valley without being tempted to stop anywhere else along the way, where some of the other cattlemen hire men like Harvey and Keene as an everyday thing."

He turned to me. "Son, ride back and tell your father that my men will bring oxen and cows to your camp tomorrow to take the place of those you lost." Then I saw a little twinkle come into his dark eyes. "You might tell him, too, that two of my men will ride with you to Long Valley, so you won't have any more trouble. I don't want to look down the end of that shotgun again if your mother decides to hold me responsible for anything. . . . Mrs. Bascom, if you'll come up to the house, we'll see about something for you to eat or drink before you ——"

But that was all I heard. I was already heading out the door to ride and tell pa. As I said, I'd started to grow up.

THE END

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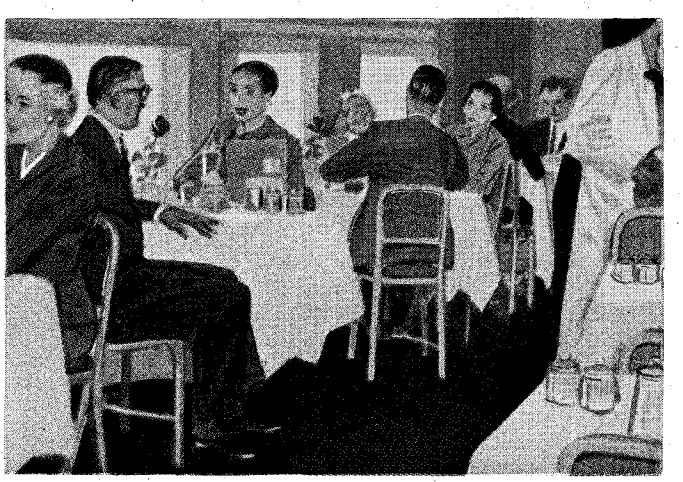

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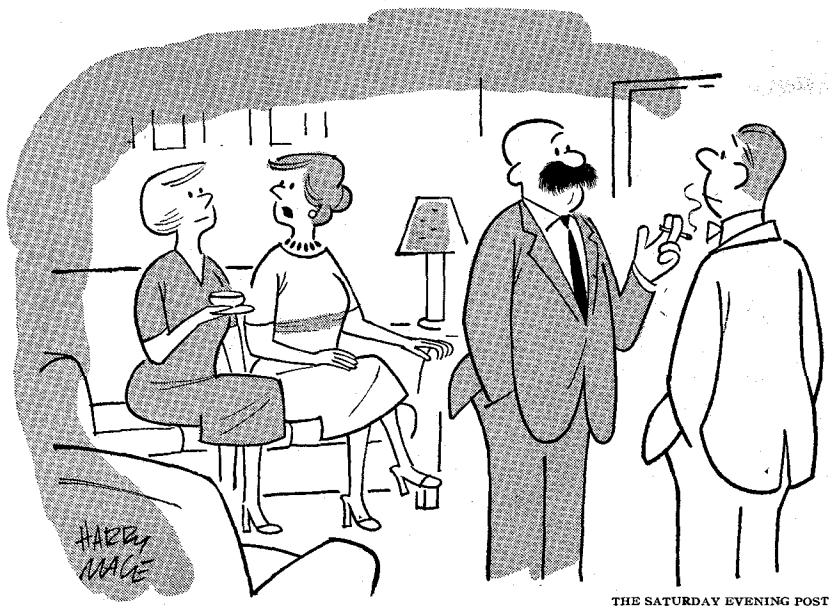


"Some wild theory about it taking people's attention away from his baldness."

# Everybody Laughs at Me

(Continued from Page 25)

We made it all right. But the Great Danes were seven feet tall when they stood up, and they had four legs. The news photos showed me on my knees with a leash around my neck, barking back at the dogs and the inevitable bevy of pretty girls. The girls were holding off the four-footed Danes and my press agent was holding me. It was a draw. No one got so much as a nip. But three days later I was in bed with a skin rash, and when a specialist examined me, he said, "Victor, you've got a dog rash. You're one of those rare people who are allergic to Great Danes."

To this day even the words "Great Dane" make me itch.

The daily routine in our Danish home was far different from what it is in almost any American family today.

I am sure there are thousands of American boys and girls rebelliously plunking a piano or sawing away on a violin because many parents think classical music represents culture you can buy. But the music in our house was not there as a duty or a social veneer. It was a presence. You could feel it.

My family lived in a six-room flat in an old stone building. The street was solid with these brick and granite battlements, much as you see them in the Bronx now, and the neighboring families were store and office workers, government employees or perhaps people who owned a little business.

My father, Bernhard, who was 62 when I was born, was a stocky, patrician man with soft white hair and an imposing white mustache. His life, and ours, too, was dedicated to the masters of music—Liszt, Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven and the others—and their portraits lined the wall of his oak-paneled study. He taught violin and viola—Viola learned fast, too—and he was active in the Royal Opera Orchestra almost to the day of his death. My mother, Frederikke, a kind, happy and remarkably busy woman until she was stricken with a fatal illness, was an accomplished pianist, and often played duets with my father.

I have been told that I began pecking at the keys when I was two years old, and my parents soon decided that I had a marked talent for music. In fact, the marks still show. They let me pound the piano whenever I wished, and my mother taught me to sing a few simple little Danish folk songs. One day my father came home with a tiny violin.

"Here, Victor," he said, "I will show you that you can also make lovely music with a violin. Hold it the way I do."

He tuned his own violin, tucked it under his chin and began to play very slowly. "You see," he said with a paternal smile, "it is quite easy."

"But, father," I said, "you flatted one of those notes."

My father lowered his violin. His face turned red and his mustache bristled. "Victor," he said ominously, "I have been playing this instrument for fifty years, and I won't have a five-year-old boy correcting me. Now get out!"

I didn't stop to argue. I ran from the room and I never touched a violin again until the day Yehudi Menuhin came to play in Copenhagen. I didn't have a ticket and I couldn't afford to buy one. So I borrowed my father's violin case, after carefully removing the instrument, and went to the stage door of the concert hall. "Orchestra," I said. They let me in, but during the intermission they counted heads and threw me out. My father retrieved his violin case and said sarcastically, "Next time try getting in with an empty piano crate."

But I loved the piano, and within a year I was studying with Olivo Krause, of the Royal Music Conservatory. My father eventually saw the humor and the justness of my brash remark about his off-pitch note, and when the Copenhagen newspapers interviewed him on his eightieth birthday, he said with twinkling eyes, "It has made me very happy in my old age to hear my son play. If he keeps at it he may turn into a pianist after all."

There may be a few people around the country who, after watching me perform, will conclude I didn't keep at it. Dictionaries plainly define a pianist as one who plays the piano. I usually play the piano very well. I have been known to start and finish a composition. But the other things I do with pianos aren't mentioned in dictionaries. I have seen them defined in newspaper music reviews, but those gentlemen have their opinions and I have mine.

What I want to say is this: I don't think any pianist or any entertainer in the world has had more fun with pianos than Victor Borge.

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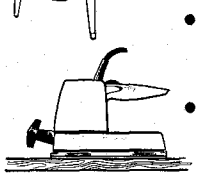

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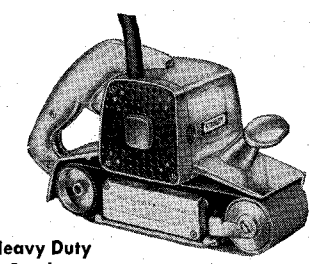

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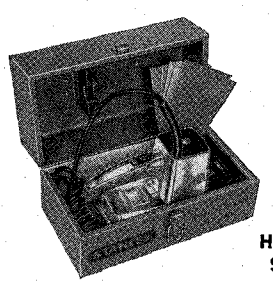

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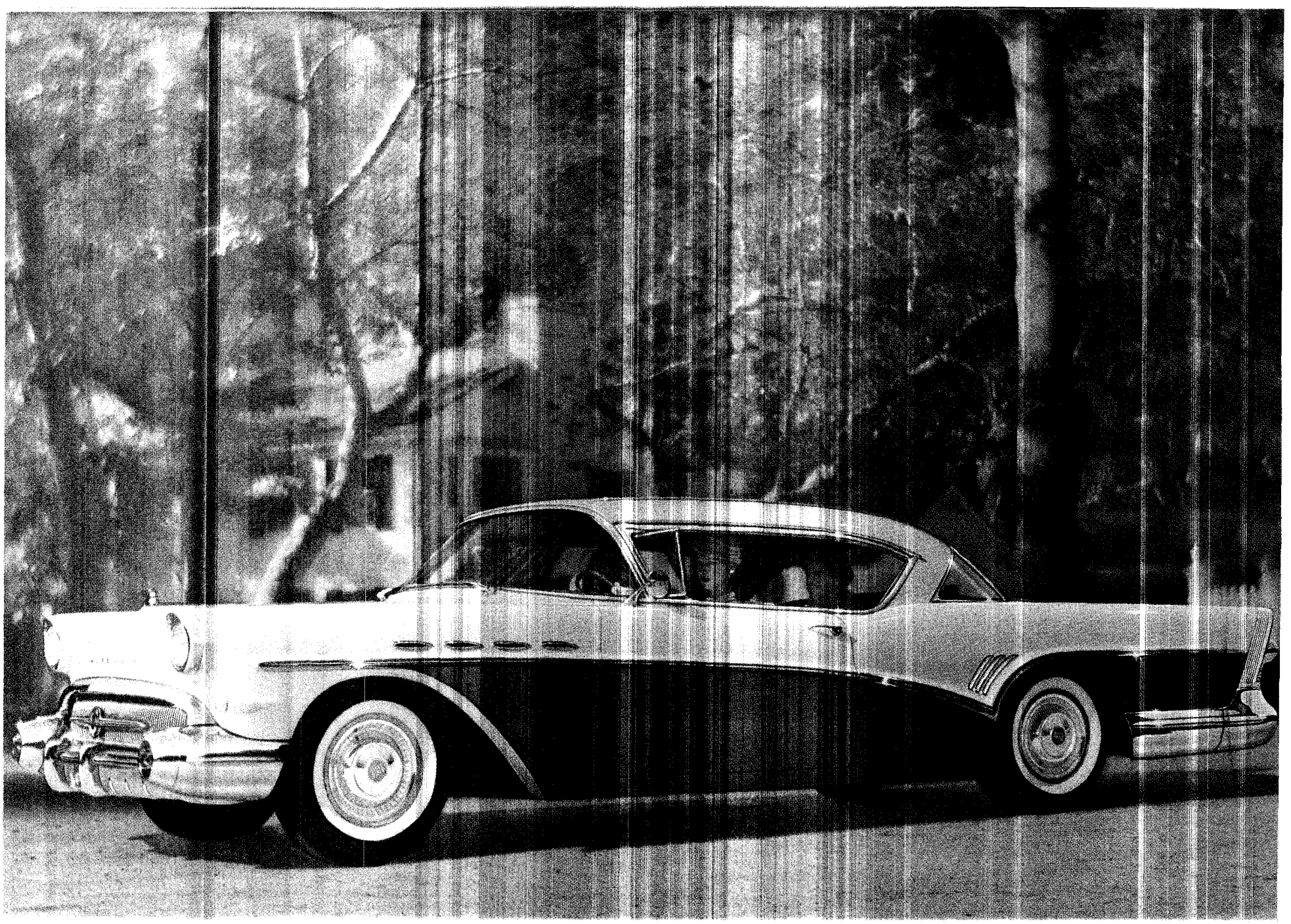

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(*Continued from Page 63*) people appreciate its versatility. It's very useful for boiling eggs, for instance. I just play the Minute Waltz three times. I also invented what was probably the first talking piano. The piano had a thick German accent and I carried on conversations with it every night during a long run at the Waldorf in New York. Both voices were mine, of course. The guttural Borge voice came from a tape recording inside the piano, and I had it timed so the pauses were long enough for me to talk back. A few ill-tempered piano teachers said I shouldn't have done this to the instrument of the immortals, but I said I was only trying to explain what happened to Weber and Fields.

Over the years I've played pianos standing, sitting and lying down. I have attacked them—or so it is said—with fingers, knuckles and elbows, but I usually play with two hands because it goes faster that way. In Pittsburgh once I was bitten by a piano. The music rack clamped down on my fingers and the wound took two weeks to heal.

I had a lot of fun with this subject one evening when my friend, Basil Rathbone, visited me at my hotel room. I told him I could even tell time with a piano.

"Ridiculous," he said.

"Wait, Basil," I said. "I'll demonstrate." I leaned over the piano and banged out a few crashing bars from a Sousa march.

Suddenly there was a thunderous pounding on the wall of the adjoining room, and a man's voice growled, "Stop that noise, you idiot! Don't you know it's one-thirty in the morning?"

I turned to Basil and said, "You can set your watch by that." Later on, we turned this incident into a skit for one of my radio shows, and it's been used by other performers now and then.

I learned long ago that pianos are not the same everywhere. I have played pianos in Kansas and Colorado that must have been hauled there by oxcart. I sat down in front of a beautiful white piano in Cleveland not long ago, played one cadenza and had the name plate fall into my lap.

Last September, when I arrived in Berlin to play for American troops, no one could find a bench. The soldiers made one for me in their shop. In Zanesville, Ohio, the theater people supplied a bench obviously built for a midget. I sat on eight copies of The Saturday Evening Post and just did reach the keyboard. That Steinway was so ancient that I ad-libbed, "This piano was made by Steinway and Sons' father." The quip drew such a roar that I have used it regularly ever since. The gag, that is, not the piano. I bought a moving van not long ago and now my own piano goes where I go.

All this was not what my father had in mind, I'm sure, when he paid for my lessons. My boyhood was a consuming apprenticeship in traditional music. There was a crisis now and then, but I never felt chained nor could I say, as other artists have complained belatedly, that I was robbed of the fun of a normal boyhood.

Often I locked myself in my room and imagined that I was one of my favorite conductors. Toscanini, perhaps, or Bruno Walter. I had an old crystal radio with a headset, and when a symphony or an opera was to be broadcast, I got the score out of my own library and had it ready. I had my own baton, and sometimes I was there for hours, scolding the drummer for missing a cue, rapping the oboist on the knuckles or, in one instance, heaving an ash tray at the flute player when he got a little behind. It barely missed my brother, who was sitting in a chair with no instrument, pretending to be the first violinist. This was vivid make-believe, indeed, but before I was fifteen I had memorized the scores of some twelve operas and symphonies.

Looking back on that period now, my mind seems like one of those new television cameras which can show four or five scenes simultaneously. In one corner I can see my mother scurrying around a schoolyard trying to find me in a group of boys. She didn't recognize me because I had been doing an imitation of Al Jolson, one of my early heroes, and had smeared my face with black shoe polish. In a second corner of my screen I can see my father coming home and finding me warming my hands over a roaring fire. That made him very angry, because we didn't have a fireplace.

Another view might cover the somewhat frantic day when I dropped a pail filled with ice on my index finger, and for a while my parents thought I might lose it. The doctor came and left two kinds of pills—one for pain and the other for sleep. Late one evening, when the pain seemed terribly acute, I reached out in the dark and swallowed all the sleeping tablets. My mother, who was working in the kitchen, had a psychic feeling that something was wrong. She found me turning blue in the bedroom and got me to the hospital in a hurry.

The doctor pumped out the drug and told my mother, "You saved him. Ten minutes more and he would have been dead." My older brother, Sven, who is sitting across from me as I tell this story, has his own disrespectful postscript for this incident. "Too bad," he says. "I would have been the sole heir."

But in this case even trouble taught me something. The doctor suggested to my mother, as delicately as he could, that I had probably tried to commit suicide with the sleeping pills. He sent me to a farm sanitarium specializing in nervous breakdowns, and there, for the first time, I encountered (a) psychiatrists and (b) chickens. When I saw what a chicken could do all by itself—and this is certainly something for people to think about—I decided that someday I would have a farm of my own. Now that I have a farm in Connecticut, I wonder if I shouldn't have stuck with the psychiatrists and let the chickens mind their own business.

I remembered the Danish psychiatrists years later when I decided I was getting nowhere in my field. Maybe it had something to do with my assets. My books show that I took in $90,358.87 in 1949 and that when the year ended I had exactly $391.72 cash in the bank. That was enough to depress anybody. Then along came Stan Anderson, of the Cleveland Press, with a column lamenting the fact that I did not have a radio or television show of my own. He bracketed me with Abe Burrows and said, "Maybe ABC and NBC will need forgotten men like these." I was as blue as Kentucky grass. Somebody up there must love me, I said. Finally one of my well-balanced friends in the radio business came to the house one night and said, "Victor, you don't need ABC or NBC. What you need is psychiatric help." "No," I said. "What I need is CBS."

I was then living in Chatsworth, north of Hollywood, along with such other forgotten people and neighbors as Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, Veronica Lake and Lionel Barrymore. Moreover, I was mayor of Chatsworth, and one of the privileges of the office was getting cheery letters from pretty fellow politicians like Mayor Ann Blyth, of Toluca Lake.

I had nothing to lose except my mind, and I had already lost that, so I made an appointment with an expensive Los Angeles psychiatrist. I survived a couple of sessions, and then the doctor said, handing me a bill, "There's nothing I can do for you, Victor. But oh, boy, what you've done for me!" I haven't consulted a psychiatrist since, no matter what you may have heard to the contrary. It is probably unnecessary to add that since that first experience in Copenhagen I have also shied away from sleeping pills. I'd rather stay awake.

From time to time, as I travel around the United States, friends and strangers both ask me at what point I first added humor to my piano performances. Actually there was a series of precipitating incidents.

My brother, Sven, recalls that I was once seriously ill with a high fever. On a doctor's advice, my mother had put me in a bathtub of ice water to reduce my temperature.

When the doctor came, he put a stethoscope on my chest and said, "Victor, I want to listen to your lungs. I want you to say thirty-three."

I said it, and the doctor h'm'm'm'med to himself. "Now say thirty-three twice," he said.

"Sixty-six," I said.

He jammed the stethoscope into his pocket and gave my mother a dour look. "I didn't know you had a comedian in the family," he said. "I guess he'll live no matter what you do."

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What you don't know may not hurt you, but it certainly can ruin your appearance on a quiz show. ELDON PEDERSEN

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My father, who had puckish qualities of his own, used to take me along when he visited sick friends in the hospitals. "You seem to have a gift for making people laugh," he said, "and that's good medicine." In school the students invariably chose me to dream up some elaborate hoax at the teacher's expense. In the Copenhagen boys' clubs I was usually the idea man for all sorts of skits, burlesques, monologues and other forms of entertainment.

I soon learned a basic principle of humor. I didn't know exactly why people howl when you fall into a mud puddle or have your face plastered with custard pie. It has been suggested that we feel embarrassment for the victim and that our laughter really reflects sympathy. Others say that a lot of us have a cruel streak and use ridicule as a weapon. I found that neither is true. Humor is related to our instinctive rebellion against standards forced upon us by social formalities, moral laws, regulations and habits.

The late Percy Grainger unwittingly learned this at a concert some years ago in Scranton, Pennsylvania. He strode on stage that evening, glanced at the piano and frowned when he saw that the instrument was not placed at the angle he liked. He clutched one corner of the piano and lifted it with straining muscles. He got it up an inch or two and suddenly one of the legs fell off. Grainger stared at it in horror, but he couldn't let go. The audience was convulsed, and there was pandemonium until the stage hands, momentarily hypnotized by this disaster, rushed out and replaced the leg. Patrick Flannery, an attorney friend of mine in Wilkes-Barre who was there, reports that Grainger recovered his aplomb and never had a more responsive audience in his life. I wonder if it later occurred to Grainger that the accident was an unexpected but welcome informality and therefore enormously humorous.

I must admit that my first experience with this kind of fun was also accidental, and painful. I was invited to a dance of some social significance, and one of those present would be a certain girl. I wanted to impress her, and I was wearing my first dinner jacket. I was running for a streetcar when a taxi swished past and spattered me with winter slush. It was too late to turn back, and so I went on to the party and sat morosely in the kitchen trying to wipe my muddy clothes.

Before long, the girl found me there—you could have knocked me over with a metronome—and said, "Why, Victor, you're a mess."

"No, I'm not," I blurted. "It's just make-up. I'm going to tell a story on the piano, about a musician who drank too much and became a great symphony conductor. Tell me when you're ready."

I went through with this impromptu skit, and apparently other youngsters were not only convinced but convulsed. It was the first ad-lib performance of my career and the fat, or maybe it was the ham, was in the fire. I have since decided that the art of ad-libbing is like having a loaded gun in your hand when a thug comes up with a slingshot and demands your money. I am not often caught unarmed. Indeed, I faced one situation in which the wrong quip could have been awkward.

I was playing the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf one winter evening when a waiter slipped me a note which read: "Lauritz Melchior and Jean Hersholt both at ringside. At different tables."

I rarely introduce big names from the stage because it breaks up the timing of my show. Moreover, if you mention one celebrity's name and overlook another, you are tactless. In this instance, however, both visitors were old friends and fellow Danish-Americans, and I solved it by saying: "I have the privilege of introducing two great Danish artists whose talent has given so much pleasure to millions of Americans. I honestly don't know in what order to introduce them. So, I'm sure that Jean Hersholt won't mind if I mention Lauritz Melchior first."

It was an earlier ad-lib of sorts that marked my first public performance as a pianist and showed which way the twig was bent. Or cracked, if you like.

I had been studying four years or so with the famous pianist, Victor Schiöler, and one day he greeted me with overwhelming news. I was being given the honor of playing the Rachmaninoff C Minor Piano Concerto with the Copenhagen Philharmonic Orchestra, and Schiöler was naturally anxious to have his prodigy astound the critics. I was then fourteen years old and, I must say, unabashedly confident.

But I don't know what got into me the night of the performance. I was doing very well in the second movement when I came to a long trill, played with two fingers in the upper register. I looked over at the string section and saw a bunch of old men furiously carving away on their violins. There were a couple of thousand people in the audience, and I imagined how they had rushed home from work, scrubbed their hands and faces, struggled into their stiff black suits and climbed on crowded streetcars for a cultural evening. Half of them were falling asleep, and the other half sat gravely, like witnesses at an execution.

It suddenly dawned on me that the whole thing was extremely funny. I winked at the first row, and some of the women tittered. The conductor, a solemn, gray-haired man named Schnedler Petersen, heard this unseemly sound and nervously stepped up the beat. The orchestra ran away from me, and the titters became a

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ripple of laughter. I stopped playing, got up from the bench and walked over to the podium. I turned Petersen's score back three pages, returned to the piano and continued. The auditorium exploded and the concert ended on a higher note than even Rachmaninoff had dreamed of.

Even at fourteen those bursting bubbles of laughter were intoxicating, and thereafter, as much as I loved good music, I could never again be completely serious during a concert. Perhaps Comedy in Music, as I later called my Broadway show, was born that night.

As I reconsider this escapade I conclude that I am a man of impulse. And a man who hasn't yielded to an impulse now and then is no man at all. You may achieve immortality, or you may be the forgotten man of 1949, as I was, but the odds are in favor of a gain. I've been wanting to pass along this advice to Gov. George M. Leader, of Pennsylvania, and this seems like the right moment.

I played the Hershey Theater in Hershey, Pennsylvania, last spring for five nights, during which time we took in $45,000 for a new box-office record. We drew more customers than South Pacific, which also had packed houses, but I didn't have a big company, and so I was able to put 300 seats on the stage. I made some mocking remarks about my being in Her-she, a female town, and said I was going to round up some pioneers and start a rival community for men called He-him. After opening night I received this letter from Governor Leader:

*Dear Mr. Borge:* Last evening my wife, some friends and myself were privileged to be part of your audience in "Her-she," a female town. It was one of the most pleasant evenings we have spent for quite awhile.

I controlled my desire to go backstage to meet you, for I knew anyone who must sustain such a pitch of wonderful humor five nights a week, with a few matinees included, deserves all the solitude he can get. When you come back again, you will come back to friends.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE M. LEADER
Governor

P. S.: I've been a poultryman most of my life and I will enjoy learning about "Cornish Hens" someday.

Frankly, I wish Governor Leader had surrendered to his desire to come backstage and hear more of my sustained pitch. I'm a poultryman too. I raise Cornish hens in Connecticut. I sell them under the trade name of ViBo. There must be lots of people in Pennsylvania who've never eaten a Connecticut Rock Cornish hen. Who knows, maybe I would have taught the Governor our secrets in raising the world's finest Rock Cornish hens, and made him a competitor! In that case, I'm sure the ancestors of our prize stock would have turned over in their gravies.

When I bought Vibo Farms in Southbury, Connecticut, an old-time poultryman said to me, "Borge, you're crazy. What do you know about raising Cornish hens?"

"Nothing," I said. "But the hens seem to know all about it."

I suppose that many men through necessity must control their impulses. What they do must be done with finesse and what they say must be expressed with delicacy and consideration. It is like a doctor who finds himself obligated to tell a patient of a serious illness or a hypochondriac there is nothing wrong. In either case, whatever the doctor's impulse, he must color his story to make the truth more attractive.

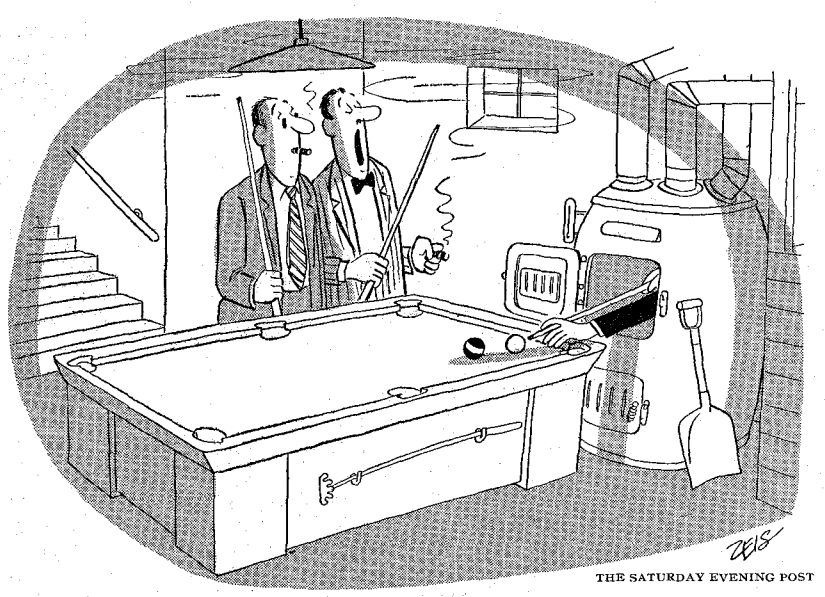
Having followed my impulses in this way brought me to the point where on December 11 of last year I received a check for $150,000 for a one-hour solo appearance on television. And that was, as the famed columnist Earl Wilson quipped, "without answering one question."

However, you must realize my disappointment when I learned that another performer by the name of Needles made $123,450 for two minutes, three and two-tenths seconds at the Kentucky Derby. But it is not for one hour or for two minutes that the money is paid. It is for a lifetime of accomplishments. Much money and hard work went into the training of Needles. The same is true in becoming successful in any field.

Although I have played the Cotton Bowl in Dallas and Soldier Field in Chicago, I have never played the famous Derby in Kentucky. So you see, I still have far to go.

There was one other urge—I can't call it an impulse because it did not come on the spur of the moment—and it is perhaps the most important of all. I had always wanted to go to America. It took me thirty-one years. And, as grim as it may sound, I probably would not have done it without the help of disaster. I believe there are times when a man is born, and then reborn. For, as I have said before, I was really born on August 28, 1940, the day I arrived in New York as Victor Borge, musical immigrant.

This is the third of seven articles by Mr. Borge. *The fourth will appear next week—The Editors.*

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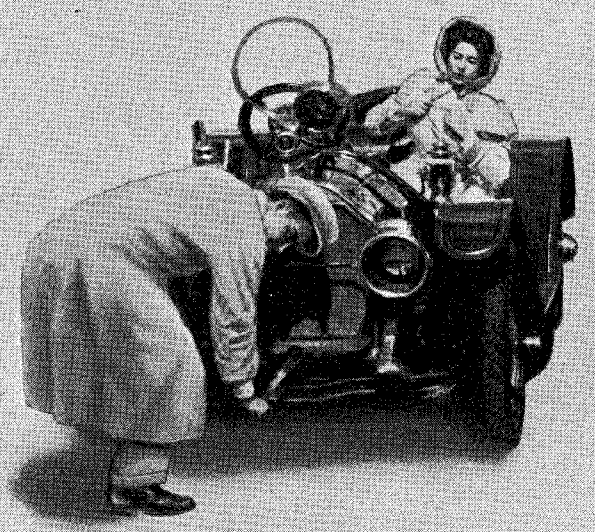

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# What Do You Mean by "Hopeless"?

(Continued from Page 23)

agency is equipped to test their potential mental ability. One hundred and seventeen of the children live at home, and of these the majority, eighty-seven, have never been to any school. Fourteen are attending institutions without professional deaf-blind programs.

These figures show that Denise is lucky in spite of her handicaps. She has a chance for a full, creative life, because she is a student in the deaf-blind department at Perkins. This 125-year-old school is carrying on a pioneer diagnostic program designed to discover how to test the intelligence of deaf-blind youngsters. It has also begun a teacher-training program which it hopes will largely end the shortage of teachers of the deaf-blind within ten years. All the while it is educating—physically, socially and mentally—a dozen deaf-blind children such as Denise.

To the lay observer it nevertheless seems impossible that she has a chance. Her parents made no attempt to train her, and when local medical authorities arranged to have her sent to Perkins just after her sixth birthday, she was as undisciplined as a wild animal. She had no toilet training; she was unable to feed or dress herself. Not hearing, she had never spoken an intelligible sound, just meaningless grunts. Even after months at Perkins she has the typical, screaming tantrums in which many deaf-blind children, in agonized frustration, bite themselves and smash their heads against the floor. More frightening to experienced members of the staff are Denise's periods of retreat, when she sits motionless for hours, her head between her knees.

They know too well the danger that she may escape from reality forever. In fact, some of the staff feel Denise is a hopeless case, doomed to a life of mental illness. Not so her teacher. Doris Richardson, a young lady of twenty-six, has fought in staff meetings to give Denise another chance, and then another, and still another.

For three months she has worked day after day with Denise, playing cheerful, laughing games which have a desperate purpose. Hiding her tension, she tenderly places Denise's right hand against her throat, her other hand at her lips, and says clearly, "Bow." Thus Denise feels the vibration of the speaker's voice box with the hand against her teacher's throat and the simultaneous movement of the teacher's lips with her other hand. When Denise is older, and bigger, she will be able to use one hand, gently touching her fingers to another person's throat and her thumb to the person's lips. In this way she will be able to "hear" anyone speak, whether the speaker has had experience communicating with the deaf-blind or not.

The first words Miss Richardson teaches are the commands for large body movements—bow, sit, stand, fall. After Miss Richardson has given a command, she gently forces Denise to act out the word. Then she catches up the tiny hands, says "good" into them, and rewards Denise with a hug.

For three hours in the morning and an hour and a half in the afternoon, the teacher and her student play together. A hundred times a session she leans over to help her student fall, sit or bow; a hundred times she rewards her with a hug; two hundred times more she bends over to speak into Denise's hands. It is backbreaking and sometimes heartbreaking work. Time and again, when Denise starts to retreat, Miss Richardson grabs a chocolate from a nearby box, and holds it under the little girl's nose until she reaches for it. It is a last-ditch effort to make Denise use every sense to reach out to the world around her. It works. She grabs for the candy and eats it, gurgling with delight.

Then Miss Richardson goes back to their game. She takes Denise's hands for the thousandth upon thousandth time, says "Fall" against them, and starts to lower the child gently to the floor. Suddenly, unexpectedly, Denise pulls her hands away and sinks to the floor by herself. She has never done that before.

Quickly, Miss Richardson scoops her up and hugs her, saying, "Good, good, good girl," against Denise's hands. She puts her down and repeats the command, "Fall," into her pupil's upstretched hands. Denise understands. She again follows the command by herself. Now Miss Richardson knows it isn't an accident. With tears streaming down her face in a most unprofessional manner, she sweeps Denise into the air, dancing in a gay circle with the child in her arms, while the youngster laughs with delight. For the first time in her life Denise "heard" another human being talk.

It will be months, perhaps years, before the staff at Perkins will know how much education Denise can absorb, for extensive brain damage is often the cause of the double affliction of deaf-blindness. But the door is open. If Denise can learn, she will be taught. She will always be deaf and blind, but she need not be mute. She will be taught to discipline her voice so that everyone will understand her speech. She will learn to read and write in Braille. She will have far horizons to her world, and if she travels toward them she will be encouraged by other Perkins graduates who have explored the same country.

One graduate is Robert J. Smithdas, a good-looking man of thirty-one, who is a scholar, poet, public speaker and hard-working public-relations man at the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn. At Perkins he attended the regular school for the blind, and, in fact, led his class for two years, although the other students had only a single handicap. He went on to St. John's University in Brooklyn, where he did a better job than most students who had no handicap at all. He was excused from laboratory work, but no other quarter was given, and he graduated *cum laude*, far ahead of the student companion who translated lectures for him. The method of translation was a manual alphabet taught to advanced students who cannot, of course, touch the lips and throats of everyone they want to hear speak. There is a different finger position for each letter, and a skilled person can spell into a deaf-blind individual's hand with amazing speed.

Using this same technique, Smithdas went on, at St. John's, to become the first deaf-blind person to receive a master's degree. Last December his second book of poems was published.

Denise will learn not only about such exceptional human beings as Bob Smithdas and Helen Keller but also about Perkins graduates of more modest capacities and ambitions, average folks who have made a wonderful adjustment to life without sight or sound. For example, there is twenty-one-year-old Edward A. Reis, of Hillsdale, New Jersey, a handsome, broad-shouldered youth, who won the heavyweight wrestling championship of all the blind schools in the Eastern United States when he was at Perkins. He leads an active life and is now learning to operate a turret lathe. He amazed the men at the shop where his father works when he showed them his skill on a Braille micrometer, and he hopes to be able soon to support himself.

The first step in making such miracles possible is to assess a deaf-blind child's mental and social potentials. This is not easy. There still are no I.Q. tests, no standard intellectual measurements for children with this double affliction. "There is no group of children," says Edward Waterhouse, Perkins director, "for whom the problems of diagnosis are so important, and at the same time as difficult, as those who are deaf and blind."

When several new children are being considered for admission to Perkins, Dr. Helmer R. Myklebust, psychologist and director of the Northwestern University Institute of Language Disorders in Children, at Evanston, Illinois, flies to Boston to run the several day-long experimental, diagnostic sessions. A scientist with an international reputation, he is not at all austere, and the children who come to know his kindly, skilled hands immediately sense that, and trust him.

Each child at the diagnostic sessions also discovers a room full of fascinating things: cuddly animals; mechanical toys with wheels to be unscrewed and put back on; blocks, long and short, square and triangular; balls of all sizes; wonderful boards with odd-shaped things to fit into their proper recesses.

"I can't wait to meet your father, Harriet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There are also the familiar hands and smell of Dan Burns, the thirty-five-year-old director of the deaf-blind department. He is a friendly person who keeps them natural, relaxed while they are being examined. Burns, a tall, cheery Irishman in shirt sleeves—no one wears a uniform at Perkins—is quick to drop on his hands and knees to romp with a youngster who has become angrily frustrated trying to fit blocks into proper slots for the doctor.

Besides knowing that their friend Dan Burns is with them, the children seem to sense the uninhibited cheering section watching every move from behind a big picture window. These are teachers, matrons, specialists in speech and Braille, and student teachers, for Perkins, in cooperation with Boston University, has the only graduate-level training program in the country for teachers of the deaf-blind. Each observer is a professional who must try to be objective, but they can't help rooting for each and every child.

A placid, pleasant-faced girl has earphones fitted over her head, and magnified sounds are pounded against her ears. She cannot hear a person speak or an auto horn blow, but with the earphones she can hear a pure tone amplified many times. She is shown how to rap a hammer on the table each time she hears that signal. Patience and understanding can't help her learn this simple conditioned reflex, although she is twelve years old. She hears the sound, but just tries to pull the earphones off. There is a collective sigh of disappointment from the audience, who know that her inability to learn a simple game may be one indication of irreparable brain damage. When the doctor finishes a dozen tests he recommends that the girl have a further examination for brain damage by a neurologist.

The observers kept taking notes, but often their hands were clenched around their pencils as they made pushing "come on, team" motions to the girl. Then a skinny, sensitive lad of nine, quick to laugh and quick to cry the tears of frustration and failure, is given the same reflex to learn. Proudly, skillfully, he raps the table with the hammer. He understands the game, and plays it with delight. The bleachers cheer. He has a good chance of breaking the bonds of his world. He can be taught.

Doctor Myklebust has an easygoing approach, but actually he follows a strict outline from tests of sight and hearing through those designed to show learning ability. Then he moves on to talks with housemothers and staff members in an attempt to gauge the youngster's social maturity. He tries to put each fact in a common-sense perspective; to test every child as an individual. Recently, for example, there was some question as to whether a sixteen-year-old boy should be accepted at Perkins. The biggest argument against admitting him was the fact that he was not yet toilet-trained. Doctor Myklebust pointed out that the boy came from the hill country, where standards more primitive than those of Boston prevail. On Doctor Myklebust's recommendation, the boy was accepted. He trained himself overnight, and today, only months after his arrival, he is a lively lad who is responding beautifully to the first opportunity he has ever had to learn.

One child threw a terrible tantrum before the doctor. Such a display may be the symptom of a mentally deranged child, but it may also be the battle banner of a spirit trying to escape its chains. Everyone at Perkins knows of cases like that of Juanita Morgan, who came there when she was six. Her temper tantrums were frightful, but within two weeks she was communicating with her teacher, and she has

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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"I dare you!"

The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 68*) never had another tantrum. Today she is twenty-three years old, and lives with her parents in Buena Vista, Colorado, where she does housework, helps support herself with her sewing and makes all her clothes. Recently she helped nurse her mother when she was sick, proudly paying her back for the extra care she had been as a child. Juanita is one of the most enchanting human beings I have ever met, a young lady whose sense of humor constantly bubbles over into musical laughter and delightful smiles.

Not every child who comes to Perkins can hope to emulate Juanita. Each painful decision to reject a child, however, is made only after long consideration. The staff knows too well that there are no experts, no hard-and-fast rules in their field. Again and again Perkins has been able to educate children who have been branded uneducable by some of the best medical authorities and institutions in the country. The mother of a little deaf-blind girl named Cay Amato, for example, had been told by the top medical officials in her state that her daughter was hopeless. One of them even laid it bluntly on the line: "You have an idiot child."

Cay's parents had just about given up, when a West Coast clinic for the deaf to which they had written told them of work the American Foundation for the Blind was doing in trying to find educational facilities for deaf-blind children. The foundation referred Cay's parents to Perkins.

When they learned that the school had room for their daughter, Cay's parents were overjoyed—until they learned that tuition was a whopping $3500 a year, more than they could afford to pay and still support their three other children. Perkins' $7,400,000 endowment pays the other half of the $7000 it takes to educate, feed and care for a deaf-blind child twenty-four hours a day, but even this generous policy was little help to Cay. Her parents just didn't have $3500.

If Cay had come from Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont or Rhode Island, her home state would automatically have paid her tuition at Perkins. A number of other states have similar arrangements with institutions in their area. But her state didn't have such a law, so the American Foundation for the Blind again came to the rescue, picking up the bill for half Cay's tuition and the local Lions Club paid the other half.

Months before five-year-old Cay was to leave home, a member of the Perkins staff visited her home. The little girl was excitable, nervous, haunted; a pale and rather frail youngster who was afraid of the world around her. The visitor showed her parents how to teach her to go to the toilet, dress and feed herself so she would be ready for school life. When Cay arrived, not only was she ready for school, it was ready for her. Its magnificent campus is especially designed for the blind, with fields and play yards, gymnasiums and classrooms. Even the brick walks have different designs at each corner so a student's feet can tell him where he is as he strides along. The gracious building that used to be the director's house had been redesigned especially for deaf-blind classes, and the people there knew the value of hugs and pats, pokes and tickles. There were special toys, games, and even more important to Cay, other children who understood.

For the first time in her life Cay had companions with whom she could wrestle, tug, play and even fight. Perkins is organized on a cottage plan in which all students sleep and eat in small houses with others of their own age and sex. There was good food, a bed near another deaf-blind girl, and a matron who was always there when Cay needed her, even in the middle of the night. Outside, there were slides, sandboxes, seesaws, regular swings, and even a giant plank on which a dozen children could swing madly—and safely—to and fro.

Best of all, there was Mrs. Gertrude Stenquist, the gentle, red-haired woman who was her teacher. The mother of three children herself, she knew just what little girls liked to do. All morning and most of the afternoon they played wonderful games. Mrs. Stenquist never lost her temper; she always had time to try again, again and again. At first they practiced sitting, standing, bowing, falling, jumping ("Sometimes you feel as if you'd drop and never rise again," she says) but at last Cay began to understand why Mrs. Stenquist held one of Cay's hands against her neck, the other in front of her lips.

Skillfully, patiently, Mrs. Stenquist works with Cay, pacing each lesson to fit her individual needs. They try to fit triangular, circular or square blocks into the proper slots of a play box. At first she played this game only a minute or two at a time; now she works with eight blocks and spends as long as fifteen minutes on one project. Mrs. Stenquist keeps increasing Cay's interest span, but she has to be quick to stop her and change the subject before frustration breaks into violent anger. It's a subtle, ever-changing kind of job which keeps her on her toes every minute.

"We often get what we want," she explains, "at the most unexpected moments." Cay, for instance, refused to imitate the M-m-m-m-m sound she heard through vibration, which is the vital first step to speech. Then one day she climbed into a wheel chair that was standing outside the cottage door. For a lark Mrs. Stenquist pushed her in a fast circle. She chortled and then said, "M-m-m-m-m." Time after time, until she thought she'd drop, the teacher wheeled her in a wild circle, and at the end of each trip Cay said, "M-m-m-m-m."

That doesn't sound like much, but once she was able to get Cay to control the muscles of the throat and mouth to make a recognizable sound, even if it was only m-m-m-m-m, she could begin to teach her how to speak. Today, Cay has two vowel sounds, and within a year she may speak ten or twenty simple words, like mamma, dog, face, thumb, Cay. Soon she will begin to use language to talk to her family, her friends at school, her teachers.

In a score of ways Cay is shown the dimensions of the world. She works on crafts with Mrs. Olive Barr, a willowy English matron whose only professional training is having two normal children of her own and enough love and patience for a hundred more. Weaving cane on a footstool, Cay learns the meaning of middle, over, under, in and out—simple problems for a sighted, hearing person, but at first insurmountable, aggravating obstacles for her.

The school goes to great lengths to help Cay "see" her world. First she is shown tiny plastic farm animals; then her teacher takes her to a farm. In this way she learns how we use abstract symbols—in our case, words; in her case, plastic models—as a substitute for the real thing: a warm, breathing, rough-tongued cow. She discovers the differences which can exist in liquids by tasting milk, water, tea and coffee. Her sense of smell is encouraged, for smell is the best sense she has to identify objects out of reach. This can be a difficult process. For example, some youngsters' mothers don't smoke, and their fathers do, so they think tobacco is the smell of the male. When they first meet a woman who smokes, their world turns upside down.

Cay has a long way to go. She's excitable; she'll have many a painful hour learning to adjust to her limitations. But she's far different from the girl who arrived in September of 1955. The haunted look has almost left her face. She's filled out, and she laughs a great deal.

After two years she will graduate to several teachers and from then on she will come in contact with more and more human beings. This is a strict Perkins policy. Deaf-blind children in the past were often taught by one person from early childhood until maturity. Helen Keller's beloved Anne Sullivan Macy, a Perkins trainee, stayed with Helen as her constant companion until her death in 1936, forty-nine years later. Miss Keller has never fully recovered from the loss of her "beloved teacher" twenty-one years ago, but she was fortunate in being able to turn to another woman, Miss Polly Thomson, who had been her secretary since before World War I, and has been her constant companion since Mrs. Macy's death. Many such relationships are wonderful examples of Christian love, but they also make the deaf-blind person frighteningly dependent on another person who may be lost through marriage, sickness or death.

In many other ways a great deal of progress has been made since the day in 1837 when Laura Bridgman was brought to Boston from her New Hampshire home by Samuel Gridley Howe, founder of Perkins. She was totally deaf and blind, and Howe taught her to read and write with techniques he developed through patient trial and error. He took a common object—for example, a key—and attached a label with raised letters to it. She was taught to recognize the word even when it was detached from the object. Eventually the letters were cut apart, and in that way she was taught to spell. Her successful education became a legend throughout the world, and Laura Bridgman was an inspiration to other victims. Unfortunately, Laura was never able to adjust to the world, and she lived out her fifty-nine years at Perkins. This would not happen today. Cay is being trained to go out into the world.

Perkins students today have many advantages over those of Laura's time. Even slight hearing is utilized by means of powerful hearing aids. Special eyeglasses make use of any available sight. If there is no sight or hearing at all, modern teaching methods will help the student do without them. Cay's speech, for example, will be far better than seventy-seven-year-old Helen Keller's, for she was a pioneer, and Cay will have the benefit of decades of experience.

She will also have the full use of Perkins school, one of the best equipped and staffed institutions of its kind in the country. The school is a private institution which attracts students and teacher trainees from all over the world. There are now nineteen countries represented at Perkins. At this unique school Cay will make clay models in a special studio; she will eventually learn to sew, cook and make ceramics. She will dance, swim in a huge indoor pool, participate in athletics, and take trips, perhaps even climb a mountain. With the help of all sorts of modern devices—from Braille maps to a special mechanical Braille writer manufactured at Perkins' Howe Press—Cay will follow a normal academic course, learning the delights of literature, the lessons of history, the wonders of the world around her, from skilled teachers, a number of whom are blind themselves.

At Perkins, Cay will live in a happy, cheerful atmosphere and have little time for self-pity. What the future can hold for her is perhaps best expressed in a poem by Bob Smithdas, the brilliant deaf-blind Perkins graduate, who has written:

Pity me not that light no longer fills
These eyes with shapes of suns and moons and stars,
And crisp young blossoms from an April field;
Nor that the birds no longer sing to me
Their gay cascades of gladness from blue heights,
Where all the voices of the winds are hushed.
I know the joys of full and active days—
The task well done, the goal I sought attained;
The keen delight of knowing that my deeds
Span future years, and bring to those who share
The desire for fuller living I have known,
The strength of faith, bright hopes for happiness.

THE END

"The fellas gave me an alibi . . . let's see, now—where did I put the darn thing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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**...they haul more payloads, more miles at less cost.** There's no tougher tire customer than a trucker. And for good reason. His investment in tires plays a big role in his profit and loss picture. That's why it's significant that more and more truckers are shifting over to nylon cords.

Actual road experience proves that nylon fiber makes the toughest, safest, longest-wearing tire cord money can buy . . . that nylon's superior strength greatly reduces tire cord failure (and costly down-time) due to life-robbing heat, moisture, bruises, impact. Nylon cords not only clock more original mileage, but the stronger casing safely takes recap after recap . . . thus cutting costs still further.

Today, a growing share of the rugged nylon yarn going into truck tires is the product of a major nylon yarn supplier: The Chemstrand Corporation. Out of the only integrated nylon plant in the country, Chemstrand is turning out the most dependable and consistently uniform nylon yarn possible to make tires for trucks, autos, airplanes still safer-running, still better-wearing.

*Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.* THE CHEMSTRAND CORP., 350 5th Ave., N.Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

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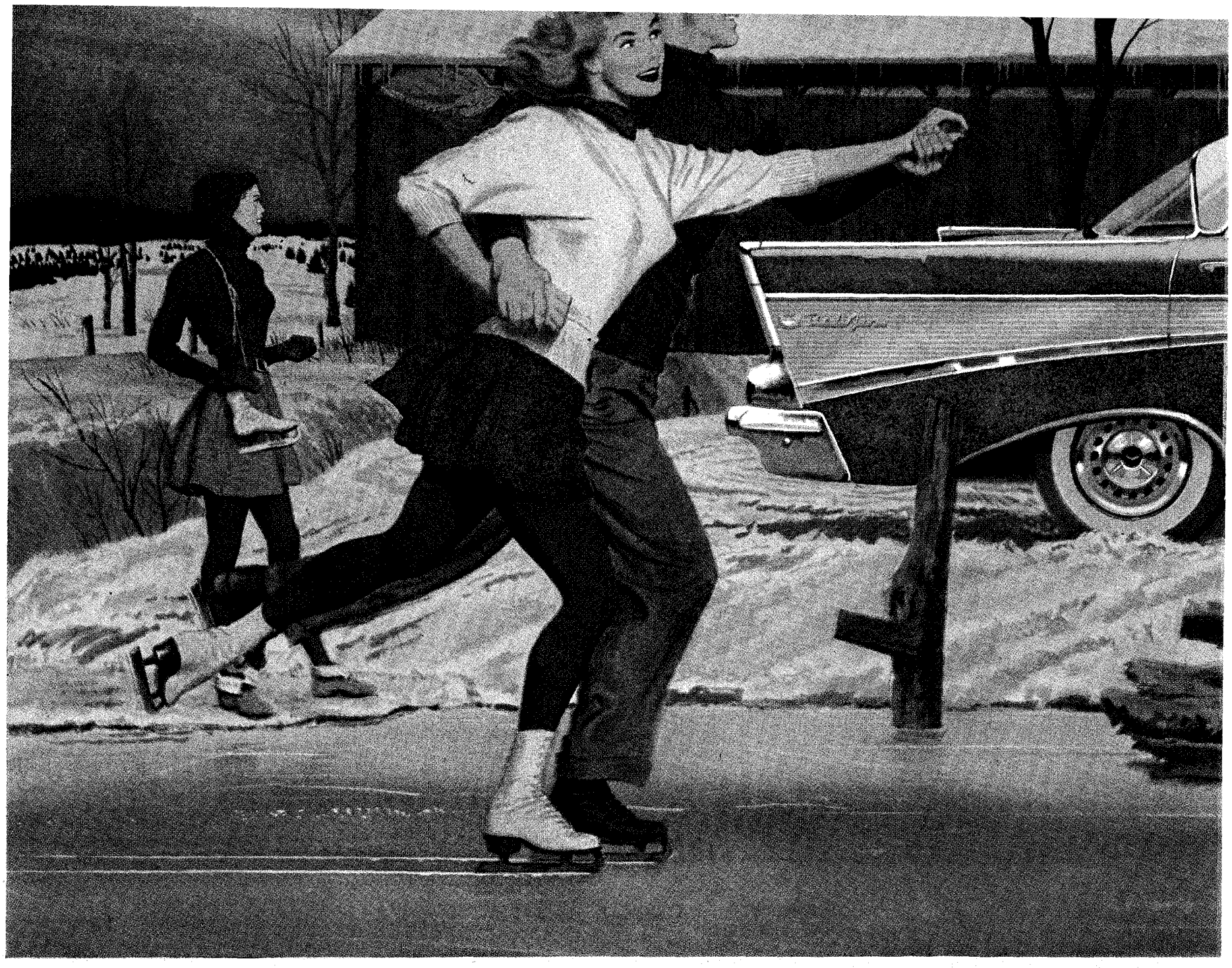

# *This beauty is no hothous*

You don't need fair weather and fine roads to enjoy this sweet, smooth and sassy Chevy. It's as solid and sturdy as its Body by Fisher—beautiful, and built to *stay* that way. And the way it's put together gives you more to be proud of!

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*Sweet, smooth and sassy! The new Bel Air Sport Sedan with all the lasting beauty of Body by Fisher.*

# *flower... the '57 Chevrolet*

The new Chevrolet is no shrinking violet when it comes to going places. You don't have to baby this beauty a bit. If you get a yen to go exploring off the beaten path—go right ahead. Chevy's built to take you where you want to travel.

You'll see why when you take a close look at it. You'll find solid construction and fine materials throughout. The body has a substantial look and feel that only Fisher Bodies seem to have. Everything from the chrome trim to the carpet on the floor is beautifully fitted. Chevrolet, you'll remember, is the only car in its field with Body by Fisher.

The finishing touches give you more to be proud of in Chevrolet. And long, long after that wonderful new-car smell has disappeared, you'll keep on getting a kick out of the way your Chevy looks. Of course, you'll keep on enjoying its special way of *going*, too.

Give Chevrolet the once-over at your Chevrolet dealer's, and you'll want to get your hands on it for keeps. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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**Here's old-fashioned flavor in the new way to smoke.** The man-size taste of honest tobacco comes full through. The smooth-drawing filter feels right in your mouth. Works fine but doesn't get in the way. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette firm and fresh until you smoke it

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# The Golden Shadow (Continued from Page 21)

"He'd be waiting when I came back. Might as well meet it head on, whatever it is. Thanks, old chap."

He walked slowly toward the phone, thinking fast. The Mounties had been less than cordial lately. Ravenhill's old pal, MacLean, had been transferred to Churchill. The new head of the Lochiel district's five-man force, Sergeant Hepworth, was a different breed: stiff-necked, florid, with a fishy eye on Ravenhill's activities.

He placed the receiver to his ear. "Ravenhill."

"This is the Mounted Police." Hepworth's voice was formal. "Sergeant Hepworth speaking. I have in my office a Miss McGraw, who came in on the noon plane from Edmonton. Miss Margaret McGraw. You've had some dealings with her, I believe?"

"Miss McGraw, of Seattle?" Ravenhill asked, hiding his surprise.

"Right."

"Yes, we had a partnership of sorts, by mail," Ravenhill said. "Her father was an old-timer in the Yukon. It seems, when he died early this summer ——"

"Pardon," the Mountie interposed, "I have her story. I'd like to hear your side of it, if you don't mind. Can you step up to the office for a moment?"

"Really, sergeant!" Ravenhill protested. "I'm about to take off. I should be back by eight. . . . No, on second thought, I'll see her at once. I'll be up as soon as I can catch a cab."

Headquarters of the Mounted Police was a half block off Lochiel's main street. The constable on duty escorted Ravenhill to the inner office.

"Mr. Ravenhill, sergeant," he announced briefly, and closed the door.

Sergeant Hepworth rose behind his desk, severe and military in his well-pressed summer service uniform. His ruddy features were expressionless as he nodded to Ravenhill, indicating the girl seated in a big chair in the corner. "Miss McGraw, Mr. Ravenhill."

Ravenhill bowed, removed his helmet and seated himself in the sole remaining chair. He eyed the girl politely, noting that she was young, slender, tweedy and self-possessed. Her features had an open, candid, completely trusting air which concealed, Ravenhill suspected, an inner shrewdness and intelligence of no mean order.

"You surprise me, Mr. Ravenhill," she said, surveying him with interest.

"Really?" he returned. "In what way?"

"You're not the down-at-the-heel adventurer I'd pictured. You look quite prosperous. And no cloven hoofs? No horns?"

Ravenhill shrugged and produced his cigarette case. "Someone's been maligning me, I'm afraid." He eyed the sergeant questioningly.

"Permit me to review the situation briefly," Hepworth said, scanning some penciled notes. "Correct me if I'm wrong in any particular, Miss McGraw. You've made no formal complaint, but I'm recording the circumstances. Your father was Michael J. McGraw, known in the north as 'Monty' McGraw ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill interposed. "Monty McGraw? Once a partner of Captain Blodgett's, on the Kitty Moran, of Nome? You didn't tell me he was that McGraw, my dear."

"Does it matter?" she returned. "Does it change the facts here?"

"Not at all," Ravenhill said hastily. . . . "Proceed, sergeant."

"Your father, Monty McGraw, passed away this summer at your home near Seattle," the sergeant continued, still addressing the girl. "In going through his effects you found various samples of ore that he'd picked up in his wanderings. One was of free-milling quartz, with directions as to how to find the location. You had this quartz analyzed, and found values running thousands to the ton. The directions said these quartz samples were taken on the Nahanni River, some four hundred miles west of here, near the Yukon and Northwest Territory line. Correct so far?"

"Correct," she said.

"You are employed in an advertising agency in Seattle," Hepworth continued. "You belong to a private flying club, and have had about eight hours' solo time in the air. Your instructor at the flying club had a wide acquaintance among pilots in the north. Through him you learned Mr. Ravenhill's name and something about his flying ability. You therefore wrote to Mr. Ravenhill, giving him the data as to the location of your father's strike. You asked him to find and stake the claim, and agreed to share the proceeds with him on a fifty-fifty basis. Correct?"

"Yes," she said, smiling at Ravenhill. "But I'll have something to say about that fifty-fifty business in a moment."

Hepworth turned to Ravenhill. "And you, sir, wrote to Miss McGraw about two weeks ago, reporting that you'd flown over to the Nahanni, that you'd followed instructions and staked the claim. You further reported that you had samples taken and assayed, and the results were nil. You therefore advised her to abandon the project, since your best efforts had failed to find her father's presumably rich strike. Have I stated this correctly?"

"You have," Ravenhill said, producing his wallet. "Here is the assay report. This is the claim description and the recorder's fee."

The sergeant examined the papers briefly. "I see you've recorded the claim in your own name," he remarked.

"Naturally," Ravenhill said. "Miss McGraw was in Seattle. I'd have assigned half the claim to her if the ground had proved valuable. If there are any doubts on that score, I can quiet them easily enough. Your pen, sergeant?"

Taking the pen, Ravenhill wrote across the claim descriptions: "All rights in this claim assigned herewith to Miss Margaret McGraw. J. M. S. Ravenhill." He handed the papers to the sergeant, and added, "Is that sufficient evidence of my good faith?"

"Not entirely," Hepworth returned, sliding the papers across his desk to the girl.

She leaned forward and took them. She examined them briefly, her cheeks dimpling a little, and put them in her purse.

"Well, Miss McGraw?" Hepworth prompted. "You voiced some doubts about Mr. Ravenhill's good faith a moment ago. Would you care to repeat them now?"

"Very well. . . . Mr. Ravenhill, weren't the directions I gave you—dad's directions for finding the mine—quite explicit?"

"Quite," Ravenhill agreed. "I'll repeat them from memory. If the sergeant understands that this is extremely confidential?"

"I understand that," Sergeant Hepworth said.

"'Above the big falls of the Nahanni,'" Ravenhill quoted. "'On the east bank. In the crevasse with the big boulder in it, on the big bench. Not too far from the butte which stands on the bench. Easy to find on any clear day, because the shadow of the butte touches the crevasse at four o'clock. June 21, 1948.'" He eyed the girl cheerfully. "Right?"

She nodded. "Then why didn't you find the mine?"

"Because the bally mine wasn't there," Ravenhill explained patiently. "To be sure, the shadow of the butte would be in the precise spot, I flitted over there two weeks ago, on June twenty-first. The bench has a hundred crevasses, most of them choked with boulders. There were no values whatever, as this assay shows. I explained all that in my report that I sent you."

"I know," she said. "But couldn't you have found the mine and then staked some worthless ground? Planning to go back later and stake the right ground, the rich ground?"

Ravenhill stared at her, coldly amused. "It would have been a neat trick," he conceded. "Let's say I resisted temptation—after I was sure the ground was worthless." He turned to Hepworth. "Sergeant, is this why I've been called up here? My plans disturbed, and all that?"

"Yes," the sergeant said bluntly. "You've admitted that the lady's suspicions aren't entirely—er—unreasonable?"

"Then I've the answer for it," Ravenhill said at once. "Miss McGraw, there are seventeen other bush pilots operating out of Lochiel. I suggest that you ask Sergeant Hepworth to recommend one of them, and then proceed at once to the Nahanni."

She shook her head, eying him with something like grudging respect. "You seem sure of your position," she said. "Or is this just a bluff?"

"Possibly," Ravenhill agreed. "But if you're familiar with poker, my dear, you must know the proper way to deal with a bluff. Just call it."

"I propose to do that," she said. "But in a different way. Sergeant Hepworth and I have already discussed it."

"Really?"

"Let me state it," the sergeant interposed. "You're about to make a delivery to the Hartwell and Dixon mine on the Liard," he said to Ravenhill. "That's more than halfway to the Nahanni. If you've no objection to taking Miss McGraw along, you could continue on to the Nahanni, satisfy her that the strike can't be located, and return her here to Lochiel."

Ravenhill was annoyed at once. "Is that an order, sergeant?"

"Certainly not," Hepworth returned. "But I must tell you, sir, that I'm preparing a dossier of your activities in this district. If you should later 'discover' a valuable mine on the Nahanni, the Mounted Police would investigate the matter thoroughly."

Ravenhill came to his feet briskly. It must be impressed upon Hepworth forthwith that he was not to be pushed about or his toes trod upon.

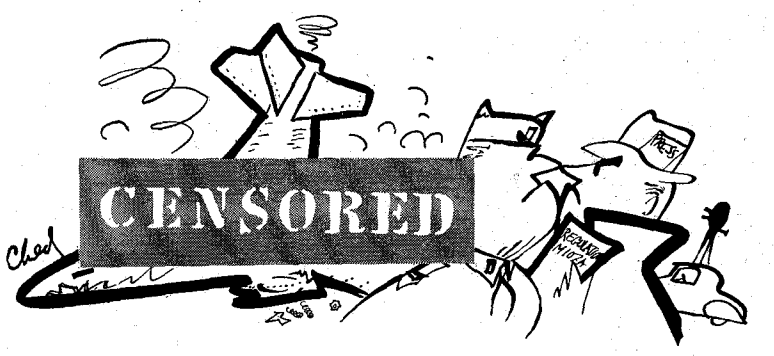
He checked his righteous wrath, nevertheless, as a hunch took form in his mind. Monty McGraw's daughter was here in Lochiel. She might have additional information as to the whereabouts of the strike. At the very least, if Monty McGraw had told her of his wanderings on the upper Nahanni, one who knew the ways of the north could perhaps find some clue in the recital which might point the true path to the golden pot.

He reached his decision quickly, in mid-breath, as it were, and turned to the girl, shrugging. "I seem to have no choice," he told her. "You're willing?"

"Of course." She, too, rose up quickly. "That's why I'm here."

"There's one detail," the sergeant said. "You previously abandoned the project, Mr. Ravenhill. Including your fifty-fifty share of the proceeds. On what basis are you proceeding now?"

Ravenhill looked at the girl with a raised eyebrow. "This is your notion?" he challenged. "A touch of larceny coming to the front?" (*Continued on Page 77*)




## The Perfect Squelch

Arrived at the scene of a jet crash, the newsreel cameraman found his way barred by a young lieutenant. "No pictures," the lieutenant snapped. "Just move along."

Calmly the veteran photographer pointed out that there was nothing secret about the smashed plane. Then he handed the lieutenant a copy of the Air Force regulation which clearly stated that military authorities cannot prohibit photographing of plane crashes outside Air Force installations.

The lieutenant waved the proffered regulation aside. "Don't tell me how to run my business, Mac," he barked. "Just get going. I'm telling you just this once. We don't want any pictures taken of this airplane."

"In that case," the photographer said as he unlimbered his camera, "why didn't you keep it up in the air?"

R. G. Thornton

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# Naturally American . . . Naturally Arrow

Shirts, $5.00 up; Knit Shirts, $5.00; Slacks, $12.95; Jacket, $12.95

**Arrow Game Room Casuals will decorate many a home this season.** Shirts in checks and plaids . . . slacks and jackets . . . all will add a bright (and right) touch to your springtime wardrobe. And all are beautifully color-styled to wear together. They feature the fine tailoring you expect when you see the Arrow label. Washable of course. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

*ARROW* — first in fashion

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(*Continued from Page 75*) "It's strictly business," she told him smilingly. "On the other hand, I want you to be satisfied. Your other trip cost you something. This one means more gas and oil. What do you think is fair?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "I'll leave it entirely up to you. If we find your father's strike—and that's a big 'if,' remember—I'm sure you won't be niggardly. If we don't find it, there's no charge for my services. Is that satisfactory?"

"For me, yes. But ——"

"Then it's agreed. Let's go, my dear. We've things to do before we take off.... A good day to you, sergeant."

Outside, in the brilliant sunlight, as he led the way toward the teeming main street, Ravenhill mentally laid out their plan of procedure. He surveyed the girl briefly. She was walking close beside him, tall and serene, swinging her handbag.

"I'll get down to the ship, Miss McGraw," he told her. "Meantime ——"

"Call me Peggy," she interposed. "Why all the formality? We're partners, aren't we?"

"Of sorts," he agreed. "Not too trusting partners, it appears. Very well, call me Riv, if you like. . . . Down at the ship," he continued, "I've got my sleeping bag aboard, and emergency rations. The rations are pretty dismal, so I'll pick up a few extras—enough for two or three days. Have you any outing togs with you? You'll be crawling about among the rocks, you know."

"I'm loaded," she assured him. "Plenty of stuff in my bag over at the hotel."

"Good. I've a small tent in my duffel, down at headquarters. That's for you," he explained. "I'll sleep in the sand—and hope it doesn't rain buckets."

They had now halted at the main street. Ravenhill pointed to the Hudson's Bay store on the opposite corner. "You can pick up a sleeping bag there. Plus an air mattress, if you don't feel like roughing it. Then take a cab down to the dock. In twenty minutes, at the most?"

"I'll try to," she said. "Riv, did you say 'two or three days'? We'll be out there that long?"

"Perhaps not. I've allowed a little leeway. At least we'll have to wait until tomorrow afternoon, so you can check the point where the butte's shadow falls. Why?"

"But isn't all this a touch—unconventional?"

"Unconventional?" he repeated. "That's an odd word, at this latitude." He looked down at her amusedly. "And to quote a very self-assured lady a moment ago, isn't this all strictly business?"

"I suppose so," she said. "Sergeant Hepworth seemed to think it was all right. But, Riv, that self-assured business was just a bluff. A sort of defense mechanism. I'm a long way from home, you know. Out of my depth, in fact."

"So?" he said. "That's the pose from here on, eh? Little girl lost? Bewildered and all that sort of thing?"

"It usually works," she said cheerfully. "I have to gain your sympathy in some way. How else can I cope with a man of your reputation, even if we find the mine?"

"What reputation?" he asked, signaling an approaching taxicab. "Who blackened my character? Hepworth?"

"Oh, no. He was careful not to say a thing against you. I was told all about you before I left Seattle."

"By whom in Seattle? Surely not the lad who recommended me—this flying instructor?"

"No. You were one of his heroes. It was Captain Blodgett. He called on me at my home a few days ago. He's out of prison now, you know. He told me ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill cut in, as the cab ground to a halt beside them. "Whatever Blodgett said can wait. We'll have hours in the air to compare notes. I'll expect you down at the dock in twenty minutes."

It was less than twenty minutes later when her cab pulled up at the end of the dock. Ravenhill already had his gear aboard, including two more fifths of Scotch tucked away securely in the map compartment. His new flight plan was filed and the engine was idling.

He hastened to meet her and assist with her bundles. He was delighted with her seasoned appearance: sturdy walking shoes, blue wool ski pants, a pull-over sweater which did no harm at all to her figure. Ravenhill also noted with approval that she was carrying a wool-lined leather jacket.

"This is my sleeping bag," she told him, as they headed toward the Zenith. She was excited and breathless, like a truant schoolgirl. "This is the air mattress. Now I'm broke. All I've got left is my hands in my pockets."

"Which gives us at least one common bond," he assured her. "Being broke, I mean. No, there's another: it seems you have gambling tendencies. One must fight that sort of thing."

"We've something else in common," she pointed out. "We're both a touch mercenary. But you put me in my place with that percentage business—leaving it up to me entirely. Wasn't that just a little risky?"

"It's my usual procedure," he told her. "First get the subject in my debt. Then generously refuse to accept more than twice as much as I'd hoped for."

She laughed. "And does it always work?"

"Always. If," he added, "there's a pot to split. It looks doubtful here."

He tossed her gear into the cabin of the Zenith, helped her aboard and waved her to her seat. Then he stepped ashore and cast off, holding to a float until he was able to step to it and climb aboard. He settled himself at the controls and they crept out into the bay, moving slowly while the engine warmed up. The waves were choppy, causing the old Zenith to pitch and creak.

Their bumpy progress would have been alarming to the uninitiated, but when Ravenhill glanced at Peggy he found her composed and at ease. She was even frowning thoughtfully as she looked out at the sunlit expanse ahead.

"I can't figure you out, Riv," she said. "You look and act like a gentleman. If it's an act, you could certainly have done well on the stage."

"You seem to have some talents in that field yourself," he returned. "You've dabbled a little in drama, perhaps?"

"Only as an amateur," she said. "I've dreamed of going East to drama school—Broadway, and all that. Naturally, it takes what I haven't got, which is money. But my point was that I appreciate your generous gesture in Hepworth's office. Thanks for not telling him about Captain Blodgett—and dad."

"Quite all right," he assured her. "As you pointed out, it has no bearing on your problem."

"You knew all about it, then?"

He nodded. "There's quite a grapevine in the North. Particularly with reference to persons as well-known as Blodgett. If Sergeant Hepworth hadn't been a newcomer in the Territories, he'd have leaped on it like a beagle."

"What was the version you heard?"

"Wait," Ravenhill said. "Your safety belt, please. We're taking off."

The ancient Zenith shook free with ease, groaning. The lake broadened below them. As they climbed on, an immense terrain opened up to the west and north. In the shimmering distance, the mountains began to show their gleaming crests, like frozen surf against the sky.

Ravenhill adjusted his tabs, scanned the instrument panel briefly, and relaxed, reaching for a cigarette.

"So Blodgett's on the loose again," he said. "I met the blighter in Nome once, before that Pribilof business. He invited me aboard the Kitty Moran to play poker." He shuddered at the memory. "It was no gentleman's game, as it turned out."

"He told me about it," she said, smiling briefly. "It ended in some sort of brawl, didn't it?"

"It did, indeed," Ravenhill agreed. Old wounds crawled at the memory. The climax of that memorable evening—Ravenhill tossed overboard, semiblotto, to swim ashore through the chill waters of the Bering—represented the most frightful loss of face he had suffered north of Latitude sixty.

"The Kitty Moran was a trading schooner, as you know," Ravenhill continued, hurrying away from that ghastly

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Synthetic Age

By E. B. DE VITO

Silk's being made to look
like linen,
Nylon to look like silk,
Cottons are tweedy,
sweaters beady,
Dacrons, any ilk.

Flannel is made to look
like suède,
Fish glue turns out as
pearls,
And following through,
helped by it, too,
Grandmas look like girls.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

episode. "Blodgett had two other cutthroats aboard that night—crew members and partners. One was an underfed lad named Snively. The other was a hulking creature known as Bull Morgan. Your father wasn't aboard. I never had the pleasure of meeting him."

"He joined up before that seal-poaching expedition to the Pribilofs," she explained. "You heard what happened there, of course?"

"Everyone on the Bering heard of it," Ravenhill said. "Seal poaching had been attempted before in recent years—unsuccessfully—but that didn't deter Blodgett. A Coast Guard cutter ran the Kitty Moran ashore. Blodgett, Snively and Morgan were captured and sentenced to seven years apiece. The fourth man, Monty McGraw, escaped. . . . Those Federal lads never caught up with your father, eh?"

"No," she said. "He made it on foot to the Yukon and over to the Nahanni. It was a terrible experience, but he finally made it to the Mackenzie and outside. We lived in a small cottage in a suburb of Seattle. He avoided strangers—particularly anyone from the North. He was in trouble of some sort, but he didn't tell me what it was until just before he died."

"Meantime, Blodgett and his two pals had served their terms," Ravenhill said, thoughtfully. "Then Blodgett called on you, the moment he was—'sprung,' I think they call it. How did Blodgett find your father's hide-out?"

"The prison inmates knew it. It seems there's quite a grapevine there too."

"Did Blodgett know your father had passed away?"

"No," she said. "The funeral had just been a week before. Captain Blodgett was quite cut up about it. It seems dad was one of his closest friends."

"According to Blodgett," Ravenhill amended. He looked at her narrowly. "You told Blodgett about your father's mine? And how I'd reported it hard to find?"

"Yes," she admitted. "Not where the mine was, of course."

"And then," Ravenhill said, "having blackened my character, Captain Blodgett—your father's old pal, eager to help and all that—offered to find the mine for you?"

"Yes," she said, frowning a little. "But aren't you being a little unfair to Captain Blodgett?"

"Perhaps. The point is, he was eager to help?"

"Yes. It seems Snively and Morgan had been released from prison first and already had some deal set up on the Yukon. They had a plane and pilot waiting at Whitehorse. But Captain Blodgett had come over to invite father into the venture. At least he'd hoped to persuade dad to invest a little money in the scheme. But when he found ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill said, amused. "Blodgett had hoped to 'persuade' your father to invest? I can think of a better word."

"What is it?"

"Blackmail. D'you think for a moment Blodgett hunted down your father for any other purpose?"

"Nonsense!" She flushed indignantly. "Captain Blodgett was very kindly and considerate."

"After you told him about your father's strike, I'll wager. But never mind," Ravenhill hurried on. "The point is, Blodgett offered you the services of his ship and pilot, plus these two old pals, to help you find your father's mine?"

"Yes. He was quite excited about it."

"Then why didn't you accept Blodgett's kindly offer?"

"Perhaps I should have," she said. "I may be sorry I didn't!" Then she shrugged. "Let's not fight, Riv. I know you have a low opinion of Captain Blodgett. He has an equally low opinion of you. The truth is, I thought you were entitled to another chance. You might have honestly tried to find the mine."

"H'm'm," Ravenhill said. "Isn't this a rather abrupt about-face? In view of the way you put me through the hoops in Hepworth's office?"

"That was a mistake," she admitted. "I looked upon it as—as insurance, sort of. I know now that you can't be driven or led."

"And you still think we can find the blighted mine?"

"I'm less sure by the minute," she confessed frankly. "I'll be certain one way or the other when I see where the shadow of that butte falls tomorrow. The shadow won't have moved far, will it, since June twenty-first?"

"Less than forty feet, I imagine. Not far enough to make any difference. You can explore as many adjacent crevasses as you wish." He decided to abandon the subject for the moment. The time to question her further was after they had left the Liard, and the awesome canyon of the South Nahanni was below them.

They lost thirty minutes at the Hartwell & Dixon mine. Hartwell, burly and sweat-stained, assisted with the unloading. Then they taxied out into the current and took off in a cloud of spray.

Ravenhill glanced at his watch as they climbed (*Continued on Page 79*)

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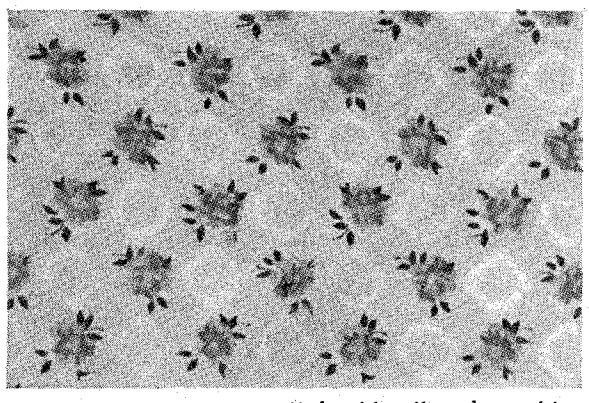
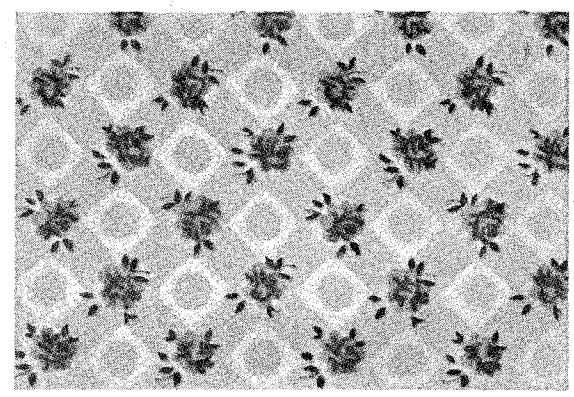
# Frigidaire washing action gets clothes 38% cleaner*

—and you get the greatest washday savings ever!

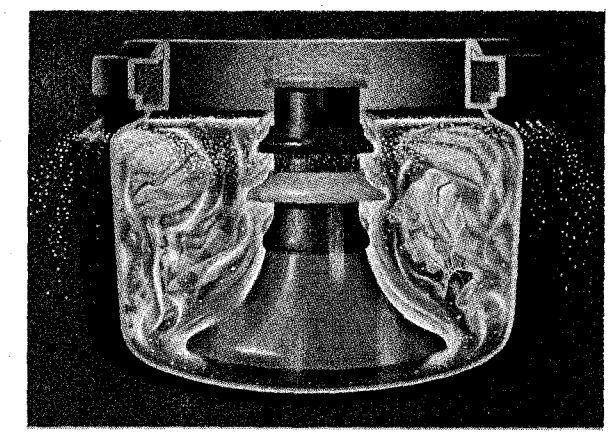
## It's all automatic—it works like magic!
## See lint, dirt, soap scum, swept away—for the cleanest wash of all!



**THE PRINT ABOVE,** soiled with oil and graphite, looked like this after two washes and rinses in an ordinary automatic washer. More than lint, it's the tiny bits of scum filter traps miss—that leave a "film" on clothes.



**FRIGIDAIRE WASHED:** same print, same stains, but look at the difference after two washes! Looks bright as new. It takes the Frigidaire complete Lint-Away System to get rid of dirt, lint and scum—automatically!

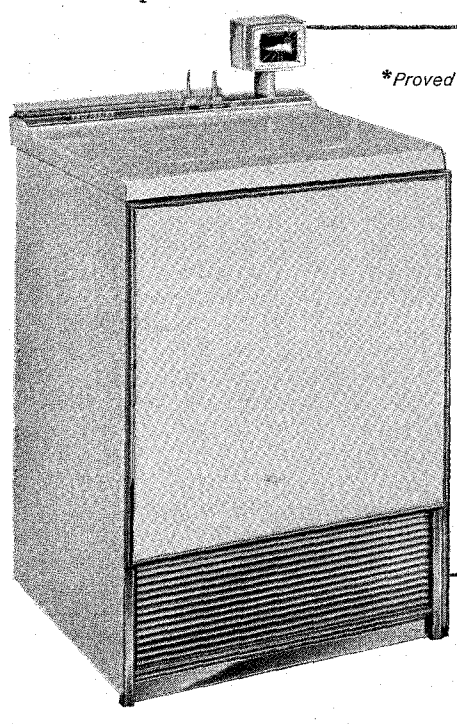


**THE FRIGIDAIRE LINT-AWAY ACTION**
**Color Guide Below, Shows How It Works**

**LINT CHASER** automatically "sweeps" lint, dirt and scum through 90 Lint Exits—out of tub and down the drain, never to be recirculated again. Clothes wash cleaner in *self-cleaning* water.

**CLOTHES CIRCULATOR** guards against tangling; keeps clothes flexing, completely under water.

**WATER ENERGIZER:** surging, suds-charged water opens pores of fabrics, flushing out deep-down dirt—without *rubbing,* so clothes last longer.



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LOOK FOR THE SHEER LOOK

# '57 FRIGIDAIRE

AUTOMATIC WASHERS AND MATCHING ELECTRIC DRYERS

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(*Continued from Page 77*) westward. "Six o'clock. We should set down above the falls in another hour."

"Good," Peggy returned. "It'll be long before dark, won't it?"

Ravenhill gave her an amused glance. He'd forgotten this was her first trip north. "At this latitude and season," he told her, "there's an hour or so of twilight around midnight. Otherwise, no night at all."

A few minutes later they left the Liard, and were threading the giant gorge of the lower Nahanni, the walls on either side rising a thousand feet above them. Other canyons crept in from the west and wheeled by. They were now heading due north, following the main canyon.

Peggy looked down at the formidable terrain, her face in profile touched with melancholy wonder.

"They call it Dead Man's Valley," Ravenhill told her. "Several prospectors died here under mysterious circumstances. The natives won't come near the place. A few adventurers tried this route to the Klondike more than a half century ago, but there's no record that they ever made it."

"It's terrible," she said. "It doesn't seem possible that men could creep down there afoot. Dad said it was a man-killer."

Ravenhill put the question carelessly, "Did your father tell you how he found the quartz up there?"

"Very little. Except that he almost starved on the big bench."

"Tell me about it. All you remember."

She did so, briefly. There wasn't much, except the episode of the mountain sheep. Ravenhill often thought afterward of the casual way in which Fate—or Destiny, or whatever gods of chance directed the puny affairs of man—tossed the key to the golden riddle into his lap.

It seemed that Monty McGraw, fleeing eastward from the Yukon basin, had arrived on the upper Nahanni half starved, with little equipment other than his rifle and shells. Above the falls he had encountered two bearded and slovenly trappers, heading downriver after a profitless winter in the mountains. Knowing he could never make it alone, McGraw had persuaded the trappers to permit him to accompany them and share their camp gear downriver.

The trappers had driven a hard bargain. They had forced McGraw to carry more than his share of the equipment and do all the hunting. Their food supplies were low, and in each camp, while the others rested, he was forced to range far and wide in search of game.

Still closer to starvation, the party had crept down to the big bench above the falls. They could go no farther without food. Game was scarce, but on the third day, on the eastern edge of the bench, McGraw had spotted a mountain sheep high on the crags. He had shot at it and missed. The sheep had instantly disappeared. Near collapse from weakness, McGraw had spent the night there, beside a small spring.

The sentinel sheep had appeared again the following day, on the heights farther to the south. This time McGraw had brought it down. He had dressed the sheep to reduce the weight, then headed for his camp with the prize.

It had been a long haul, in McGraw's weakened condition, and over terrain so crisscrossed with crevasses that many detours were necessary. He had paused often to rest, and in one of these breathers he had seen the gleam of quartz in the shadow of the nearby crevasse. He had been seated on the edge of the cleft. A big boulder was lodged in it. Under the boulder was the white of the quartz.

McGraw had debated bothering to descend the necessary fifteen feet to inspect the quartz. He had done so, however, and had taken samples; then wearily resumed his march to the river. He'd known the samples were valuable, but what of it? He'd taken them solely from old habit. As a wanted man, he'd known that he, Monty McGraw, could never again return to the Nahanni.

"That's all I can remember," Peggy concluded. "Dad said they feasted almost all night on the sheep. It gave them strength to climb down the cliffs at the falls the next day."

The information she had supplied was meager. Yet, to one who also bore the scars of the north, she had painted a vivid picture. Because his own bones, on occasion, had known the ache of starvation in the bitter wilds, Ravenhill could almost see Monty McGraw's weary progress across the bench, burdened with his sheep. He had kept creeping on, step by step, insectlike and alone in the giant dimensions about him, with none to applaud or cheer him on. He had paused often to rest, paused finally beside a certain crevasse. He had slumped there on the rocky edge of the cleft, head in hands, chancing to look down into the shadows only because of his bowed position.

And suddenly, with a gambler's thrill which shook him to the heels, Ravenhill had his clutches on it: the reason why he had failed to find the mine, why a hundred men could have searched for it in vain. It was no casual surmise; Ravenhill was certain that he now knew, precisely, unerringly, how to go directly to Monty McGraw's great strike.

He thought he had hidden the impact of it, but Peggy was studying his face. "Yes?" she prompted. "What is it, Riv?"

To divert her was an instant reflex. The golden quartz hadn't been found yet. The claim hadn't been staked. "Look ahead," he told her. "We'll see the big falls around the next bend."

The gorge straightened before them and a breath-taking picture crept into view. Ravenhill ranked it first among the matchless canvases of the north: the white falls of the Nahanni, the highest, so the geographers said, in all of Canada's vast Territories. A sheer drop of more than three hundred feet—almost twice as high as Niagara, though of less massive current—it hung like an enormous, semicircular veil against the gray of the rock.

"Magnificent," Peggy murmured, in awe. "Simply magnificent. And imagine climbing those walls to get above it."

"Imagine coming down," Ravenhill returned. "A few did it, however. Including your father."

The shadowed cliffs in the left background were sharply etched against the sky. Eastward stretched the big bench, its flatness broken only by a lone, slender butte some three miles inland, its cathedral spire golden in the slanting sun.

Ravenhill aimed at the crest of the falls, losing altitude.

"Aren't you a little low?" Peggy asked nervously, as the misty crest of the falls hurtled toward them.

"Oh, no," Ravenhill said. "We've ample room. We set down about a half mile above, on the right, where there's a break in the bench. There's a sandy beach, and a path up to the bench. A perfect spot. Your father probably camped there."

They plunged through the mist and were at once skimming over the wide expanse of placid but moving water which backed up for miles behind the barrier.

"Gad!" Ravenhill muttered. "What's this?"

The cove on the right, far ahead, was already occupied. Another Zenith, of later vintage than Ravenhill's, was moored by the sandy beach. As they sped closer, Ravenhill saw that the cowling of the Zenith's engine had been removed, and a youth working there thrust up his head like a startled gopher to gape at the approaching plane.

Ravenhill instinctively gunned his engine. The cove opened up abreast. In the photographic instant as they thundered by, Ravenhill saw camp gear outspread, a smoldering fire, a folding camp table, and three men rising up from the table to face toward the ship. Then the cove sped astern.

Ravenhill made altitude fast, rising over the fifty-foot edge of the bench and swinging eastward in a wide arc.

"Why didn't you set down?" Peggy demanded.

Ravenhill countered grimly, "Did you tell Blodgett the mine was here on the bench?"

"Of course not!"

"What did you tell him?"

"Here we see the start of our trip abroad."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She considered this briefly. "Only that it was in terrible country. Above falls hundreds of feet high."

"That did it," Ravenhill said. He was now banking toward the south, on a course that would take them short of the towering butte. "Blodgett knew your father was heading east from the Yukon. He'd know this was the only falls in the Territories 'hundreds of feet high.' At any rate, that's Blodgett and his pals back there."

She absorbed this, wide-eyed, studying his face. He was unprepared for her reaction.

"Riv," she asked, ominously, "where are we going?"

"Back to Lochiel."

"But why? Because Captain Blodgett's here?"

"Plus two other ex-convicts," he said. "Plus a pilot who's probably part of the gang. It's all right, my dear. They can't find the mine. We'll return later and locate it."

"Locate it!" she repeated, her cheeks flushing angrily. "Then you can find it? You—you were just bluffing all the while?"

"Not at all," he returned. "I honestly tried to find it before—and failed. I think I can locate it now. But if I can, don't you see how dangerous it would be, with Blodgett and his cutthroats already on the ground ——"

"Nonsense!" she cut in, turning to look back. They were now swinging south, paralleling the river. "If we can find the mine, they're entitled to stake adjoining claims. I've already discussed that with Captain Blodgett!"

"Really? Does that mean you invited him to meet us here?"

"Certainly not! But he was so disappointed —— Turn back, Riv! Captain Blodgett was a friend of dad's. I'll manage him."

"You flatter yourself, I'm afraid," Ravenhill returned, holding to his course. "You don't know Blodgett. Don't you see ——"

"I see more than you give me credit for," she cut in. "Don't treat me like a child! What you're up to's plain enough. All this is just an excuse, isn't it?"

"An excuse for what?" he asked coldly.

"To hide the fact—or at least postpone discovery of it—that you knew where the mine was from the beginning. Now you don't want any witnesses—at least, witnesses friendly to me!"

He stared at her. "You really believe that?"

"The Mounties know we're here," she pointed out accusingly. "Certainly the Whitehorse officials must know that Captain Blodgett's here. Even if Captain Blodgett wanted to cheat us, to—to jump our claim, he'd know there's no chance whatever. Then why are we running away? Unless it just suits your purposes."

Afterward, during formidable hours when second thoughts were far too late, Ravenhill condemned himself for his instant reaction. He knew the caliber of Blodgett and his cutthroats; she didn't. The nearest Mountie, Lochiel or Whitehorse, was some four hundred air miles distant. If Blodgett could deduce the location of the strike, as Ravenhill had done—and Blodgett also knew the ways of the north and its Monty McGraws—their lives might be worth less than a farthing in a London gutter.

Instead of pointing out these obvious hazards, Ravenhill merely inclined his head and continued the wide arc they had begun. It was now a complete circle, and he again aimed at the misty crest of the falls.

"Very well, my dear," he said. "We're setting down."

TO BE CONTINUED

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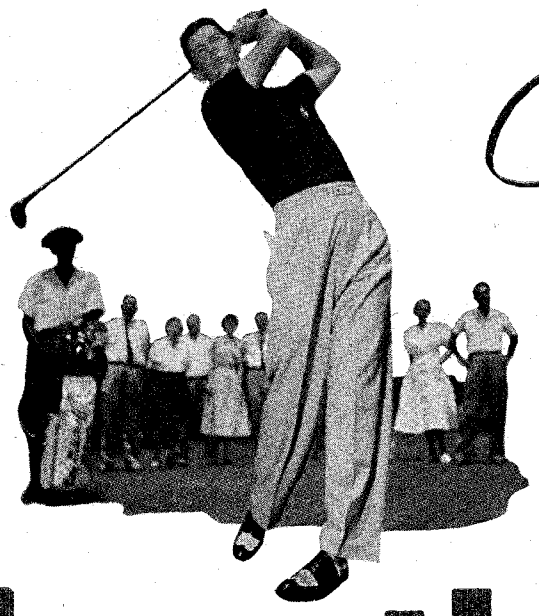

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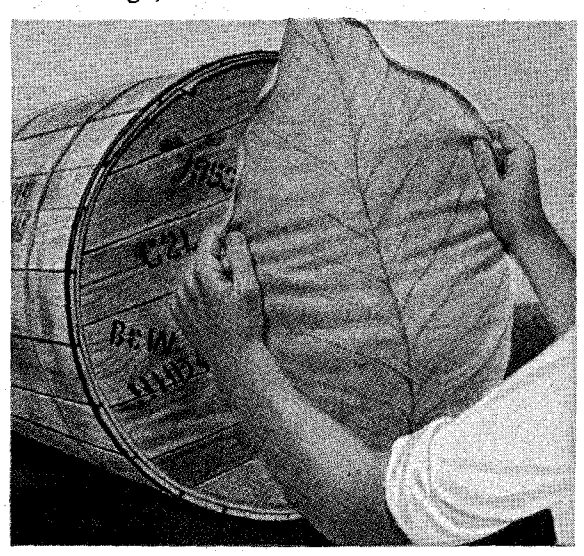

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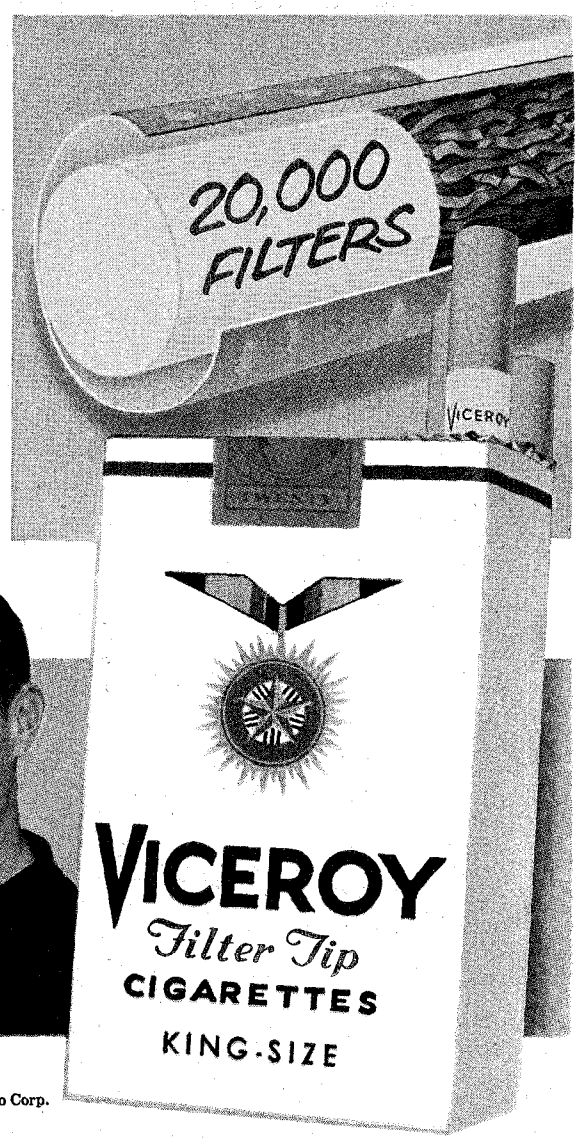


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# Cat Brown's Kittens Have Claws

(Continued from Page 33)

the strongest and the boldest, the admiral said. And the battle would change the lives of men for generations. It would decide whether the brutal slavery of Communism or the principles in which free men believe should have dominion in Africa and Western Asia along the shores of Southern Europe.

In that perspective, therefore, his task is simply this: To keep the peace if possible, by presenting in the Mediterranean a tangible symbol of our friendship for the Mediterranean peoples and our strength to defend them from attack; if that should not suffice, to insure that in the hour when the first bomb falls or the first torpedo strikes, the great ships under his command shall have the toughness to survive the blow and the capacity to strike back with such devastating power that, in the air and on the sea and far beyond its shores, the enemy would be destroyed.

"If we last just forty-eight hours—and we can last, for ships at sea are hard to find and even harder to kill"—the admiral said, "we can do the job we were sent out here to do."

To understand that job, it helps to take a brief look at the characteristics and the capabilities of this fighting force which now almost alone represents the power of the Western World in the Middle East.

In the first place, it is a free-ranging fleet, with only the slenderest ties to nearby shores. The fighting ships never drop anchor together in the same harbor. The reasons for this are two. First, there is no port in all the Mediterranean that is safe from Soviet bombing planes. Second, a shore-based fleet gives up, in some degree, its mobility. It forfeits its capacity to keep the enemy wondering where it is today and where it will be tomorrow.

For more than half the time, therefore, the 6th Fleet makes its home on the blue water. While at sea it takes on oil and ammunition, food and supplies, and, once replenished, shakes off its service ships and goes its way. It follows no set schedule of port calls. It is as unpredictable in its movements as a school of fish.

It is a small fleet, as sea-borne armadas go. Its fifty ships and 25,000 men do not match in numbers the great task forces that prowled the Pacific in the closing days of World War II. But the special weapons it can carry make it the strongest naval force that ever held the Mediterranean in its control. In terms of striking power, it is, in fact, the most powerful force afloat in the world today.

Its power, however, can be flexibly applied. Any military organization is an instrument of diplomacy. Our 6th Fleet is designed as a precision instrument, capable of exerting the exact degree of force required by our national policy at any given moment. All it needs to know is what that policy is. It can hold out a friendly hand or strike with an iron fist, whichever serves our purpose best. It can drop anything from a batch of warning leaflets to a thermonuclear bomb. It can land a band and color guard for a formal, friendly ceremony ashore—or it can send 2000 marines—soon to be armed with atomic rockets—storming over the beaches to take and hold enemy ground.

In the first tense days of the Egyptian war it gave a dramatic demonstration of its ability to carry out one of its basic missions—the protection of Americans living abroad. In Egypt and Israel nearly 2000 American citizens were trapped in the war zone, their escape route cut off by the bombing of the airfields. It was 6th Fleet's job to bring them out, using whatever force or show of force was necessary.

Fortunately, none was needed except the presence of the great gray ships themselves. While the carriers and the missile ships steamed just beyond the horizon, their planes and guns on call if needed, the transports and destroyers of the fleet's amphibious task force dropped anchor in point-blank range of the Egyptian coastal guns. They went in ready to fight if they had to, but not a shot was fired, and planes of the combatant nations veered off when they saw the American flag.

For the battle-seasoned commanders of the task force, this must have been a strangely dreamlike operation.

At Gaza they watched as Egyptian soldiers blew up their guns and smashed their small arms or threw them into the sea before the arrival of the Israeli forces. At Alexandria they found themselves in the middle of a shooting war. Four miles inland, antiaircraft guns were firing and bombs were falling on the airfield. To seaward, and beside them in the harbor, Egyptian destroyers banged away furiously at the attacking planes. Yet no bombs fell near the ships. Sailors, tensed for battle, found themselves busy helping terrified old ladies aboard, sterilizing bottles and nipples, mixing formulas, spooning strained vegetables into fat babies and fashioning diapers out of dishrags. Marines, ready to go ashore in assault, found themselves instead drilling and marching—to chow and bed—a platoon of small boys wearing cartridge belts and steel helmets.

"We were ready to do what had to be done," said Admiral Brown. "Our mission was to protect the people and the ships. If somebody had shot at us, we would have shot back. If the road from Cairo had been closed we would have put the marines ashore to open it and keep it open. If it had been necessary to put planes over the area, we would have done that too."

At the core of this striking force that can tailor its power to meet the demands of the moment are the fast attack carriers of Task Force 60, commanded by a weather-beaten naval aviator, Rear Admiral Frank T. Ward. They carry the 6th Fleet's knockout punch—the planes that can carry nuclear bombs; the pilots trained in the special techniques of dropping them, the armorers who can load them on the planes, triggered and ready to fire. There are no atomic scientists with Task Force 60, no specialists from the AEC. None are needed, for the Navy has trained its own.

The range at which the 6th Fleet's planes can deliver their bombs is obvious to any Russian who can lay a set of calipers on a map. Last year, when the Randolph and the Coral Sea were the carriers with the fleet, their prop-driven Skyraiders, flying from the Eastern Mediterranean, could strike beyond the Baku oil fields and the Red naval installations on the Black Sea. From the Central Mediterranean they could roam over Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, to the northern boundaries of Poland. This year, with the Coral Sea back in the States for modernization, and the great angled-deck Forrestal cruising with the Lake Champlain, that range has been extended to 1400 miles. The Forrestal's twin-jet Skywarriors can reach to Moscow and Leningrad and beyond.

> Every road has a turning, and a motorist to try it at sixty mph.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

If the combat ships can strike deep into the heart of Russia with atomic bombs, it is obvious that the Russians, with their long-range planes, can strike the ships with similar weapons. If our submarines can cruise at will in the Mediterranean, Russian submarines, slipping in from the Black Sea, from Albania on the Adriatic or through the Strait of Gibraltar, can do the same. Day and night, therefore, the fleet cruises in a state of wary alertness, like a relaxed but watchful cat prowling a neighborhood where strange dogs lurk. Its radar eyes peer into the skies, its sonar ears are tuned to hear what may be moving in the depths of the sea. It does not always travel buttoned up, blacked out and ready for instant battle, for men cannot maintain such a state of readiness for more than eight hours without fatigue greatly reducing their alertness and efficiency. But there are live warheads on the torpedoes and ammunition in the gun tubs, and the fighter squadrons, armed with the deadly Sidewinder air-to-air missile, form a combat patrol aloft or stand by, ready for launching, on the decks of the carriers. On the Boston, a guided-missile heavy cruiser, the Terrier, a surface-to-air rocket that rides a radar beam to its target, stands ready to smash high-flying bombers with a warhead that explodes with the impact of a 16-inch shell. When international flare-ups bring the danger of war nearer, Hunter-Killer teams join the fleet, their carrier planes and destroyers equipped with special gear designed to detect and destroy prowling submarines. On the destroyers that protect the carriers and the missile ships are electronic torpedoes that chase a dodging submarine like a beagle chasing a rabbit, and "hedgehogs" that spread a deadly pattern over the sea.

In moments of possible danger, giant land-based planes cruise at great altitude above the fleet, transmitting the air traffic on their radarscopes by television to the Combat Information Centers in the ships below. By means at its disposal also, the fleet can monitor the movements of Red aircraft operating over their own terrain.

"They may come at us," one spokesman said. "And some of them may get through. But unless they know some tricks we're not aware of yet, they won't take us by surprise."

Tense or relaxed, the fleet at sea is busy around the clock on exercises as realistic as they can be made in peacetime. And there is no better way, perhaps, to understand the scope and complexity of these mock battles than to follow, in some detail, an operation that is typical of them all.

It begins on the morning of December eleventh. The fleet is widely scattered. The flattop Randolph, with her protecting destroyers, is cruising south of Italy. The Coral Sea, with five destroyers and two submarines, is pulling out of Taranto, in the heel of the Italian boot. The Boston and the Macon are steaming south from Naples. From Athens and the Greek ports a destroyer division gets under way. From Rhodes the fleet's flagship, Salem, with four destroyers, steams westward toward the rendezvous, a point in the Ionian Sea called "Point Noel," for this exercise—for after all, Christmas is coming up, and sailors are sentimental men.

All day these ships cut through waters where the fleets of the ancient world did battle, where Saint Paul passed, where the Crusaders sailed to the Holy Land. But nobody on the gaunt gray ships has time to think of battles long ago. Each fleet unit is busy with a multitude of exercises—testing communications, working on gunnery, fire and bomb-damage drills, and antiradiation drills in which hoses spray the ships to wash them clean of poisonous fall-out. Tow planes pull sleeve targets through the sky to sharpen the eye of the antiaircraft gunners, and ships drag target sleds at which their sister ships can fire. The planes are flying day and night. Missile crews and electronics experts, pilots and plane-handling crews come to the fleet well trained, but only by long hours of drill together under simulated combat conditions can the fleet be, and remain, what a former commander once called it—a "clean, sharp sword."

At sunset on the first day, submarines from Taranto and destroyers from Naples make rendezvous and break off for a night of deadly hide-and-seek. At dawn, the carrier units come together, and the pink morning skies are filled with silvery gray planes, headed northward to join the hunt for the submarines. The familiar blue of World War II is gone. The gray aircraft, the scientists say, would absorb less heat from an atomic blast.

By midafternoon of the second day, from north and west and east, all units of the fleet have joined up at Point Noel. From beyond the horizon, where the Service Fleet is cruising, the tankers come in and the fighting ships come alongside to drink through long black hoses strung between the speeding ships.

The next morning, a layman, accustomed to the tight formations of World War II and Korea, suffers a strong sense of shock. Destroyers, cruisers, flattops, all are gone, and his ship floats alone upon an empty sea. This, too, is part of the exercise. The atomic bomb has made obsolete the classic "bull's-eye" formation of World War II, in which the carriers rode at the center of a tight circle, protected by their close-in screen of "cans" (destroyers) and cruisers, for one well-aimed nuclear bomb or missile could destroy a whole task force. All the navies of the world, therefore, are experimenting now with dispersed formations which may spread a fighting fleet over a thousand square miles of sea.

This scattering of the ships throws a great burden upon sea-borne communications, which must be effective at longer range than ever before. It complicates the task of the destroyers, which must protect the big ships from prowling submarines. But it makes the problem of the bombing plane far more difficult. His only profitable target is the carrier, and before he can hit it, he must find it and identify it. To be sure he is not wasting his atomic blast on some tender or cargo ship, he must come down to take a look. By then, presumably, the fleet's radars have locked on him and the fighters are swarming over him or the Terrier missile is riding its radar beam to blow him out of the air.

For three days, cruising in this far-flung formation, the fleet tests its defenses. Land planes, flying from Italy, Greece and Malta, roam through the skies, groping for the target ships, while the ships' radars search for them. The subs dart in, trying to bring the flattops into torpedo range before the scurrying destroyers can spot them on their sounding gear. In the tomblike silence beneath the sea the submarines listen for the hurrying swoosh and rumble of the destroyers' screws, the sharp clank on the hull, like the rap of a heavy hammer, which means that a depth charge has exploded nearby. The destroyer, when he drops his

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charge, spreads a yellow dye marker at the spot. On Gertrude, the underwater telephone, the submarine hears the order to fire, and blows a big air bubble that seethes and foams on the surface. If dye and foam are close enough, the destroyer takes smug credit for a kill.

While this grim game of hide-and-seek is going on between ships and planes and submarines, the fleet at the same time is putting its vast offensive powers to the test. Attack bombers, catapulting from the carrier decks, fly strikes against shore targets at the ultimate limit of their range. Live bombs are armed and loaded on the planes exactly as they would be in wartime—and then are removed and an equal weight of practice bombs put on. The targets are on friendly shores, but they lie the same distance away as similar targets in Russia or her satellites.

"All it would take to make it real would be to hang the big bomb on and swing the compass needle over a little," one weary pilot said, after a six-hour flight to a simulated target deep in Greece. "Plus, of course, having the fighters on you, and people shooting at you from the ground."

Sunday comes, and suddenly the sea is alive with ships again as the scattered fleet assembles. The Service Fleet comes up and the fighting ships take on oil and ammunition and a thousand different items of supply, from electronic gadgets to soap powder. On deck, transfer crews toil, tugging the heavy loads across on highlines strung between the moving ships. Below decks, though, a Sunday calm prevails. Tired men snatch a few hours' sleep, read, write letters, watch movies and go to church. Helicopters, the taxicabs of the fleet, scurry between ships, carrying chaplains, with their Bibles and altar furnishings. They land on the larger ships, but over the working ships whose decks are cluttered with booms and cranes, they hover in the air while the clergyman descends slowly, hanging in a harness resembling a large horse collar. Sunday, too, brings mail. The C.O.D. plane comes in from Naples (C.O.D. means Carrier on Board Delivery), landing on the carrier bearing bulging sacks of letters. As the C.O.D. lands, the helicopters come swarming from throughout the fleet, and all day the aerial postmen are busy delivering the mail.

Usually, too, the C.O.D. brings a VIP or two, for, when the snows are deep back home, an amazing number of governors, congressmen and high brass from Washington find it necessary to make a quick journey to the Mediterranean for a short cruise with the fleet. The admiral and his commanders welcome them with bands and ceremony, for they are proud of their fine, clean ships and the men who sail them, and of the job the fleet can do, and they are pleased that folks from back home like to come out to watch them work.

Monday, the "war" is on again. The fleet is steaming north and west, toward Point Santa in the Tyrrhenian Sea. Planes from Naples now join the air armada searching for the ships. The subs press their attack. Day and night the combat Information Centers trace the flight path of the many planes, and plot the submarine contacts. Spotted throughout the fleet, trained observers watch the play of the problem. As the exercise ends, they will come by helicopter to the flagship to hold a critique. How long did it take the snooping planes to find the ships? How quickly did the ships pick up the invading bombers? How long did it take the missile ships to get locked onto the target, so that their Terriers could fire? How effective were the fleet's protective measures against the attacking submarines? The 6th Fleet's self-analysis, however, goes beyond the evaluation of naval tactics and techniques by naval men, whose judgments may be affected by their loyalty to a branch of their service, or by their experiences in war. Traveling with the fleet, evaluating its operations with the unbiased eye of a layman, is a thoughtful young M.I.T. scientist, a Ph.D., whose job it is to determine, by cold mathematics, the effectiveness of defense and attack procedures.

At midnight on the eighth day the exercise ends. Again the service ships come alongside, for the fleet never goes into port needing supplies that might delay its putting to sea in a hurry. With bunkers topped off and magazines full, the ships begin to scatter. The Coral Sea and the Macon head for Cannes, the Randolph and its destroyers set their course for Naples. The Boston goes to Genoa, the subs and some of the supply ships are bound for Barcelona. The destroyers head for Leghorn, and the Salem, one of the few ships home-ported in the Med, sails for Villefranche on the French Riviera, where wives and children are waiting.

Tension eases as the play of the problem ends, but work goes on. Mustached chiefs probe with tiny tools and sensitive jewelers' fingers into the complex wiring of delicate electronic gear burned out by hard usage during the exercises. Guns foul from practice firing are torn down and cleaned and reassembled, ready to fire again. Bulkheads ring with the clang of chipping hammers, and the decks are awash with soapy water, and crawling with working parties plying swabs and paintbrushes. On the Salem, holystone gangs, working to a rock-and-roll chant, rub scarred decks smooth and white as old bone. The ships, when they go into port, arrive as clean and bright and newly painted as if they'd just come off the ways.

The fleet at sea is a fighting force alone, and its only concern is to test and sharpen its combat capability. Ashore, it puts on its second hat and slides gracefully into another role.

"We are here, primarily, for one thing only," says Admiral Brown, "to protect American lives and property, and to defend the shores of the countries which have allied themselves with us in NATO. But we've got another job, that is equally important—to win the respect and the friendship of the people we visit here."

For the flag officers of the fleet, this combined social and diplomatic mission makes the brief stay in port a fairly hectic time. The first day is spent in making formal calls on dignitaries ashore, and the first evening is always spent at an official reception. On the second day the local officials repay the admiral's call and the ship holds its own reception to repay its hosts of the evening before. These affairs could be fairly stiff, since the serving of spirits which help to make formal social events more relaxed and easy, is forbidden on American ships. The fleet, however, has overcome this handicap. The admiral serves his guests a sparkling Catawba grape juice, an innocent beverage which looks like champagne, pops like champagne when the cork is pulled, and bubbles most satisfactorily against the nose. Soon, stimulated by the power of suggestion, the guests are laughing and chatting happily. The admiral's punch, served at larger affairs, is also noted throughout the Mediterranean, though it also is innocent of alcohol. It is made up of a base of strong black tea, maraschino cherries, fresh lemon juice, orange juice and fruit sirup—either raspberry, loganberry or strawberry—to which is added white or purple grape juice, grapefruit juice or pineapple juice. Diluted with charged water and served chilled and not too sweet, this concoction has attracted favorable attention from the King and Queen of Greece, plus various governors, mayors, harbor masters, prefects and prelates from Barcelona to Beirut.

After the formal entertainment of the officials is over, the ships may hold open house for all citizens who wish to come and visit them. Pamphlets printed in the language of the country describe the ship and its mission, refreshments are served and the children are entertained with cartoon movies. The fleet also takes part, whenever possible, in the life of the people ashore. Ships' bands play in the public squares for the benefit of local charities, athletic teams compete with the local baseball, basketball and soccer teams, and the ships make heavy donations of clothing and food to orphanages and hospitals. The old naval custom of marching crew members to church ashore behind the ship's band has been revived.

The fleet times its visits so that it shall never arrive or depart on a weekend, which would require the local bigwigs to interrupt their holiday, and it is very careful about offending in other ways. When the ships are at anchor, helicopters patrol the harbors, checking on those which might be sullying the waters with oil or garbage. When working on the jet engines, the carriers put to sea, so that the scream of the jets will not disturb any citizen who might be taking a siesta.

None of these thoughtful gestures of courtesy, cordiality and friendship would have much lasting effect, of course, if the sailors going ashore conducted themselves in a rude and boisterous manner. The fleet tries to make sure that they don't. Aboard each ship is a mammoth volume called the Mediterranean Port Directory, compiled from the experiences and observations of thousands of men on shore leave in Mediterranean ports over a number of years. A combination travel guide, shopping guide and book of shoregoing etiquette, it traces the history, the traditions and the customs of the people of each country, and lays down rules of behavior for every port where the ships drop anchor.

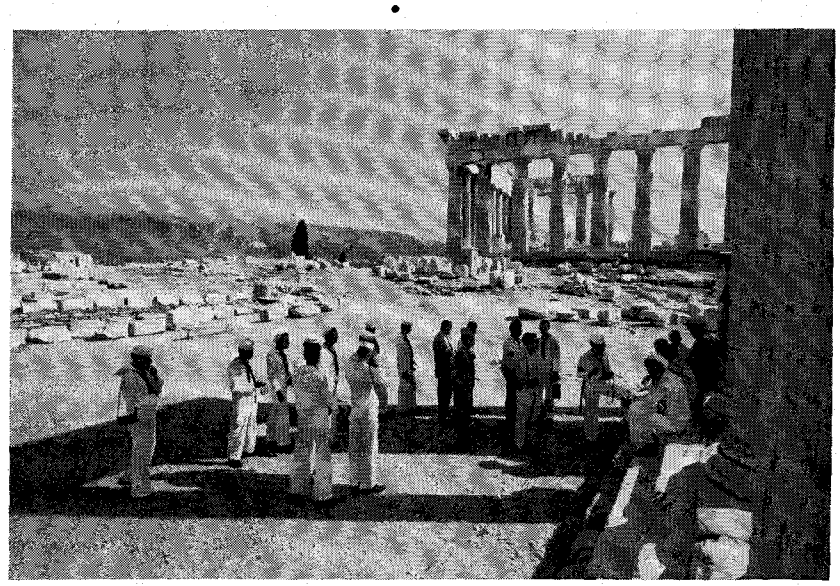
"Remember," says the directory, "the Middle Easterner's temperament is very strange. He will flare up at what might be to you a mild or inoffensive comment. Above all, in conversation with an Egyptian, avoid any discussion of Anglo-Egyptian relations or the Israeli-Egypt situation." The sailors are also advised not to engage in political discussions in Greece. "The Greeks," the directory says, "are ardent politicians and they are inclined to defend their views dramatically"—meaning that a sailor defending the presence of the British on Cyprus is likely to be rapped on the skull with a bottle.

The directory also deals in detail with less lofty matters than politics. "In Greece," it advises, "do not pet or play with strange dogs." . . . "For the best Martini in town, go to the bar across from the drill field." . . . "*Ouzo,* the local drink, is not to be trusted. Men unaccustomed to this beverage when combined with the heat of the afternoon sun succumb quickly and must be assisted by the shore patrol."

"The way I get it," one sailor said, "the two greatest threats to the fleet in the Med are *ouzo* and Russian submarines."

The fleet makes a strong effort to instill in its sailors a genuine appreciation of the history and the achievements of the Mediterranean countries, and of all the lands of the NATO alliance that can be reached by liberty parties. Carrying out this cultural program, 6th Fleet sailors go on guided tours to Rome, Florence, Pisa, Capri, Pompeii and Herculaneum. From ports north of Rome, they visit Venice, Turin, Milan, Lake Como, Munich, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Salzburg and the Bavarian Alps. From French ports they go to Paris. In Greece they see Athens and the Acropolis, Salamis, where Xerxes' fleet was defeated, and Mount Athos with its ancient monastery. Before the trouble flared in the Middle East, they could go to Jerusalem from Beirut to tour the holy places. They visit Rhodes and argue learnedly about the exact point where the Colossus stood. For a few dollars a seaman second class can see and do things that would cost the ordinary cruise-ship tourist his life savings.

Like the tourist, the sailor in the Mediterranean trudges back to his ship loaded down with gifts for the folks back home. He buys cameos and coral beads at the factories that line the road from Naples to Pompeii, camel saddles and leather hassocks from the Arab ports; he brings glass from Venice, fine tooled-leather goods from Florence, necklaces and bracelets of antique gold and semiprecious stones from Beirut, brass trays from Istanbul, pottery and furs—stone marten and Persian lamb—from Athens. He picks up good British woolens in Gibraltar and has them made up by Spanish tailors in Barcelona or Greek tailors in Rhodes, and at Sylvia's in Villefranche-sur-Mer he buys fine French perfumes that would cost him a fortune on Fifth Avenue. He buys accordions in Naples and guitars in Sicily, and when, in some Greek or (*Continued on Page 84*)



Seeing the world: Sailors turned tourist visit the Parthenon at Athens. The fleet calls at 100 Mediterranean ports.

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INCO NICKEL
PROGRESS REPORT

# Inco shows how to speed the flow of ores

## from Nickel mine to smelter

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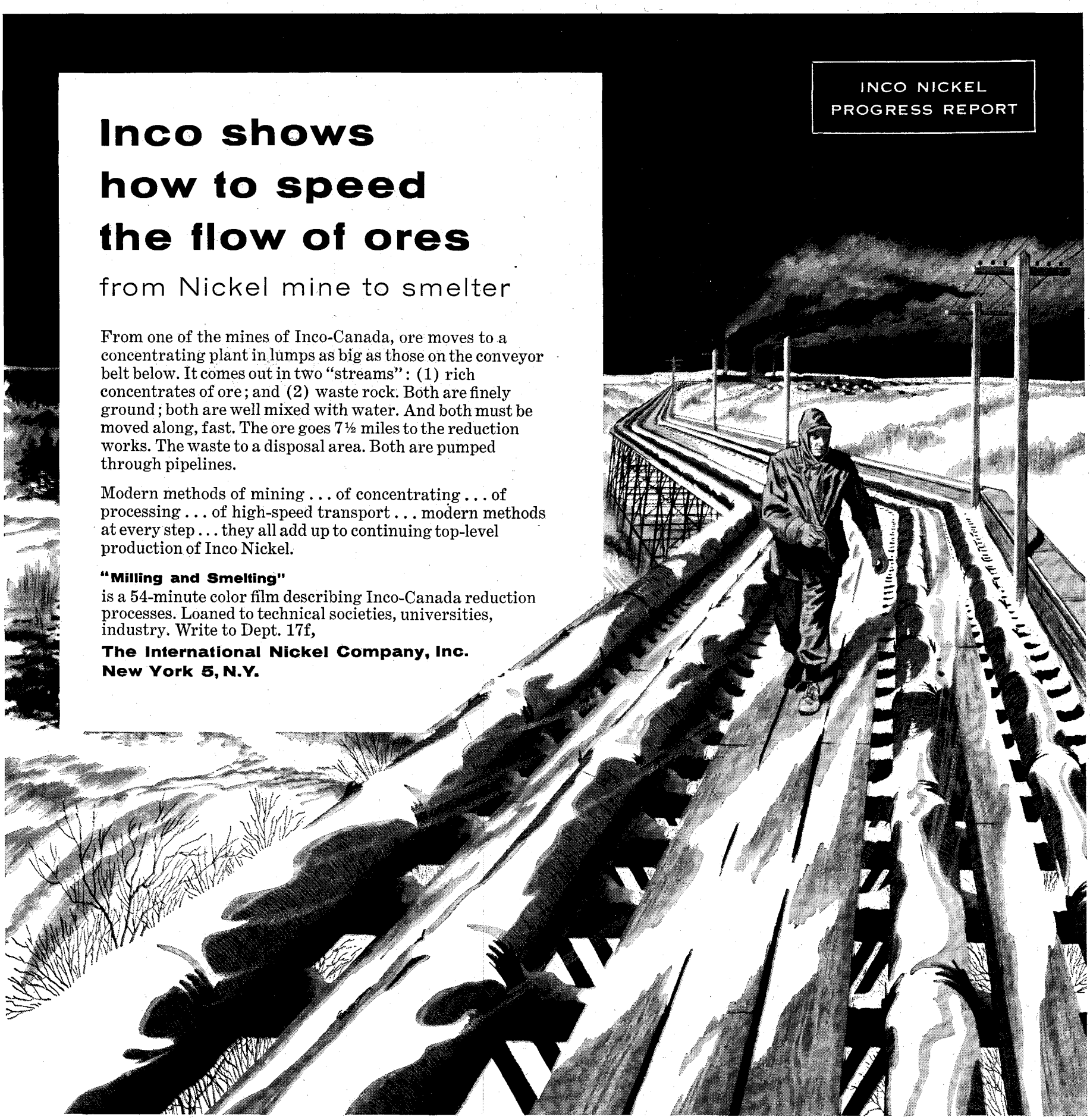

**GETTING MORE FROM THE ORE** led to pipeline transport from concentrator to smelter. With every mine producing at capacity, and modern equipment keeping ore on the move, Inco-Canada keeps Nickel output at top levels.

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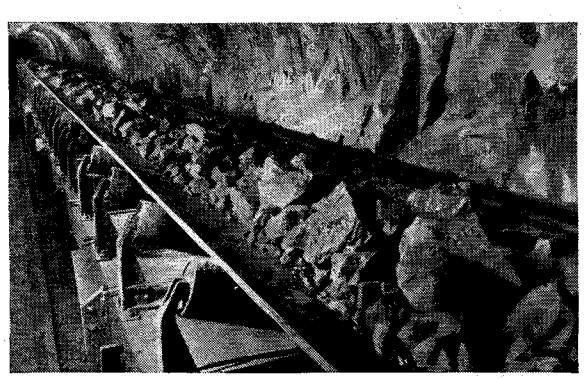
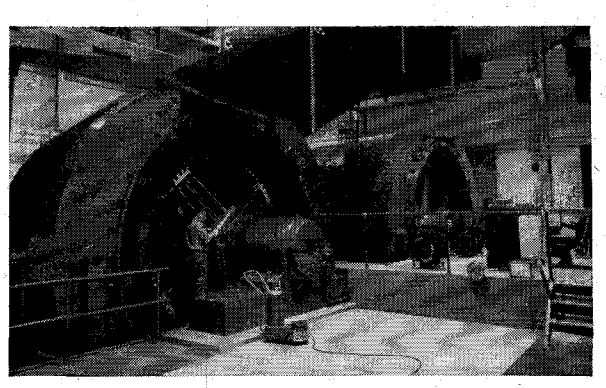


**EVERY DAY IS MOVING DAY**—Automatic loaders and conveyor belts hurry Nickel ore on its way.



**GET IT OUT—GET IT UP**—Automatic hoists lift ore from the depths of mines at 50 feet per second.

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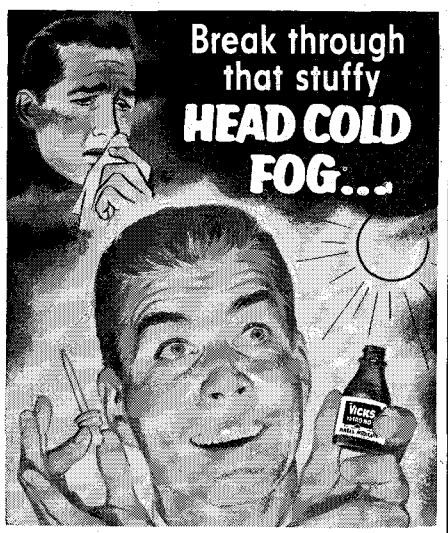


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(*Continued from Page 82*) Turkish port the folk dancers come to romp on the fantail of his ship, he repays them with the wailing strains of hillbilly music.

Along with his souvenirs, he acquires a thousand mingled memories: of the Parthenon by moonlight, and of the girls who lose their Bikinis when riding water bikes at Cannes; of the sun on the old stones at Pompeii, and gondolas on the Grand Canal, and the Blue Mosque at Istanbul, and of the sound and smell of a hundred bars, full of smoke and music and the mixed aroma of beer and perfume, from Lisbon to Izmir.

Out of their endless drills and their travels, the sailors in the Mediterranean absorb at least a little understanding of their historic role as protectors of this ancient, forever-fought-over sea. "Wherever the fleet sails," "Cat" Brown once wrote in a letter home, "we are haunted by memories—of epic battles and fabled heroes from the days of Byzantium and Constantinople down to bloody Gallipoli of only yesterday. Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans, Saracens and Venetians and Crusaders, all have fought here in their time. What future tales of human heroism, suffering and folly have these storied waters yet to tell?"

No one now can answer that. Whatever happens, though—and, of course, anything can happen any day in the Mediterranean and Middle East—the 6th Fleet is ready to play its part. Led by a fighting ship called Salem, whose name means "Peace."

## Death is His Cellmate (Continued from Page 31)

at all, except for an interlude when he was being held incommunicado. In that interlude he pleaded guilty at a preliminary hearing and signed a confession. He says that the confession and the guilty plea were no good, and has had the satisfaction of having the Supreme Court of the United States agree with him.

Turner has been tried five times. In the first four trials the juries found him guilty and fixed punishment at death in the electric chair—under Pennsylvania law the jury has the power to choose its penalty.

All four of the death verdicts were reversed on appeal. The fifth jury brought in a verdict of life imprisonment. At Turner's behest, this verdict is now in the appeals mill. He is taking a big risk in appealing the fifth verdict, as a reversal will almost certainly mean a sixth trial and the dire possibility that the jury will be in an electrocuting mood. It is axiomatic that no one can predict what a jury will do.

Turner, though only semiliterate, is fully aware of this hazard. When the subject is brought up he says, simply: "I wasn't there (at the broom factory) and I didn't do it." He has had plenty of time to consider the matter, as he has already served more than ten years in prison.

Turner, a native of Marshville, North Carolina, had to leave school in the fourth grade in order to share in the support of a number of brothers and sisters. He worked for farmers and in a sawmill. During the depression of the 1930's he joined in the drift which brought so many of his race to the big cities of the North. Arriving in Philadelphia in 1939, he got a job loading and unloading crates of chickens in the Front Street market. When the chicken business went slack, he worked as a longshoreman.

He was no lily. During his northward trek he was arrested on suspicion a good deal. He served a term of ninety days in Washington, D.C., for tampering with an automobile, and a similar term in Jessups, Maryland, for getting involved in an inconclusive cutting scrape. In Philadelphia, prior to the broom-factory case, he was arrested half a dozen times for such infractions of the law as disorderly conduct and playing cards for money on the sidewalk, and each time was released.

Also enwrapped in the case for a decade, but voluntarily, has been the indigent Turner's court-appointed lawyer, Edwin P. Rome, who is, oddly, a specialist in antitrust litigation. Rome's performance in gradually chipping away the commonwealth's case over the years has been impressive. In the process, Rome has learned a lot about criminal law. So have a lot of Pennsylvania judges of high and medium degree, and the district attorney's office and the police department as well. Rome and his tall client have made a grotesquely assorted pair in the courtroom. Rome is gaunt, bony and narrow-shouldered, and his collar size is 14. He weighs 120 pounds and has to eat five meals a day to keep from slipping below that mark. His V-shaped face is of ascetic design and he looks as if he were about to go into a holy ecstasy and faint away, but he has a hard core and immense amounts of endurance and sustained indignation.

By July 8, 1946, when Rome was appointed to defend Turner, the case had lost much of its news value. Rome, though thirty years old at the time, had had less than a year of courtroom experience and had never handled a case of any importance except as an assistant counsel. After graduation from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1940, he had put in two monastic years as law clerk to Justice Horace Stern, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In 1942 he had joined the law firm of William A. Gray, who was, and still is, though in his eighties, one of the shrewdest criminal-practice lawyers in the country.

Five months later, Rome was drafted. He served in the European Theater of Operations as assistant adjutant of the 287th Combat Engineer Battalion. At the close of the war he was a warrant officer, junior grade. Transferred to the Judge Advocate section of 7th Army headquarters, he assisted in disposing of a backlog of court-martial cases which had accumulated. It was the spring of 1946 before he was back at his old desk in the Gray office. Within a few months the Turner defense had been added to his duties. Appointed to assist him was Clinton Palmer, who had just returned from naval service in the Pacific. Palmer was one of several young lawyers who, in series, were assigned to help Rome as the case developed into a legal marathon.

True to his brief apprenticeship with the astute William A. Gray, Rome first bethought himself of an alibi defense—a showing, that is, that the defendant was somewhere else at the time the crime was committed. The alibi had to cover only fifteen crucial minutes; men working in a garage opposite the broom factory had told the detectives that they saw Simmons and Endres enter it at about 4:45 P.M. and Patrolman Monaghan had given 5:00 P.M. as the approximate time he had discovered the victims.

When Rome and Palmer first visited Turner in prison, they asked him how he had spent the afternoon of December 15, 1945, and got the frank answer that he hadn't the slightest idea. Nevertheless, they persisted. December fifteenth, they reminded him, had been a Saturday during the pre-Christmas season. Did that refresh his memory?

It did to a limited extent. It had been a steady Saturday custom of his, Turner said, to visit a blind elderly Negro who lived alone in a room in South Philadelphia. On one Saturday prior to Christmas the elderly man had handed him his latest state pension check for the blind and had asked him to cash it and buy a bottle of wine. Turner remembered performing the transaction and giving the old man his wine and his change.

That afternoon, Turner recalled further, he had gone across the river to Camden, New Jersey, in the company of a Negro sailor known to him only as "Caesar." Turner had bought a sports jacket at a Camden store—he didn't recall which one—and had paid a visit to the home there of a former employer. The man's son, who incidentally had given Turner his "Treetop" nickname, had just been discharged from the Army and the visit turned into a pleasant reunion. Turner and Caesar returned from Camden late in the evening. Asked what he had done with the sports jacket, he replied that he had pawned it.

Rome and Palmer, working together sometimes and sometimes alone, located the blind man. He confirmed Turner's story about the wine, but he, too, was unable to remember which Saturday it was. Rome wrote to Harrisburg asking for the cancellation date on the pensioner's check. Some days later he got a reply stating that the blind-pension records were confidential. Rome repeated his request, stating that a man's life might depend on the cancellation date.

Meanwhile, he redeemed the pawned sports jacket. It bore no dealer's label, and he and Palmer spent three or four afternoons pounding the pavement in Camden and asking clothing dealers if they carried the same line of goods. Finally, they found one who did. He remembered the sale, but was hazy about the date. He promised to have a search made for the sales slip.

Rome went to the home of Turner's former employer. The man corroborated Turner's account of the reunion, but, like everyone else Rome questioned, was unable to place the date. Unfortunately, his son's discharge papers, which would have helped, were in the boy's possession and he was on an out-of-town trip. The man promised to telephone Rome about the discharge date as soon as his son got back.

While Rome and Palmer were working part time on their clue hunt, an even more rigorous hunt was being conducted full time by Turner's fiancée, Maisie Brown. Miss Brown spent weeks ringing doorbells around South Philadelphia and asking if anyone knew "a sailor named Caesar." One day, in great excitement, she telephoned, saying that she had located him in a rooming house on South 13th Street.

Rome and Palmer hurried to the address and were shown up two flights of stairs to a squalid, almost lightless room. It was high noon and Caesar was still abed. He was obviously sick, and he talked in a slow, hesitant way. It developed that he was not a sailor, but had been in the Army during the war, and he had a metal plate in his skull as a souvenir of a war injury. He could, however, re-

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member the trip to Camden with Turner and said that, at the time, he was in Philadelphia on a weekend pass. He gave the name of his outfit and said that the pass would show the date.

Rome wrote to Caesar's outfit. It had long since been disbanded and its records were in storage, but a search of the records was promised.

Slowly, the reports came in—from the Camden clothing dealer, from Turner's former employer, from the pension people at Harrisburg, and all the rest. They agreed on the date of Turner's expedition to Camden, but it was December twenty-second, the wrong Saturday. Turner had lost the preliminary skirmish.

The murder charge against "Treetop" Turner was an outgrowth of one of the periodic dragnet operations which the Philadelphia police at the time were accustomed to make whenever their list of unsolved major crimes became top-heavy. They staged it in May, 1946, five months after the murder of Simmons and Endres. Among the many suspects caught in the dragnet was the habitual felon, Clarence Lofton. Under pressure, Lofton talked about a number of the unsolved crimes and was especially eloquent on the subject of the broom-factory job. He implicated himself along with Turner and Jasper Johnson. The latter two were picked up on June third and were lodged in the cellblock on the top floor of City Hall. They were held incommunicado, as Lofton himself had been since his own arrest.

As was developed at Turner's first trial—and repeated at his subsequent trials—the detectives arrested him without a warrant and did not tell him what it was all about until after he had been jailed for a full day. When specifically accused, he admitted knowing Lofton and Johnson slightly, but firmly denied having had anything to do with the double murder. While in custody he was subjected daily to many hours of questioning.

On the witness stand Turner accused the police of intermittent physical maltreatment. On the first day, he said, he was kicked in the shins repeatedly, kicked once in the face and punched in the stomach. Turner said that other times detectives beat him with a blackjack, a rubber hose and a stick and, once, one of them picked up a chair and hit him with it. (The detectives denied all of these charges at Turner's trials.)

At eleven P.M. on June seventh, after having withstood the pressure for five days, Turner cracked and told his inquisitors that he had indeed murdered Simmons and Endres. Next morning at nine o'clock a police stenographer began taking down his confession. This process was interrupted long enough to hustle Turner downstairs to a magistrate's court for a much-delayed preliminary hearing and have him admit his guilt under oath. Afterward, he was taken back upstairs, where the typing of the confession was completed. Turner signed it.

He also signed confessions extracted from Lofton and Johnson, and they signed his and each other's as well as their own. In brief, the confessions depicted Turner as the instigator and planner of the crime and as the member of the trio who fatally slugged the victims; Johnson as the one who rifled their pockets for a total of $175, which was split three ways, with Turner getting the biggest share. Lofton was pictured in the relatively innocuous role of the lookout.

At Turner's first trial, in September, 1946, Rome fought hard against the admission into evidence of the confessions, but was overruled by Quarter Sessions Judge Frank Smith. Aside from the weight carried by the confessions, there was the weight added by the testimony of the detectives. It was too much for Turner's unsupported word, and the jury's electrocution verdict surprised nobody.

Under Pennsylvania procedure an appeal from a felony conviction is heard first by the trial judge and two of his Quarter Sessions colleagues, sitting *en banc*. Turner's appeal was turned down by a vote of two to one, Judge Smith being joined by Judge Harry S. McDevitt. The dissenter, Judge Joseph Sloane, held—prophetically, as it turned out—that Turner's legal rights had been transgressed by the admission of his confession. He added that "the time has come when the third degree, or any of its euphemistic alternatives, is branded the evil that it is."

The appeal next went up to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which ringingly affirmed the conviction. In this court's reasoning, as set forth in its written opinion, the probable guilt of Turner was assumed, leaving the court only two alternatives: to condone the way the police had held Turner incommunicado until he confessed or to turn the confessed murderer loose again.

After this odd reasoning had been made public, Rome asked for, and got, a writ of certiorari from the Supreme Court of the United States.

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Middle age is when you still have the old spark but it takes more puffing.

GEORGE HART

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An unforeseen act of Nature came close to impairing Turner's case before the justices in Washington. Arguments on the writ had been scheduled for November, 1948—no date had been set. It had been an especially colorful autumn around Eastern Pennsylvania and one weekend Rome and his wife drove into the countryside to see the spectacle. Once, at Mrs. Rome's request, her husband stopped the car long enough to gather some foliage. By the next morning she could scarcely recognize him. He had contracted a combination of poison-oak and poison-ivy infection. For four days he was confined to his bedroom unable to wear any clothing and itching agonizingly. On Thursday he was notified by a telegram from the clerk of the Supreme Court that the arguments on the writ had been set for the next day.

Rome telephoned, explaining his plight, and the clerk got a postponement until Monday. By that time Rome was able to get into his clothes, with much difficulty, and was on hand when court opened on Monday.

For the whole of Monday he sat waiting to be called, itching and scratching miserably. The call never came. It happened to be a day when the court was handing down opinions and the process took more time than had been anticipated. At closing time Rome was told to be present on Tuesday and await his turn. Tuesday's schedule was packed, too, and it was not until late in the afternoon that Rome's number came up.

He walked painfully to the lectern at which lawyers stand to address the bench. At first his knees batted together uncontrollably, but as he talked on they steadied. It took a good bit of will power to refrain from scratching, but he managed it. Talking fast and extemporaneously, he argued the issues involved. He became so engrossed in his argument that he was momentarily dismayed when, in the middle of one of his sentences, he saw the justices arise and start for their chambers. Then he realized that it was the court's closing time, which is inviolable. He had used up twenty minutes of the one hour which the court allows to counsel in capital cases. On Wednesday morning he used up his remaining forty minutes and took a seat. He was tired to the bone, and he wondered whether he had done justice to "Treetop" Turner's cause.

Rome's doubts about the adequacy of his efforts to present his client's plea were resolved on June 27, 1949, when the court reversed the Pennsylvania courts by a vote of 5 to 4 and ordered that Turner be given a new trial. It based its ruling upon the flouting by the Philadelphia police of the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment of the Federal Constitution—"nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. . . ." This flouting, the majority opinion stated, invalidated the confession made by Turner after five days of being interrogated in jail without benefit of a lawyer or of friends. The opinion also cast doubt upon the validity of the Lofton and Johnson confessions. None of the confessions was to be used against Turner again.

The elimination of the extorted confessions was a big victory for the defense, but Rome had no time for self-congratulation. Turner's second trial was scheduled for the following October, and Rome was angry and alarmed when Judge McDevitt was assigned to conduct it. McDevitt, a brusque, impatient man, was known among lawyers as "Hanging Harry," and they dreaded taking their clients before him.

Rome felt strongly that McDevitt was hopelessly prejudiced against Turner and that he should be disqualified. At the hearing *en banc* two years earlier, Judge McDevitt had addressed two significant remarks to Rome. Once he had said, "The only thing wrong with this case is that the police didn't arrest him one day, try him on the second and hang him on the third." At another point he had asked, "What do you want us to do here—give this man back his sash weight and let him kill somebody else?"

In Pennsylvania law, a disqualifying procedure must begin, after the filing of a formal petition with the court clerk, with a request made directly to the judge that he disqualify himself. It is a touchy request to make. Rome felt no hesitancy. He went to the clerk's office and along with his petition he filed an affidavit of his own citing the prejudicial remarks. Then he took copies of the documents to McDevitt in chambers.

The judge reddened as he scanned the documents. He asked where the remarks attributed to him were on record, no stenographer having been present at the hearing *en banc*. Rome admitted that they weren't on record. McDevitt then asked Rome how he could remember the remarks after so many months had passed. Rome, who is gifted with almost total recall, replied that he was struck so forcibly by their prejudicial nature that he would remember them to the day he died. McDevitt told him to be present in court the next day at two P.M. and said that he would then rule on the request.

Rome's fear was that McDevitt would cite him for contempt of court, and he confided this fear to William A. Gray, who merely nodded. Next afternoon Gray joined him, much to his relief, when he went to McDevitt's courtroom. They sat inside the rail. When McDevitt came in from his chambers, he spotted Gray and said cordially, "Hello, Bill. How are you? What are you doing here? I haven't seen you in my court for a long time."


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"You know damn well why I'm here, Harry," Gray replied. "I'm here to see that you do right by Eddie Rome."

McDevitt expressed polite astonishment that anyone could conceive of any other intention on his part. Then he ascended the bench and denied the motion to disqualify himself. That was on a Friday, and on Monday the second trial was to begin. Rome had anticipated McDevitt's ruling and had brought along a disqualifying petition for the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, four of whose justices were present in their chambers in the same building. He filed the petition with the clerk and, citing the need for a quick decision, obtained an immediate hearing. The presiding justice suggested that he cite whatever authorities had held that the Supreme Court had the power to disqualify a judge. Rome replied that he was morally certain they existed, but that he had been too busy to look them up. The court gave him thirty minutes to produce.

Rome sprinted to his office and, with luck, found within twenty minutes what seemed to him to be a sound precedent. He sprinted back with the lawbook under his arm and presented his citation. The petition was taken under advisement. At noon on Saturday, Rome was informed that the court had denied the petition.

Understandably, Rome wasn't feeling very well when the trial began at ten A.M. on Monday before Judge McDevitt. When he made his first major objection to some evidence the commonwealth was trying to present, McDevitt called him to the bench for an off-the-record conference and asked him what he was trying to do. Rome replied that he was trying to carry out the decision of the Supreme Court, as he interpreted it.

McDevitt said, "Well, the Supreme Court of the United States said that this black bastard had to have a fair trial. That's what he'll get, but that's all he'll get." The objection was overruled.

Actually Turner's second trial turned out to be a tragedy of errors. The sentence of death that Judge McDevitt imposed was affirmed by the judges—McDevitt included—sitting *en banc*. But the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania reversed the judgment and ordered that a third trial be granted Turner. In so doing, it candidly acknowledged the lesson about "inherent coercion" which had been read to it earlier by the Supreme Court of the United States. It applied this lesson to Judge McDevitt's admission into evidence of the stenographic record of the June 8, 1946, preliminary hearing at which Turner, still incommunicado and not yet having signed the now-discredited confession, pleaded guilty. In admitting the preliminary-hearing record, Judge McDevitt erred, the court ruled. Thus the hearing record was relegated to the junk heap along with the written confession signed by Turner. Among McDevitt's other errors, the court cited his "dogmatic statement," made while charging the jury, that "there is no second-degree murder in such a case and there is no sense even in discussing it with you." This statement, the court held, "trespassed upon the jury's privilege of fixing the degree of guilt."

It was the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania that reversed Turner's third conviction too. Its main ground for reversal was the refusal of the trial judge—Judge Frank Smith, who had presided at the first trial too—to grant a defense motion for segregation of two important police witnesses.

Reversal was getting popular with the judiciary and by the time Turner had been sentenced to the electric chair a fourth time, the custom had trickled down to the Quarter Sessions judges *en banc*. Judge Gerald F. Flood, who had presided at the fourth trial, joined his two colleagues in a reversal; thus, in effect, helping to reverse himself. The basis for the reversal was a remark made by the prosecutor. Assistant District Attorney V. A. Panati, while he was questioning the professional criminal, Clarence Lofton. Lofton at the first trial had been represented by a written statement that Turner had committed the murders. At the second and third trials he had appeared in person as a star witness for the Commonwealth, but he was getting balky now and was refusing to answer some of the prosecutor's questions. After one such refusal Panati blurted out: ". . . Is 'Treetop' Turner innocent? You said he was guilty. This man was sentenced to the electric chair three times on your testimony." That last remark, the *en banc* judges agreed, was prejudicial to Turner's right to a fair trial. In his instructions to the jury, Judge Flood had desperately tried to rectify Panati's error by admonishing the jurors to disregard any reference to Turner's prior convictions. It was the only course left to him, but he agreed with his two colleagues' view that the admonishment did not "purge the statement of its prejudicial taint."

Between Turner's fourth and fifth trials Lofton wrote a letter asking Rome to call upon him at Eastern State Penitentiary. Rome went there, and during the visit Lofton made an affidavit stating that his whole story about the broom-factory murders—except for the murders themselves—was a fabrication. At the fifth Turner trial, which took place in February, 1954, and which was presided over by Judge Edward P. Little, Lofton stood by his affidavit under oath. The jury held Turner to be guilty anyway, and gave him a life sentence. After that, Judge Little and two colleagues, sitting *en banc*, sustained the verdict and Rome filed a fifth appeal in Turner's behalf with the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Arguments on this appeal were heard last January. The court's finding is expected to be handed down shortly.

It is likely that the fifth jury was influenced principally by a snippet of testimony which the Commonwealth began using in the second trial and used in subsequent trials with telling effect. It consists of the sworn word of two detectives that on June 6, 1946, while the three Negroes were being held separately "on ice," they were thrown together in one cell for a time; and that the detectives, who had secreted themselves in an adjoining cell, overheard "Fats" Johnson say, "Hey, Tree, why are the detectives asking all them questions?" To this, the detectives testified, Turner replied, "I had to hit the second fellow awful hard twice and the blood came out of his ears."

Turner has consistently testified that such a conversation never took place and, moreover, that at no time were he and the other defendants thrown into a single cell. At the fifth trial Lofton corroborated Turner's testimony about the three-in-a-cell matter.

The purportedly eavesdropped conversation is the only major prop left in support of the Commonwealth's case against Turner. Rome is confident that if the case ever takes him again before the Supreme Court of the United States, he can get that prop knocked out along with the others, as the supposed conversation took place—if it took place at all—during the "inherently coercive" period which that court has already defined.

Up to now, he has been prevented, by procedural quirks, from getting the issue that far up the line. On the third appeal, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania expressly approved the detectives' testimony, but reversed the conviction on other grounds, thus sending the case back to the trial court. The same kind of block was thrown after the fourth trial by the Quarter Sessions judges sitting *en banc* when they reversed on other grounds and granted Turner another trial.

Rome intends to stick with Turner until the end, whatever the end may be. For his defense work over more than ten years Rome has been paid a total of $1700 by the Philadelphia courts; this averages out to about forty-two cents a day. But during that stretch of time he feels he has come of age as a lawyer and the Turner case has helped to mature him. His other practice has been of a corporate nature. During the last few years he has withdrawn from the William A. Gray firm and become a partner in the firm of Blank and Rudenko, for which he handles the antitrust work. Both of the firms in which he has worked have approved the time he has devoted to "Treetop" Turner's defense, recognizing it as a kind of magnificent obsession.

During the past decade many of the judges who have figured in the trials and appeals have died. Like everyone else, "Treetop" Turner is ten years older—and is still in prison. Except for Rome, Turner is now alone. With Turner's blessing, Maisie Brown has broken their engagement and married someone else.

Because of the Turner case and others of a like nature, the Philadelphia police are no longer permitted to hold suspects "on ice" for unreasonable periods. They are under orders to take suspects before a magistrate for a preliminary hearing not more than twenty-five hours after arresting them. The idea underlying these orders is to get arrestees out of police hands and into the custody of the courts before the cops are tempted to act as their counterparts in the police states do.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Inside Defiant Poland
A Special Report on the Widening Rift Between the Poles and Moscow

Victor Borge's Own Story
Everybody Laughs at Me

They Said I Was Neurotic
By the Victim of a Rare and Deceptive Disease

IN COLOR:
Living Mysteries of the Deep
How Fearless Skin Divers Capture Tropical Fish for Your Aquarium

I'm No Quitter
By DON NEWCOMBE
One of Baseball's Most Maligned Pitchers Speaks His Piece

Complete in This Issue—
A Post Novelette
MURDER ON ORDER
By THOMAS WALSH

IN NEXT WEEK'S POST

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# Love Dies Slowly (Continued from Page 26)

"It's almost a year, Maggie."

"I know, darling, but let's wait until summer. We'll invite all your new friends to come and see us and I promise to be very gay."

Chip studied me in silence and then he washed down his thoughts with the bottle of pop. "O.K.," he said, "but I wish summer would hurry."

"You know what I wish? I wish you'd stop drinking out of a bottle."

"Why?"

"Because it's so unaesthetic. Nice people don't drink out of bottles."

"Around here they do. Everyone at school does, and so do the guys at the gas station. Why, even Eddie Fisher drinks out of a bottle on television."

I couldn't argue the point because, presumably, these were nice people. "How about the great Mr. O'Toole?" I asked.

Chip grinned. "Y'got me there, Maggie," he said. "You really got me. I don't think Mr. O'Toole drinks out of a bottle. He has a mother too."

"So I've discovered. His mother called me today."

"Did she invite you to tea?"

"Yes."

Chip whistled shrilly through his front teeth. "That means I'm in some kind of trouble," he said thoughtfully.

"I got that impression too. Have you any idea what kind of trouble?"

Chip's eyes widened anxiously. "No, Maggie, I haven't," he said. "What did you say to her?"

"I thanked her, but I regretted. I asked her to have Mr. O'Toole call me."

"And did he?"

"He called and I invited him to dinner."

"Well, hallelujah!" my son exclaimed. "Will she let him come?"

"Who is she?"

"Macushla, his mother. They say she won't let him out after dark."

"Chip," I said incredulously, "didn't you tell me that Mr. O'Toole is over six feet tall, weighs almost two hundred pounds, and won all kinds of medals for shooting down planes over Europe?"

"Roger. What's for food?"

I couldn't help smiling, although I knew this wasn't a celebration. There was, as my son said, some kind of trouble ahead. But Chip's eyes were so bright and his cowlicks so unruly that I put my arms around him and gave him a kiss of confidence.

"Your favorite menu, darling," I said, "and I think you told me it was also a favorite of Mr. O'Toole's. Steak and apple pie."

Mr. O'Toole is not only the current authority in our home on everything from Bach to Buchmanism, he is also the headmaster of Bolton, a small private school for boys. It is an old and venerable institution—my father is an alumnus—with a granite façade and disciplinary ideas that are as rock-ribbed as the New England town whose name it bears. It is not a school I would have chosen for my son—mainly, I think, because father is one of the trustees—but when Jeff was killed, father took my affairs in hand, enrolled Chip in Bolton and, because I refused to be separated from him, installed us in this old house which was once the family's summer home.

Mr. O'Toole was, as my son had so accurately reported, very tall, unemaciated and well-mannered. I was sure he did not drink out of a bottle. He greeted me gravely, hung up his coat in the hall closet and followed me into the long, low-ceilinged living room that looked out through many windows to the river. There was a fire sputtering on the hearth and Mr. O'Toole crossed the room and stood in front of it.

He studied me silently for a second or two and then he said, "I've been waiting a long time for this moment."

It was a provocative opening, but I chose to ignore it. "Chip talks about you constantly," I said. "You're one of his real heroes."

"Before I knew who you were," Mr. O'Toole continued, "I noticed you driving around the village in an open car. When I inquired about you, I learned that you were an artist and that you were married."

I couldn't think of any reply, so I didn't try to make one. If he had discovered that I was married, he must know that Jeff was a journalist and that we were out of the country most of the time. We never settled down, we never had a home, but we always came back to Bolton. We both liked the old town and the old house, and that was why father thought I would be happier here than anywhere else.

"When your husband was killed," said Mr. O'Toole, almost inaudibly, "I wanted to write to you, but I was afraid you might think it intrusive. Grief is a very personal thing."

It was well spoken and hard to say, and I tried to smile my thanks. "It's an emotion that can't be shared," I said. "I guess that's why I haven't been able to face people. You're the first guest since the accident."

"I'm honored."

"And I'm grateful," I said, "for all you've done to help my son."

"Your son," said Mr. O'Toole, with a rather shy smile, "is a very unusual ten-year-old. I've learned a great deal from him."

"He's led an unusual life."

"It's been a rewarding one for him in many ways. He's impressionable and he has a remarkable memory. But you can understand that his background has made it rather difficult for him to adjust to a normal life with boys of more routine interests."

I knew this was educational double talk, and while I had no doubt that it was sound, I had little patience with it. If I have a blind spot, it is for my son. I think he's exceptional. I know that he's honest, kind and courageous. If the boys of Bolton School found it difficult to get along with him, the fault must be theirs. But I didn't want any trouble. It would bring my father to town on the run, and father is a man of action. He is also fanatically proud of Chip, who so closely resembles him that even strangers remark upon it.

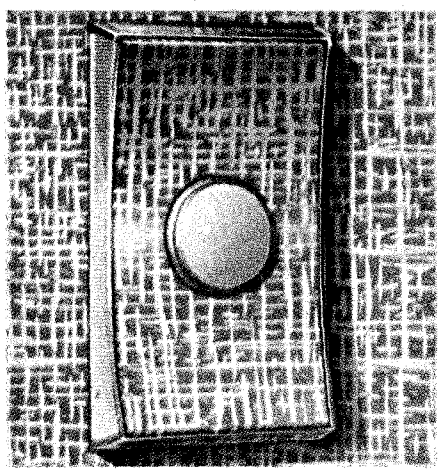
"I don't know what the problem is," I said, "but I was thinking today that if Jeff were alive he would say the net result of normal living, in Chip's case, is that he's learned to drink out of a bottle."

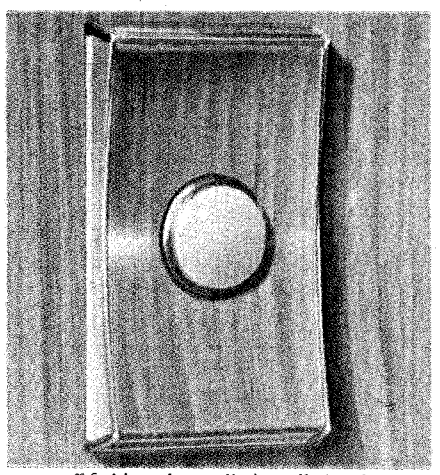
Mr. O'Toole smiled. "I'll have to confess that it's normal," he said, "but it's only a phase. There is a serious problem that I must talk over with you, and I thought we might set up a meeting with the faculty on Saturday, if that day is convenient for you. We can get together in my office and discuss things informally."

"A serious problem? Has Chip done something dreadful?"

"Not at all," said Mr. O'Toole. His voice had a soothing quality that was very reassuring. "It's an educational hurdle that we can't seem to solve. It has nothing to do with discipline. Believe me, Mrs. Hillyer, I'm very fond of your son. By the way, where is he?"

"In the pantry. Reading a book on how to mix drinks."



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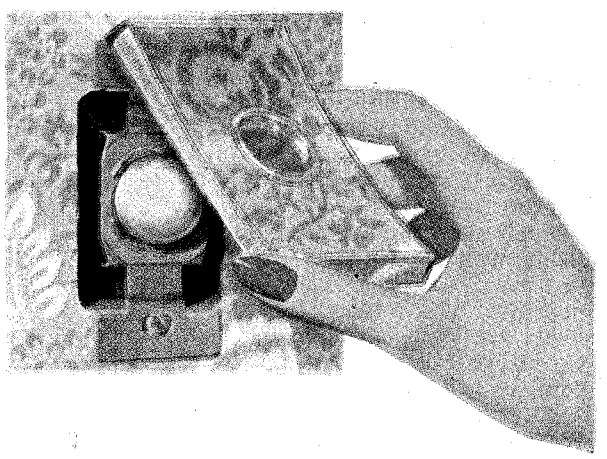

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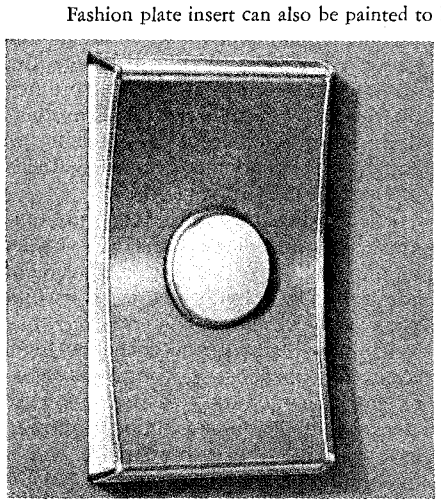

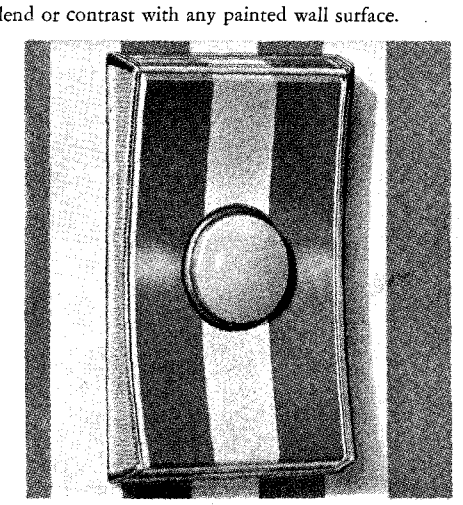

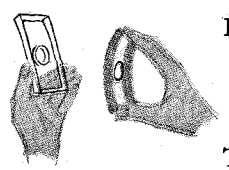

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"Has he ever mixed one?"

I shook my head. "Never, but he feels that it's one of his duties, now that he's the man of the house."

"Do you think he'd mind if I gave him a hand?"

"I don't know. He's rather touchy about his new responsibilities. I'm sure he's anxious to impress you, but I'm afraid the result may be lethal."

"Whatever he concocts we'll have to drink."

"That's what worries me," I said. "I'll leave it up to you, Mr. O'Toole. You're his best friend."

"If you'll excuse me," he replied, "I'll see what I can do. And please call me John. I'm your friend, too, Mrs. Hillyer."

On the following Saturday, a day distinguished by brilliant sunshine, I drove across the hills to Bolton School. The week had been an eventful one for me. I was beginning to live again. I had done a lot of thinking and I had found a friend in John O'Toole. It was good to have someone to talk to and I was rediscovering the joys of companionship. I had been too long alone and I had forgotten how exciting it was to be alive.

When I turned in at the gates I was struck with the beauty of the place. The grounds were handsomely planted and there was an air of serenity in the tall trees, the sweeping lawns and the ivy-covered buildings. Seclusion, protection, security—they were all here. These were the things that Chip had never known and I wondered how much they might mean to him, now that he had been given a chance to sample them. He had grown up in many lands; he never had a real home, no close friends, no formal schooling. He learned as he grew by asking questions, and he got his answers from the experts. He went with his father to political meetings, to military headquarters, to palaces and parliaments, to interviews with people of all kinds. And he went with me to market places and museums, to concerts, luncheons and receptions. He talked to anyone and everyone who would talk to him and he learned to speak many languages.

It was not a life my father approved of for a growing boy, but it was the way Jeff wanted it and the only way he would take it. For Jeff there was no tomorrow; there was only today. If I tried to talk about the future, about a home, about settling down and giving Chip a chance to grow up normally, to have roots and security, I found that I was talking to myself. My loyalties were divided, but I couldn't find any way out. A boy needs a father even more than a home. So we followed him. We followed to the end.

My marriage, which had ended so abruptly in an airplane crash, was one that father had opposed bitterly, but when his grandson was born he became reconciled to its existence. Now that he was in the driving seat, financially and paternally, he would be hard to handle. He expected a lot of Chip. And he expected even more of the school. Since he was a trustee, it would be like him even to demand a certain amount of special consideration for his grandson.

I parked the car and walked across the pebbled path to the front entrance. I had dressed carefully, with what I hoped was proper solemnity for the occasion, but I felt depressed and inadequate, and wondered if I could rise to whatever the situation demanded. I would never forgive myself if I let my son down with tears or emotional protestations or anything that indicated a soft upper lip.

The door was opened by the headmaster himself, who welcomed me with a friendly smile. "I've been on the lookout for you, Maggie," he said.

"Thank heaven you're here," I replied. "I'm beginning to panic."

"It won't be that bad. Let me have your coat."

He led me into a book-lined room with a long table in the center of it. There was a large stone fireplace on one wall and on the other a great bank of windows looked out over the lawns to the river far below. The masters, who were assembled around the long center table, were young or youngish men, conservatively clothed in more subdued fashion than the ubiquitous gray-flannel suit or the journalist's unpressed tweeds. There was one exception. Mike O'Hara looked as dashing and as handsome as he had several years ago in Tokyo and Singapore and Lisbon. He came over and took my arm and guided me toward the fireplace.

"I've got to see you, Maggie," he said. "Please tell me when I can come."

"I'll phone you."

"When?"

"Soon," I said.

The headmaster was waiting to call the meeting, and when I turned he was standing directly behind me. I was presented to the sea of strange, floating faces, and then John led me to one end of the table and motioned to the faces to be seated.

"We have looked forward to this meeting, Mrs. Hillyer," he said, in his soothing voice, "in order to acquaint you with the special problems attendant upon the education of your son. We will hear first from Mr. Forbes, whose subject is world history."

The story was the same in every case—in social studies, political science, art, languages and economics. The masters were being challenged by a student who questioned the accuracy of their information on the basis that it was dated or prejudiced or factually incorrect.

The masters were unanimous, and very kindly so, on one point: the boy was not trying to show off; he was not impertinent or discourteous; he was simply and honestly skeptical. When asked to substantiate a protest, he launched unhesitatingly into a detailed, firsthand, eyewitnessed account of some event, place, painting, political treaty or commercial project. In his language classes he demurred on meanings or inflections or pronunciations. It was only in English and in mathematics that he was a quiet scholar, and in both of these subjects he was making excellent grades.

Now came the question of what was to be done. It was obvious that the other boys in the class were entitled to an education according to the curriculum. Examinations would be based on textbooks and not on eyewitnessed accounts. This matter of examinations affected Chip also. If he disagreed with the textbooks, how could he make official grades now, or later when the time came for his college boards? In the opinion of the faculty of the Bolton School, it was an insoluble situation, and the recommendation was that another school be sought.

We all rose at a signal from the headmaster and, after I had expressed my thanks, the masters filed out noiselessly and I was alone with John Francis O'Toole. "I don't think we made much of a case for education today," he remarked ruefully.

I was worried about something else. "John," I said, "this is going to cause trouble for you. Father will fight you—and he won't fight fair."

"I can't help it, Maggie. I don't care about myself, but I'm very much concerned about Chip. I've tried every way I can to lick this situation. I'm not very proud of any of us, but I do have to consider the school."

"You have to live with yourself too," said a clear, sharp voice from the doorway. "Fourteen grown men against one small boy. You all ought to be ashamed."

We turned our heads quickly, like automatons, and faced a woman with an impressive figure who wore her years lightly but with great authority. Her hair was startlingly white, combed high on her head like a crown, and her eyes were very blue.

"My mother," said John O'Toole. "Autocrat of the dinner table, terror of the faculty, champion of the underdog, and grandmother by adoption to your son."

"Patience is an outmoded virtue," said Mrs. O'Toole. "I couldn't wait any longer to become a grandmother." She put her arms around me and gave me a warm hug. "Maggie, Maggie," she said, "let me look at you. I've wanted so much to meet you. I love that boy of yours. I find him better company than anyone I've known in years."

"I'll do the officiating, if you don't mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm sure that includes me," said John.

"I'm afraid it does," his mother replied. "Now, how about lunch? I haven't fussed, so don't protest. I wish Chip could join us."

"Impossible, mother," said John firmly, "and you know it. He's due in the dining hall at one o'clock, the same as every other boy in this school. Let's not have any more trouble. We have enough to worry about as it is."

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. O'Toole. "Rules, rules, rules. And bells. I'm so tired of bells. . . . You come along with me, Maggie. I have someone I want you to meet. She's a friend of Chip's. Her name is Muffin."

That evening, after my son had kissed me good night and gone off to bed, I sat down in the study and tried to figure a way out of our problem. From Mrs. O'Toole I had learned a great deal about Chip and his life in Bolton. She and Chip had the sort of unique relationship that sometimes exists between the young and the old. They respected each other. When Mrs. O'Toole walked into the shoemaker's shop late one afternoon a month after we came back to Bolton and found Chip finishing off lifts on the big power machine at the back of the shop, she showed no surprise. Chip introduced her to Mr. Cantonelli, the shoemaker, and his small daughter, Muffin, who was wrapping up the repaired shoes. She noticed that Chip and the Cantonellis spoke Italian to one another and the whole episode enchanted her. A few days later she asked Chip to bring Muffin to tea, and now she was taking Italian lessons from them.

Muffin was only one of Chip's many new friends who were welcome at the home of the headmaster's mother. There was Aristotle Perez, who captained the two-car ferryboat that chugged back and forth across the river. Captain Perez was from Portugal and he liked to have a boy aboard his boat who knew his native land and spoke his native tongue. Mrs. O'Toole was getting her afternoon rides free now, including one in the fog, which, for sheer horror, she said, had no equal in her experience.

There were other friends too. There was the Polish farm family whose land adjoined the school grounds. And there was Mrs. Skourian, who owned the Greek beanery where Chip liked to help out behind the counter. These were my son's best friends, according to Mrs. O'Toole, because they were sharing his experiences in a strange new land. He knew their countries better than his own and he felt at home with them. "I'm running a sort of international salon," Mrs. O'Toole said to me in parting, "and I'm having the time of my life."

I came to the conclusion, after my visit with Mrs. O'Toole, that my son must have been a very lonely and bewildered boy during those first months at Bolton. How deeply Jeff's accident had affected Chip I didn't know. The shock had paralyzed me to such an extent that nothing seemed to matter. But from now on, my son would be my first consideration. Never again would I forget that he had problems, too, and he needed at least one parent to help solve them.

I heard the clock strike ten, and then I must have dozed because I was startled by the ringing of the doorbell. I remembered that John had asked me if I would be at home.

I hurried through the darkened living room and opened the front door. Mike O'Hara was standing hesitantly on the steps. He had a large bouquet of flowers in one hand and a big square box in the other. (*Continued on Page 90*)

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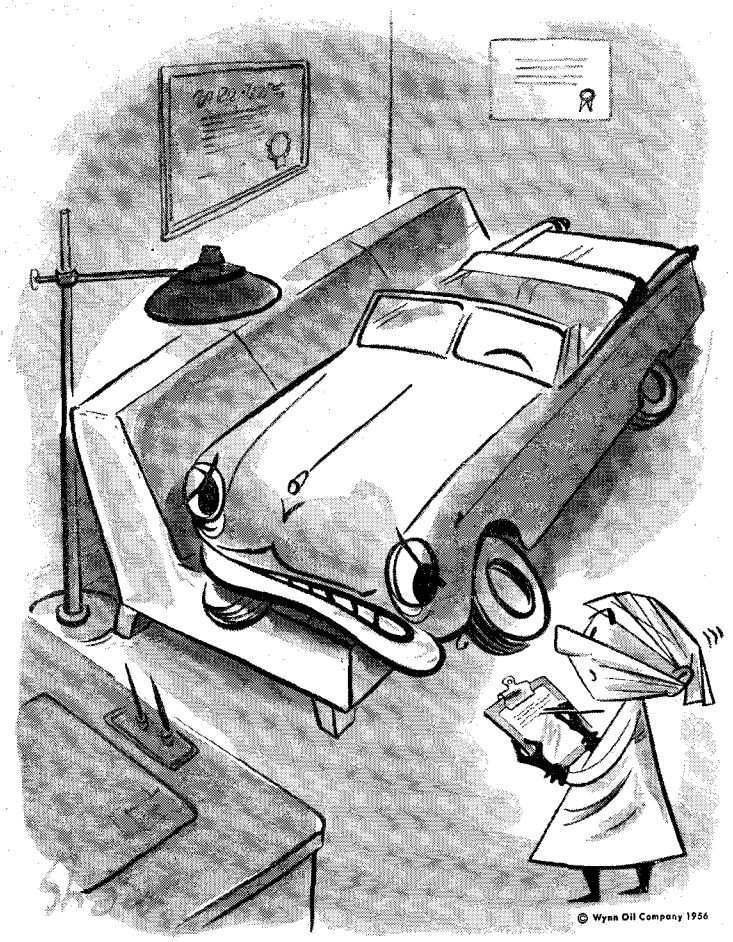


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(*Continued from Page 88*) "I saw your light," he said, "and I thought you might be mulling things over alone."

"I am."

"Would you like someone to mull with?"

"Very much," I said. "Won't you come in?"

He followed me into the study and lowered himself wearily into a chair. The packages made it difficult for him to relax, so he handed them to me. "Flowers," he said, "and candy. Pretty routine, I'm afraid, but I'm out of practice."

"That's hard to believe," I said.

He came out into the pantry while I fixed the flowers, and then he got out some ice cubes and mixed himself a drink. "I've been thinking about you all evening," he said. "I've been driving around for hours trying to get up enough courage to ring your bell."

"Why should it take courage? We're old friends."

"I don't know, Maggie," he said. "I guess it's because I've always had a thing about you. I watched you take a beating for so long. I hate to say this to you, but I've got to—you're grieving over a guy who died ten years ago, not in a plane accident last May."

"You frightened me once before by talking like this."

"And you ran away. I tried to tell you then to cut your losses, to pull out and make a life for yourself and your boy."

"There were reasons—I was half a world away from home, and there was the money problem too."

He came over and sat down beside me. "Maggie," he said earnestly, "I want you to believe this. I was trying to shock you into action. Jeff Hillyer was one of my oldest friends. I knew you couldn't save him, but I wanted you to save yourself. I saw what he was doing to you and it scared me. How much longer could you have stood the humiliation and neglect and utter disregard for your welfare or future?"

"You can stand a lot when you have a child."

Mike looked at me impatiently. "You were beginning to crack up in Lisbon," he said harshly. "What good would that have done your child? And what good did it do him to watch you being treated without consideration or respect? He could see things straight, even if you couldn't."

"How do you know?"

"I have a composition of his called Why I Don't Want to be a Foreign Correspondent. Any time you want to read it, you can have it."

"You're deliberately trying to upset me, Mike. Why?"

"Because I want you to give up the ghost—for Chip's sake as well as your own. He can't live in that shadow. He has no respect for it. If you cling to it much longer, you may lose your son as suddenly as you lost your husband."

This was shock treatment all right and I was so numb and cold from it that I reached out for a cardigan that was thrown across the arm of the chair. I had refused to face the failure of my marriage. I had sacrificed everything to it. I was still refusing to face it. Dreams always died hard with me. I had avoided Mike because he knew the truth. I remembered how many times he had phoned after we came back to Bolton. I saw that he was watching me and I tried to hold back the tears, but I could feel them running down my face. I turned my head away because I knew he hated tears.

"Here," he said.

It was a large pocket handkerchief, and I disappeared gratefully behind it.

"Thank you. I didn't mean to cry."

"That's O.K. I told you I've grown up. I hope I wasn't too rough on you."

"You were disturbing," I said, "but profound. Someday, when I've worked my way out of this mess, I'll try to thank you."

He leaned over and kissed me. "I hope that someday isn't too far off. What are you going to do now?"

"I guess I'll have to tell father. I'm afraid he'll be very difficult."

"That's something of an understatement. He'll probably have the school charter revoked and all of the faculty blacklisted."

The clock was winding up for the long midnight chime and Mike looked at his watch. "I'll have to leave you, Cinderella," he said. "In a small town staying anywhere after midnight is synonymous with spending the night."

I was walking through the living room with him when a sleepy voice called from upstairs, "Are you still up, Maggie?"

"Yes, dear," I said. "Anything the matter?"

"No," said Chip. "It's just about today. I was thinking how hard it will be for you to tell grandfather."

"I'll manage somehow. Don't worry about it."

"But suppose grandfather blows his top at Mr. O'Toole?"

"I've thought about that, Chip. I even spoke to Mr. O'Toole about it."

"What'd he say?"

"He said he didn't care about himself; he was concerned only about you."

"Golly," said Chip.

"Mr. O'Hara is here, but he's about to leave. Do you want to come down?"

"No," said Chip. "G'night, Maggie.... G'night Mr. O'Hara."

On the following evening I was sitting alone again in the study trying to finish a letter to my father. I had started it earlier in the day, but it was a hard letter to write. I had to tell him the story of my marriage and the mistakes I had made and everything that led up to the present problem of Chip's future at Bolton. Somehow I had to convince him that I was the one person responsible. No one else was at fault; not Chip nor the headmaster nor the faculty. If I had stayed home after Chip was born—as everyone, including father, had urged—I might have an untarnished memory of Jeff, the brilliant journalist who wanted only to be free. And if Jeff had been allowed to roam the world alone, he might have come back from time to time and Chip would have a memory of his father that he could cherish.

Now, for both of us, there was only the memory of a past without peace or possessions, without roots or responsibilities. There was the memory of dimly lit airports and dark railway stations with no one to meet us; of the weary search for a place to stay because no provision had been made for our arrival. There were some good memories, too, when we were all together and happy and, for a few months at least, there was hope for the future. But something always happened. Sooner or later we were alone again.

All of this I told father, and it was not easy to tell, but I needed his understanding. It would confirm his worst suspicions about my marriage, but it couldn't hurt Jeff now and it might save the faculty of Bolton School and its headmaster. I begged father not to interfere in any way, and I told him what a debt I owed to John O'Toole and his mother for their kindness to Chip. I assured him that I would keep him informed and that I would make no plans for the future without first consulting him.

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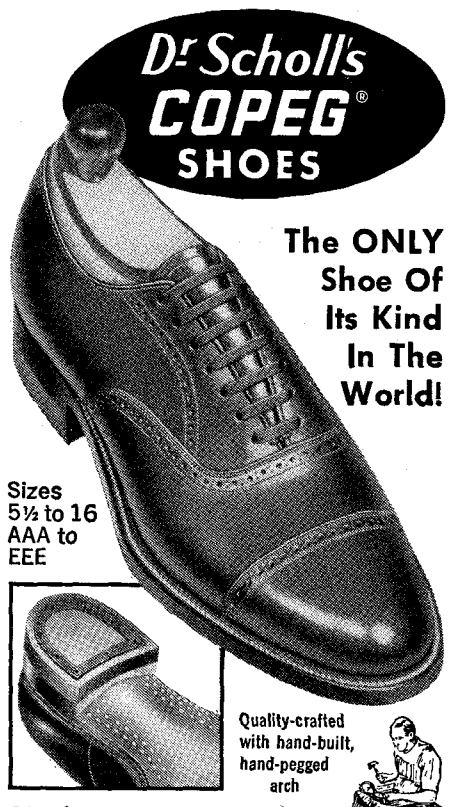
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I was folding the letter when I heard a step on the porch and then the bell rang. I opened the door, half expecting to see Mike O'Hara standing there, but the figure was taller and straighter and when he stepped into the light I saw that it was John O'Toole.

"It's rather late," he said, "but I'd like to talk to you."

"Come in."

He followed me into the study, but he didn't sit down. He walked around restlessly and studied the titles of the books. I left him for a moment to go into the pantry for some ice cubes, and when I returned the telephone was ringing.

"Help yourself to a drink," I said. "I don't know who can be calling at this hour, but I'd better answer before it wakes Chip."

"Hello," I said softly.

"Maggie?" inquired a clear, sharp voice. "Is my son there?"

I looked over at John, who gave me no clue. "Yes, Mrs. O'Toole," I said. "As a matter of fact, he arrived only a moment ago."

"He left here three hours ago. What's he been doing?"

"I don't know," I said quietly.

"Honestly," she continued, in a voice that carried across the room, "I wonder if he knows what he's doing. He forgot the flowers and candy—and last night he didn't even ring your bell."

I again looked over at John, who still gave me no clue. "That's funny," I said. "Why not? I was here all evening."

Mrs. O'Toole harrumphed. "He's not competitive," she said. "He saw Mike O'Hara's car, so he wouldn't go in. Has he told you he's not competitive?"

"No."

"Well, it's supposed to explain everything. I admit it's beyond me, but I thought it might mean something to you."

"I'll think about it," I said. "Do you want to speak to him?"

"No," she said. "I just wanted to be sure he got there. He's in love with you, Maggie, but he's not competitive. You'd better send him home around midnight. I don't think he knows what time it is any more."

When I hung up the receiver I looked over at John to see what effect the call had on him. As far as I could tell, it had none. He was staring at me a little vaguely, as though his eyes were not focusing.

"You forgot the flowers," I said.

"They didn't seem important," he replied.

I sat down on the sofa and motioned to him to join me. "I've written a letter to my father," I said. "It's a very personal letter, but I'd like you to read it. There are a great many things you should know—about Chip and me."

When I had him settled, letter in hand, I mixed a drink and put it on the table in front of him. Then I went upstairs and looked into Chip's room. He was not asleep. He was kneeling in front of the window, looking out at the stars.

"Chip," I said, "why aren't you in bed?"

"I heard a car in the driveway. It's Mr. O'Toole's car, isn't it, Maggie?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did he bring you flowers too?"

"No, dear. He forgot them."

"May I come down and speak to him—just for a minute?"

"Of course. But put on a warm bathrobe. It's cold downstairs."

John rose quickly when we came into the study. He had my letter clenched tightly in his hand and he was staring at it with an expression of great indignation. There was something in his eyes that I had not seen before. "Chip wants to speak to you," I explained.

"Yes, Chip?"

"Is it confidential?" I asked.

"No," said Chip. "I want you to hear it, too, Maggie. It's about all the trouble I've caused at school, for which I'm very sorry."

John's face relaxed into a sympathetic smile. "No apologies are necessary, Chip," he said. "You acted honestly and courageously."

"But, Mr. O'Toole," said Chip, earnestly, "I don't want to leave Bolton. I don't want to leave you and Macushla and Muffin and Aristotle and all my other friends. I never had friends before—not real ones who lived in the same place every day. And I don't want Maggie to have to leave here, either. I want her to be happy and not have to worry about something all the time."

"That's what I want for her, too, Chip," said John.

"I've figured it all out, Mr. O'Toole. All I have to do is learn what's in the books and not argue about it. I don't have to believe it—I just have to keep my mouth shut. Then I'll pass the exams and everybody'll be happy."

"Maggie?"

"Any decision Chip wishes to make is all right with me."

"Does that mean I may destroy this letter?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very well, Chip," said John. "I'll get the matter straightened out with the faculty tomorrow." He looked at me for a long moment before he tore the letter into small pieces. Then he gave Chip a loving slap on the back. "I don't know whether or not you've made the right decision, young man," he said, "but it's a brave one. I'll be around any time you need help."

"To bed now," I said. "And to sleep, please."

"Roger," said Chip. He came over and put his arms around me and tightened them into a hug that left me breathless. Then he went over and threw his arms around his favorite real-life hero. "G'night, John," he said. "G'night, Maggie."

"Good night, son," we replied simultaneously.

We listened as he ran whistling up the stairs, and then we heard his door slam with a loud, triumphant bang. A moment later the clock in the living room wound itself up for another long chime. We both listened attentively as it struck.

"It's midnight," I said.

"So it is," said John. "Take that receiver off the hook, will you, Maggie? I have a lot to say to you and I don't want to be interrupted." THE END

## Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Most women don't give secrets away. They trade.

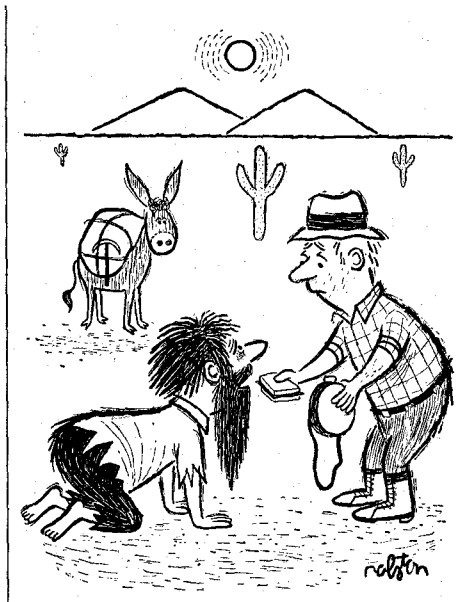
A salute is what a private uses to talk back to an officer.

The trouble with a bargain usually is that only the price is right.

A man can often dry his wife's tears with a dish towel.

Nothing helps you to pull your weight so much as reducing.

One thing that keeps an automobile going is a fireplug.

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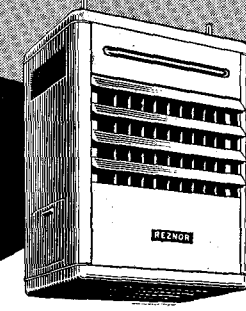


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# The Age to Go Steady

(Continued from Page 37)

Emily approved of the phenomenon that kept the world going around. "I believe Henry is a boy, yes."

"Emily!"

"Don't shout at me, Walter Fenton. I'm not responsible for tribal customs."

Walter Fenton stalked out into the hall. "Nancy," he ordered, "get off that telephone!"

"G'by, Henry," Nancy said. "The roof fell in."

Walter Fenton glared at his daughter with righteous indignation. "Nancy, are you going steady—with a boy?"

From Walter Fenton's youthful memory, a sixteen-year-old daughter should have been properly cowed at being discovered in such a condition before her time.

Instead, Nancy's pretty face wore a proud little smile. "You bet," she said. "I was darned lucky to get him too."

Walter Fenton herded his daughter back into the living room.

"Now," he said flatly, "I want to know what constitutes going steady."

"Well," said Emily, "first, it requires a boy."

"I have already been informed of that, Emily."

"Gee, daddy," Nancy marveled, "you were brought up very hysterical, weren't you?"

Emily grinned and Walter Fenton retreated to the protection of the calendar.

"Nancy, you're only sixteen years old," he pleaded. "Will you please remember that?"

Nancy sighed with the burden of bringing up a father. "Daddy, don't you know that sixteen is the most wonderful time in the world to go steady?"

"Why?" said Walter Fenton.

"Because at sixteen everything is perfect. . . . Isn't it, mother?"

"It was for me," said Emily.

"Emily, you didn't go steady until you were almost twenty."

"That's what you think," said Emily.

"I should know, Emily. I was the only steady you ever had."

"That's what you think," said Emily.

Walter Fenton despaired of ever discovering the full story of Emily's girlhood and bits of it kept popping up at the most distressing moments. "Very well," he said, with the stiff politeness men assume when in disagreement with the heavyweight champion of the world. "I understand that the boy's name is Henry and that Nancy is going steady with him. What does that mean?"

Nancy sighed again. This time it was her I-realize-times-have-changed-father-and-that-your-resistance-has-been-remarkable-but-eventually-I'll-make-you-understand sigh. "It's really very simple, daddy," she said. "Henry is seventeen and he's a very nice boy, except when he's a jerk."

"Jerk!"

"Oh, sometimes he's an awful jerk, daddy," Nancy said gravely. "But he has a car and he works nights to pay for it, and he's on the football team and he's going to get a letter so he can give me a sweater to wear the letter on, and he has to take me to all the dances and buy me corsages and dance with me every dance, and do my algebra for me, and he has to take me wherever I want to go, and call me twice a day and ——" Nancy ran out of breath.

"Just a minute!" Walter Fenton cried in alarm. "What do you do for him?"

"I wait after class for him and I don't go out with any other boys. Sometimes I help him with his hygiene lessons."

Walter Fenton's face assumed an incredibly blank expression. "Is that all?"

Nancy smiled with the secret pride of conscious young womanhood. "Of course."

"Nancy," Walter Fenton ordered suddenly, "you go upstairs. I want to talk to your mother."

"You stay right here, Nan," Emily said. "I haven't the slightest desire to talk to your father."

"Emily! You send your daughter upstairs!" Walter Fenton shouted. "I am not going to have my daughter start out in life going steady with an idiot!"

Walter Fenton had Emily cornered in the privacy of their bedroom, and he was just about to deliver an ultimatum on going steady when the front doorbell rang. "Emily, I don't want any guests in this house until I'm through talking!"

"I suspect that the guest, if any, is Henry," said Emily.

Walter Fenton bolted for the stairs. "This, I intend to see," he said grimly and raced down the stairs. Emily clattered down behind him.

From Nancy's so-now-my-father-is-snooping-on-me expression as she went to the door, it was evidently Henry.

"Hi." Nancy's greeting was a mixture of casual endearment, indifferent possessiveness and completely adequate brevity.

"Hi." The boy's greeting was exactly the same.

"You're late."

"Yeah. My battery ran down."

"You've got a spot on your lapel." Nancy wet the tip of a finger and began to operate on the spot. Young Henry stood patiently.

Walter Fenton poked Emily. "She acts as though she were married to him!" he whispered.

"At least her husband won't have spots on his lapel," Emily replied.

Then Walter Fenton was introduced. "Daddy, *this is* Henry," Nancy said shyly.

"Hi," said Henry.

Walter Fenton did some incredibly swift calculations. He saw that the boy was as shy as he himself had been; that the boy was almost painfully too light to be playing football, just as he had been; and he sensed that the boy was a good boy, grateful to be noticed by a girl, just as he had been. To Walter Fenton, going steady didn't seem quite so serious any more.

"Hi!" said Walter Fenton.

Nonetheless, he seized the first opportunity to follow Emily into the kitchen. "Emily," he mourned, "I still can't see why kids of sixteen and seventeen have to go steady."

"It's like money in the bank," said Emily, filling a plate with brownies. "It makes you socially acceptable."

Which made little sense to Walter Fenton. But eventually young Henry, who had a casually voracious appetite for brownies, departed. Nancy squirmed anxiously.

"Did you like him, daddy?"

"Going steady is a long time," Walter Fenton said cautiously.

Now Nancy frowned in puzzlement. "But, daddy, I prob'bly won't even know him after three months."

"You won't!"

Nancy shook her head solemnly. "Nobody goes steady for more than three months, daddy. It just isn't done."

"You mean you'll have somebody else in three months?" Alarm had reared its head again.

"Of course."

"Emily!" Walter Fenton cried.

"Walter Fenton," Emily sighed, "I wish you could learn to live your life one day at a time."

But living with going steady was a baffling phenomenon for Walter Fenton. Between Nancy and her mother he learned that young couples in the going-steady condition were as faithful as newlyweds, though love was not necessarily involved; they took each other as much for granted as old marrieds and parted company as regularly as quarterly income-tax payments.

"Don't you even kiss him?" Walter Fenton demanded.

Nancy sighed sadly. "Henry is a very poor kisser, daddy."

Walter Fenton heartily approved of Henry's being a poor kisser, but he dreaded the thought of the next steady. "I don't see why kids of your age have to tie themselves down to going steady," he mourned.

"Jeepers, daddy, don't you know anything?" Nancy asked wonderingly. "It's just wonderful for a girl. She doesn't have to sit around and wait for the telephone to ring; she doesn't have to worry about dates —— Oh, going steady is a wonderful thing for a girl!"

Walter Fenton suddenly felt a surge of male indignation. "What about the boy?" he demanded. "It looks to me as though the boy was a sucker in this deal."

"Are you kidding, daddy?" Nancy shrieked scornfully. "Why, a boy who can't get a girl to go steady with him just doesn't belong! Everybody knows that."

Walter Fenton knew what it was like to be a boy without a girl. "But you have to dig up a new steady every three months!" he cried, determined to assert himself.

Nancy sighed. "I guess that's just part of being a woman, daddy."

Then, a few nights later, Walter Fenton returned home to find Nancy on the verge of tears. Ever since Nancy had discovered that there were boy creatures in the world, Walter Fenton had known that tears were invariably connected with a boy.

A trifle hoarsely, he said, "Emily, what's wrong?"

Emily took him forcefully by the arm and led him from the room. "The place for fathers at a time like this is at a distance," she said.

"But, Emily ——"

"A great distance," said Emily.

But Walter Fenton was not above eavesdropping when a family crisis was at hand. He listened and heard Nancy's voice, hurt and accusing, "Three people saw him with her, mother."

"Maybe he was just taking her for a ride," Emily was saying.

"He doesn't have any right to take her for a ride when he's going steady with me, mother!" Nancy sobbed; then she said, "And everybody said she was beautiful, mother."

"Lots of girls are beautiful." Emily's voice was a little tight.

"She was dark and had wonderful teeth and a brand-new permanent and ——" Nancy sobbed again. "I'll be disgraced, mother! He only went steady with me for a couple of weeks!"

"I'm sure there must be some explanation." But Emily was distressed.

Suddenly Nancy's hurt erupted into passion, "Don't you dare tell him I'm here if he calls, mother! Tell him I've got a date with—with George Wright!"

"Who is George Wright, dear?"

"Who cares?" Nancy cried wildly. "It's a name, isn't it?"

Now Walter Fenton knew that there were sterner realities to going steady than his daughter and Emily had led him to believe. Later that night, he tackled Emily as she was brushing her hair. Ordinarily Emily was as calm as the Aga Khan being weighed in diamonds when she was brushing her hair. But now the strokes of her brush betrayed agitation.

"Emily, I thought you told me this going steady was nothing but a social custom."

Emily whirled angrily. "You were listening!"

"Yes!"

Emily turned back to her brush, fuming. "Walter Fenton, you're the worst husband I ever had!"

"Emily, I will not have my daughter emotionally involved at her age!"

"Girls have to learn how much to be emotionally involved." Emily's brush was trembling.

"Emily, this is not good for her."

"I agree. What do you want me to do about it?"

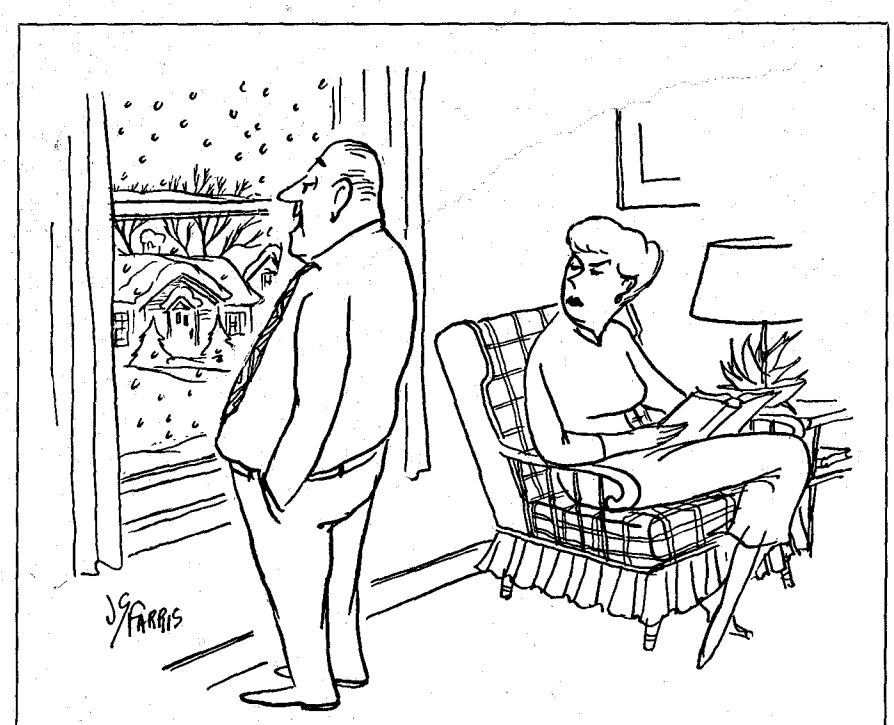
"Don't let her go steady any more."

Once again Emily whirled. "Do you want me to make an outcast out of your own daughter?"

"Outcast!"

"In this day and age, Walter Fenton, boys and girls go steady, whether we like it or not."

(*Continued on Page 95*)




"That's the way it goes. Today I feel like cutting the grass!"

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(*Continued from Page 92*) And I, for one, am not going to have my own daughter an old maid at sixteen."

Walter Fenton knew that Emily was speaking figuratively, but probably with feminine accuracy. Helplessly, he knew that he was up against a new social custom—one that had nothing to do with getting married or even engaged. "I'd like to get my hands on that boy," he gritted.

To his surprise, Emily took the boy's part. "There's nothing wrong with the boy!" she said sharply. "He's just ready to go steady with another girl before Nan has found another boy."

Suddenly Walter Fenton understood his daughter's predicament, for he had been nearly jilted once. By a girl named Emily.

"I'm worried, Emily," Walter Fenton whispered.

Emily shivered.

Nancy burst through the front door like an explosion. "Mother!" she squealed. "She's his cousin, and she's visiting his folks, and she has a bucktooth and is very plain, and Henry is taking me to the Boondoggler's Jamboree and ——"

"Wait a minute!" Walter Fenton protested. "I thought ——"

"Walter Fenton, you do your thinking with your mouth shut!" Emily snapped.

Nancy did a couple of pirouettes and then hugged herself. "Oh, mother, I'm so happy!"

"And I'm happy for you, dear."

Walter Fenton was silent. The full impact of going steady was now upon him. Going steady was a frightening thing. With each new steady there would be new ups and downs, each more intense, each more dangerous.

"Emily, don't you realize what could happen?" he pleaded that night. "Don't you realize what might come out of it?"

"I hope a wedding will come out of it someday," Emily said.

Emily's logic was not always completely understandable to Walter Fenton, especially since it was almost invariably linked to the eventual marriage of his daughter. Walter Fenton was almost invariably concerned with immediate dangers, and for a long time he lay thinking and troubled. Going steady was an immediate thing, and he tried to think of the nearest thing to it that had happened to him during his own painful and accidental boyhood. But there had been nobody but Emily. He remembered how proud he had been when she had first noticed him. There was truth in the memory—so much truth that he presently fell asleep, calmed and smiling.

In the morning Walter Fenton listened to Nancy's excited plans for the Boondoggler's Jamboree, only three days away.

"Are you going to dance every dance with Henry?" he grinned.

"Naturally." Nancy said it the way a married woman accepts the fact that she is expected to get her husband's dinner. "Who else?"

Emily frowned slightly. Emily always frowned slightly when she didn't know what was going on. And once Nancy had gone to school, she was blunt. "What's going on? You don't look well without your hysteria."

"Emily, I am desperately trying to adjust myself to going steady."

Emily pursed her lips. "You aren't thinking of interfering with tribal customs, are you?"

"I'd like to modify them a little."

"Don't forget that your daughter has to live by those tribal customs." Emily's tone had warning in it.

"Emily, you don't think I'd do anything to hurt my own daughter, do you?"

Emily considered this. "Knowingly, no," she said at last. Then she said fiercely, "But, Walter Fenton, if you do anything to make a social outcast of your daughter, I'll divorce you the day after she's married!"

And Walter Fenton knew that Emily meant it. So it was with husband-in-the-doghouse stoicism that he endured the interminable hours until the night of the Boondoggler's Jamboree, when he knew that certain things would inevitably happen.

The corsage would be delivered by the florist. Young Henry would dutifully arrive on time. Going steady would demand that. Nancy would still be getting dressed. The female mind would demand that. Emily would excuse herself to see if Nancy was having trouble with her dress. Finesse would demand that. Young Henry and Walter Fenton would have an uneasy and awkward conversation. Centuries-old deference of the younger male to the older male would demand that. Eventually, Nancy would trip down the stairs, breathlessly lovely and desirable in her new gown, squealing, "Henry, I had no idea it was so late!"

The female mind would also demand that the male mind gulp with an embarrassed tribute, "Gee, you look wonderful!"

Walter Fenton added two ingredients to the schedule. As soon as the flowers had arrived, he delivered them personally to his daughter. She was so lovely she made him think of a girl named Emily not so long ago.

Walter Fenton gulped a little, for it was a little like trespassing. "Nan, would you promise me one thing?"

"Not to go steady any more?"

Walter Fenton shook his head. "Just never go steady with a boy until you're sure he's proud of you."

Nancy's eyes widened with wonder. "Gee, daddy, a girl would be a fool if she went steady with a boy who wasn't proud of her! Of course I promise."

It was very seldom that Walter Fenton kissed his daughter, but he bent and kissed her now. Then he went downstairs with hope in his heart.

Henry came early, as expected, and Emily excused herself to see if Nancy was having trouble with her dress. And Walter Fenton added the second ingredient. He swept a photograph from the living-room desk and handed it to young Henry. "Ever see that? That's Nan's mother. Right after we started going steady."

Young Henry looked at the photograph dutifully, which was a part of going steady. You had to be decent to the girl's parents. He caught his breath. He might have been looking at Nancy.

"Gee!" he murmured.

"I was pretty proud the night that was taken," said Walter Fenton. "Sophomore Hop, it was. I guess I did more bragging that night than I ever did in my life. And was she proud! There's nothing that sets a girl up like having her boy show how proud he is of her. Funny thing, it sets the boy up too. Especially when the other fellows come around to see what the guy is so proud of. They want to see what he's got they haven't got. You know, I was a bigger guy on campus that night than I was the day I got my football letter." Walter Fenton shook his head in memory. "It sure worked out pretty well."

Young Henry swallowed.

Presently Nancy's foot was heard on the top of the stairs. Then she was tripping down the stairs. Then she was squealing, "Henry, I had no idea it was so late!"

Young Henry stood gulping at the foot of the stairs. "Gee, you look wonderful!" he said.

When Nancy and young Henry had gone, Emily turned to Walter Fenton. She was wary, but crisp. "What did you say to him?"

"We just talked, Emily."

Emily knew better. "Walter Fenton," she said, "if you've ruined that girl's dance tonight, you are a guest of the guest room."

So it was a long time for Walter Fenton until one o'clock, when they heard steps on the front porch. There was the sound of low, earnest voices. Emily fidgeted uneasily. "If those voices mean what I think they mean, Walter Fenton," she said, "you will find the guest room upstairs, second door down the hall."

Walter Fenton didn't answer. It was all too possible that interfering with tribal customs was for a wiser head than his. Suddenly there was a thundering silence on the front porch. His heart leaped.

"I bet she's kissing the daylights out of him!" he beamed.

"Well, well," said Emily dryly. "The outraged father turned rake."

Then Nancy bounced in through the front door. She was radiant. "Gee, I've had a wonderful time!" she cried. Then directly to Walter Fenton she said, "Henry really is proud of me, daddy!"

Emily glanced quickly at her husband.

Nancy was beside herself. "He showed me off to all the other boys and he let me dance with them, and they all asked me for dates and ——" Then she asked her mother breathlessly, "Did daddy use to show you off to all the other boys, mother?"

"Your father was a louse," said Emily.

"Whee-e-e-e! I'm so happy!" Nancy swished up the stairs.

"What did you say to that boy?" Emily demanded.

"Emily, I just said ——"

"Don't tell me. I'd rather be mad at you."

"Emily ——"

The telephone rang. Nancy raced to answer it on the extension. Despite themselves, Walter Fenton and Emily moved to the foot of the stairway.

"Jimmy!" Nancy squealed.

"At one o'clock yet," Walter Fenton pretended to grumble.

"You started this," Emily whispered.

Nancy squealed again. "But, Jimmy, I had no idea you wanted to go steady!"

Emily's hand crept over Walter Fenton's and squeezed.

"But, Jimmy," Nancy was saying, "I couldn't possibly break up with Henry right off sudden. You wouldn't want me to do that to you, would you? Besides, we'd have to have a few dates to get to know each other."

"Emily, she's bargaining!"

"Smart girl," Emily said.

"Jimmy, would you be proud of me?"

Pause.

"And you wouldn't get fresh? Not ever?"

"It's time for you to go to bed, Walter Fenton."

"But, Emily ——"

"Let that girl be happy without any eavesdroppers!"

"I'll consider it, Jimmy," Nancy said. "And I'll let you know right after algebra in the morning." She rang off. "Whee-e-e!" she squealed. "I've got another steady lined up!"

"Now *will* you go to bed?" Emily murmured to Walter Fenton.

"I want to see if the telephone rings again," Walter Fenton said. He suspected that he had averted a crisis in his life and that his daughter would be very happy about it.

The telephone did ring again. Nancy raced to answer it. "Freddy!" she shrieked with delight.

"Walter Fenton, you're still a louse."

"Emily, I ——"

"What you did to that poor Henry!" Emily said.

"Freddy, you darling, I'd love to go steady with you!" Nancy was squealing. "But it would have to be at least four months away. You wouldn't want a girl who wasn't loyal, would you?"

"Walter Fenton, what on earth did you say to Henry?" Emily demanded.

"I just told him how proud I was of my first steady and how I showed her off."

"Who was she?" Emily ripped.

"None of your business," said Walter Fenton.

"Oh, mother-r-r-r!" Nancy bawled from upstairs. "What do I do with all these steadies I'm getting?"

"Go steady with all of them!" Walter Fenton shouted.

Emily gasped. "She can't do that!"

"Why not?" Walter Fenton grinned. "There's safety in numbers, isn't there?"

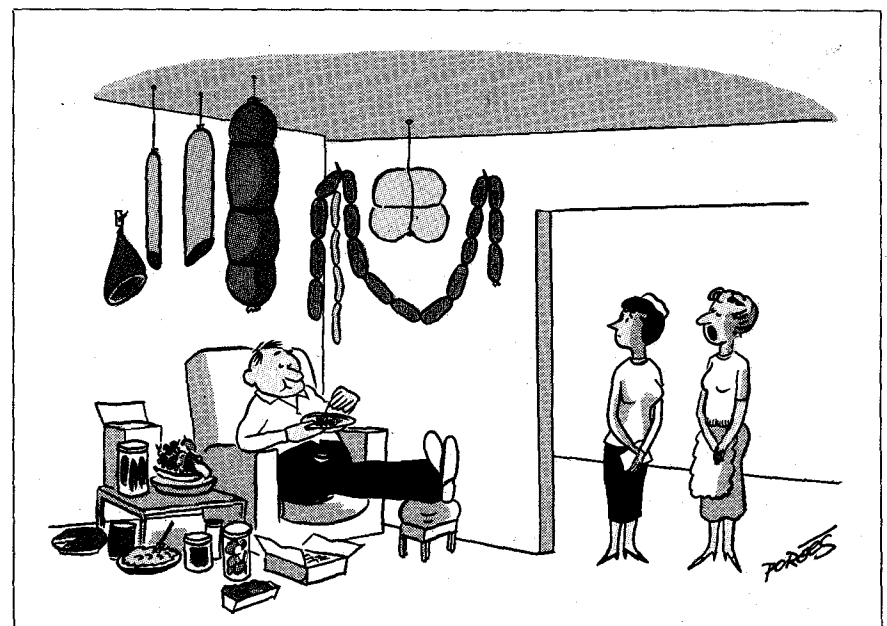
Then Emily was grinning herself. "Fun too," she said.

Walter Fenton began to hum happily.

"You may be right for once, Walter Fenton, but you don't have to take a bath in it," Emily said.

"Love me?"

"No," said Emily. "You're just a lovable louse." THE END



"It's Herb's hobby!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# We Conquered the Mystery Mountain

(Continued from Page 29)

was starting what she thought would be her last slide down a steep ice slope. The peaks of Pumasillo proved challenging and at times dangerous. But we rose to the challenge and climbed three of the highest summits. More satisfying still was the thrill of exploring and opening up a new and spectacular area to the mountaineering world.

Our expedition was inspired by a flight which Austen Riggs and I made around Pumasillo in 1952. Austen had flown a small plane down to Peru from the United States and I was accompanying him as photographer and excess baggage. I was to join the Franco-American Andean Expedition of 1952 on the first ascent of the then-unclimbed peak of Salcantay. While we had the plane at Cuzco, Peru, we wanted to take pictures of all the big mountains in the area. These mountains, which are called the Cordillera Vilcabamba, are largely surrounded by the jungles of the Amazon basin and hence difficult of access and unexplored.

Five hundred or a thousand years ago, the Cordillera Vilcabamba was a great stronghold of the Inca Empire. In times of peace the Incas would govern their empire from the capital at Cuzco, readily accessible from the high Andean plains of Peru and Bolivia. But when enemies threatened Cuzco the Incas could retire to the nearby Cordillera. The Incas had a complex network of roads connecting a series of fortified towns in the Cordillera. Even a modest defense effort, when combined with the formidable natural obstacles, made the Cordillera an impregnable stronghold. Pizarro and his Spaniards, in 1532 and 1533, conquered the Inca, overran most of his empire and occupied Cuzco with ease. But they could not penetrate the Indian defenses in the Cordillera Vilcabamba.

The only way to get an over-all view of this formidable Cordillera is to fly over it as Austen Riggs and I did. After photographing Salcantay, we flew westward toward unexplored regions. Soon we found ourselves flying over an unknown area of jagged, savage peaks. Several we judged to be about 20,000 feet in altitude and offering challenging climbs, but unfortunately we had no time for them in 1952.

In the fall of 1955, several veterans of previous climbs in Peru began to exchange letters. Thus was born the North American Andean Expedition, 1956. We soon were a strong expedition of nine members. Fred Ayres, who is professor of chemistry at Reed College, Portland, Oregon, has been climbing actively for about twenty-five years. He had been on our first ascent of Salcantay and was the most experienced member of our party. Graham Matthews, another real Peruvian veteran, liked the country so much that he decided his wife, Corky, should come along and enjoy it. She is in her own right a skilled rock climber, accustomed to scaling the sheer precipices of Yosemite. Graham teaches history at the Robert Louis Stevenson School for Boys in Pebble Beach, California.

Still another Salcantay veteran was David Michael, alias Georgia, who is sort of a struggling artist by profession. Georgia has a fine sense of humor, which makes him an ideal companion in the mountains. Then, like groups of athletes from other modern countries, we had our political officer: Andy Kauffman, of the State Department. Andy had first climbed in Peru in 1941, and has ever since, I suspect, been hoping to be transferred to our embassy in Lima. Arnold Wexler, a physicist with the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, has spent many summers climbing, and George Arnis, our youngest member, had an advantage over the rest of us, in being a native of Leadville, Colorado (altitude 10,190 feet). Growing up at such an altitude, George was little affected by even the 20,000-foot heights of Peru.

The party was completed by me and Ginny, my wife. I am a physicist and Ginny is a biochemistry-laboratory technician, and we both work for the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. Ginny had climbed quite a few of the Colorado Rockies, but this was to be her first encounter with big glacier-hung peaks.

Fortunately, with so many members experienced in the pathways and pitfalls of expedition planning, the all-important chores could be shared among us. Arnold Wexler, a number of years ago, made a classic study of the rope stresses involved in arresting the descent of a body which has fallen from some height. So Arnold was a logical choice to take charge of expedition equipment. He devised a complete list, including such diverse items as "one Gerry Himalayan tent, four small whisk brooms, one rotary egg beater, 3000 feet Manila rope, three DDT bombs," and so on. After each item was a notation as to whether some member of the expedition owned and would supply it or whether it had to be purchased.

Ginny and I planned the food. The procedure was simple. Concentrated and dehydrated, yet appetizing and varied foods were the aim. We went over the lists of previous expeditions and profited from such marginal comments as "great, could have eaten twice as much," or more often "ugh, gave 40 lbs. to the Indians," and drew up a list. We figured on about two and a quarter pounds of food per man day. Various special items such as dehydrated soups, instant potato and dehydrated milk were purchased in the United States. But for the most part we counted on getting food in Peru.

Graham Matthews volunteered to serve as treasurer. We had estimated the cost of the expedition to be about $1000 per member. Of this amount, somewhat over half was transportation to Peru and back. This was handled on an individual basis. Food, equipment and transportation in Peru were expedition expenses and Graham kept the funds for these.

Fred Ayres had the tough job of arranging all gear for shipment. By mid-April Fred had seen to it that everything was crated and on a ship for Peru.

David Michael, George Arnis and Fred formed our advance party. By June fifteenth, when the rest of us arrived in Lima, they had pushed our gear through customs and bought the remainder of the food. But they had disturbing news. It seemed that an able British party was attempting to scale Pumasillo at that very moment. This group included George Band, who, in 1955, made the first ascent of Kanchenjunga, long considered impossible to climb. The British had left Lima a month ahead of us and were thus a formidable threat to our making the first ascent of Pumasillo.

In addition to the British unit, we found that another party of skilled climbers was active in the Cordillera Vilcabamba—led by one of the world's great climbers, the French guide Lionel Terray. Terray has made scores of difficult first ascents, including Makalu.

For a long time, in the bar of the Hotel Crillon, we debated whether we should change our objectives. Finally, one factor proved deciding. We had written Peruvian friends in Cuzco to expect us on June nineteenth and have all in readiness for our immediate take-off for the mountains. These friends, Abel Pacheco and Mayalay Flury, had gone with us to the base of Salcantay on that climb and became fans. They had volunteered to arrange for mules and high-altitude porters and to accompany us to base camp. They were, we assumed, waiting for us in Cuzco. Upon this assumption, we based our decision to fly at once to Cuzco. This decision was backed up by guess that the British might not find Pumasillo. Even if they had found it, we thought they could not climb all its numerous summits, for Pumasillo is more a range of mountains than any single peak. The pilot flew close by Pumasillo at our request and I tried to see how the deep valleys fitted together to give access to the mountains.

When we reached Cuzco, Abel and Mayalay were nowhere to be seen. Something had gone wrong with our plans. After settling ourselves in the government-operated Hotel Cuzco, we wandered about, sight-seeing.

Later that afternoon, the French climber, Terray, and his companions unexpectedly arrived at the hotel. They had climbed Salcantay and two other peaks. But we were even more interested to learn that they had been accompanied by none other than our Peruvian friends, Abel and Mayalay. Indeed, Abel had not received our last letter and was not expecting us until much later. No preparations had been made for us.

Bad news, for four of us were committed to return to the United States on July twenty-fourth. The next day we discussed plans with Abel. He had morsels of information. First of all, he had heard that the British had gone directly to the railhead at hacienda Huadquiña a month before. However, the owner was away at some of his mines and the British were unable to obtain mules to transport their gear. For ten days they had waited at Huadquiña before they decided to back-pack their gear toward the mountains. Shortly thereafter, the owner and mules appeared, but the British had lost nearly two weeks at Huadquiña. They were committed to be back in Cuzco by June twenty-fourth to film the annual Indian festival of the summer solstice. So we were hopeful that they could do little on Pumasillo in such a short time.

Next Abel told us that there was no such peak as Pumasillo. Abel had never heard of it, nobody in Cuzco knew of peaks in that area—we would be wasting our time. Fortunately, we could produce our aerial photographs and convince Abel that we knew whereof we spoke. We then learned the facts of life at Huadquiña.

That hacienda was one of the richest in Peru. The owner, Don Alfredo Romaineville, was a self-made man and at Huadquiña his word was absolute law. Don Alfredo was a classic type, "*un tipo clásico*"—a huge bear of a man, now in his fifties and almost totally deaf. As a youth he had prospected in the Cordillera Vilcabamba for eleven years "with only the wild cows for company" and he loathed city life. Although immensely wealthy, he even now lived only to work. No one could obtain mules at Huadquiña except through Don Alfredo—and he was somewhat allergic to mountain climbers. But, added Abel with a flourish, "Don Alfredo is a good friend of mine." Abel has a substantial hacienda of his own near Cuzco and could thus deal with Don Alfredo as an equal—well, almost. Abel agreed to get in touch with Don Alfredo at once, but he thought that it would be at least a week before we could leave Huadquiña. We were unhappy to lose more time, but there seemed little that could be done. And this would give us a chance to meet the British and find what they had done. So we resigned ourselves to some of the tourist attractions near Cuzco.

We spent three days at Machu Picchu, sacred Inca city of stone. This ruin, about seventy miles from Cuzco, is on a precipitous promontory 1500 feet above the Urubamba River, where it knifes its way through the heart of the Cordillera Vilcabamba. The granite gorge of the Urubamba, 10,000 feet deep, provides a spectacular backdrop for the austere rock artistry of the Incas. Since the tiny Machu Picchu Hotel was full, we pitched our tents near the ruins.

Huadquiña is only about ten miles from Machu Picchu and while at the ruins we were surprised by a chance meeting with the British expedition, en route to Cuzco. George Band told us that they had followed high passes for two weeks and that they had gone completely around Pumasillo, but that they had found no way whatsoever to get to its base. The mystery mountains remained inviolate. He had heard that the valley we wanted to follow was impassable. Then came more bad news—Abel called to say that Romaineville had laid down the law: "No mules until July fifth."

Finally, on June twenty-ninth, we were made welcome at Huadquiña by the daughters of Don Alfredo Romaineville. That evening I asked Henrique Romaineville, Don Alfredo's brother, if there was any trail up the valley of the Rio Huadquiña where we wished to go. He told us that the British had misunderstood—there were

(*Continued on Page 99*)

## Bride's Winter

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

That year winter never came
at all.
We waited, harvest in and
hearth ablaze,
For yearly dreariness of
after-fall,
But autumn lingered on in
briefer days,
Leafless elm grace seeming
still to glow
And maple fires to burn on
empty boughs.
What fell to cover earth
resembled snow,
But never passed our
unbelieving brows
To make a firm impression on
the mind.
We only saw it lying like white
grass;
Although we looked, we never
seemed to find
True signs that cold would
come and warmth would
pass,
And before the first small bird
returned to sing,
Love had made the whole
long winter spring.

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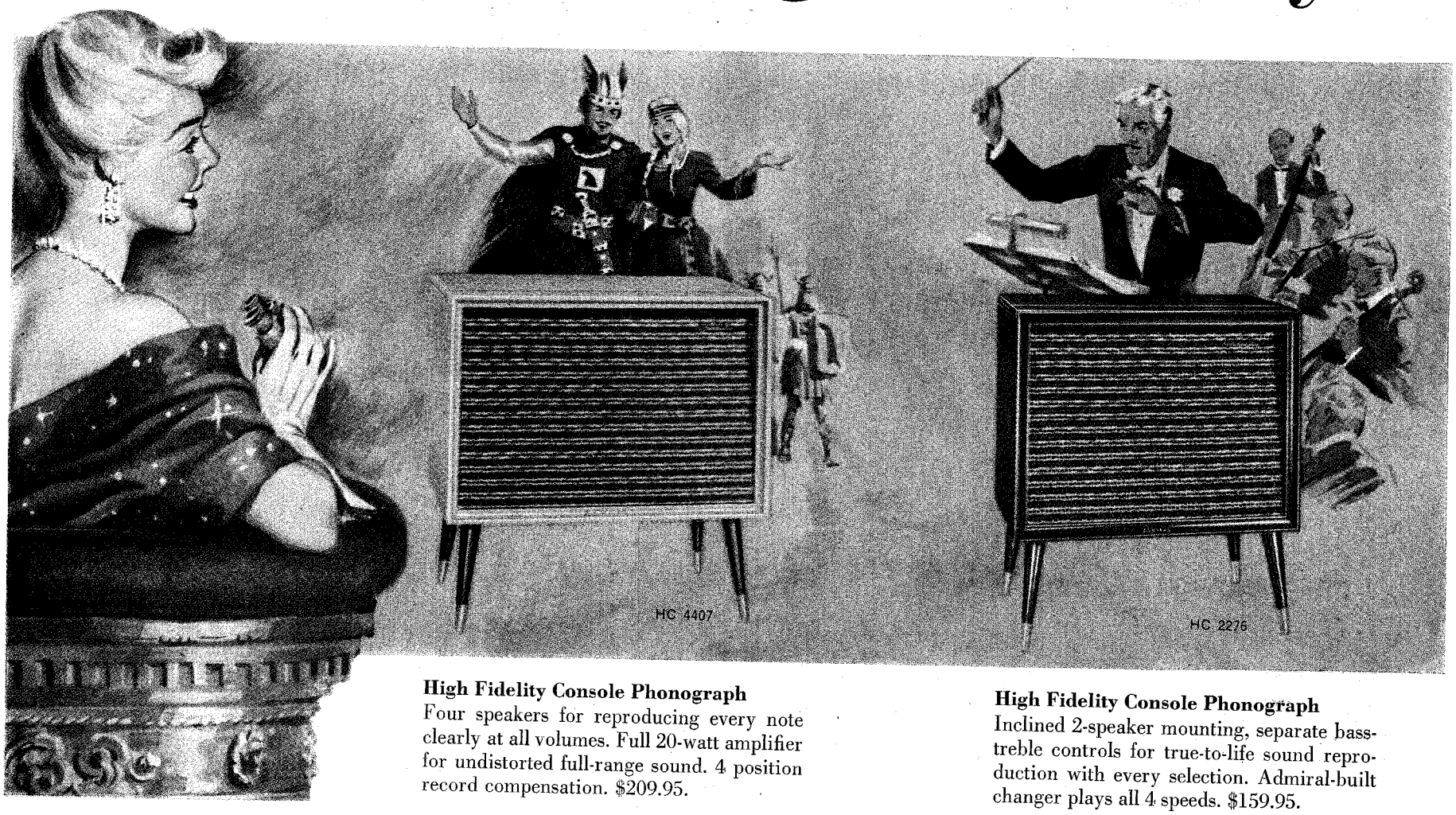
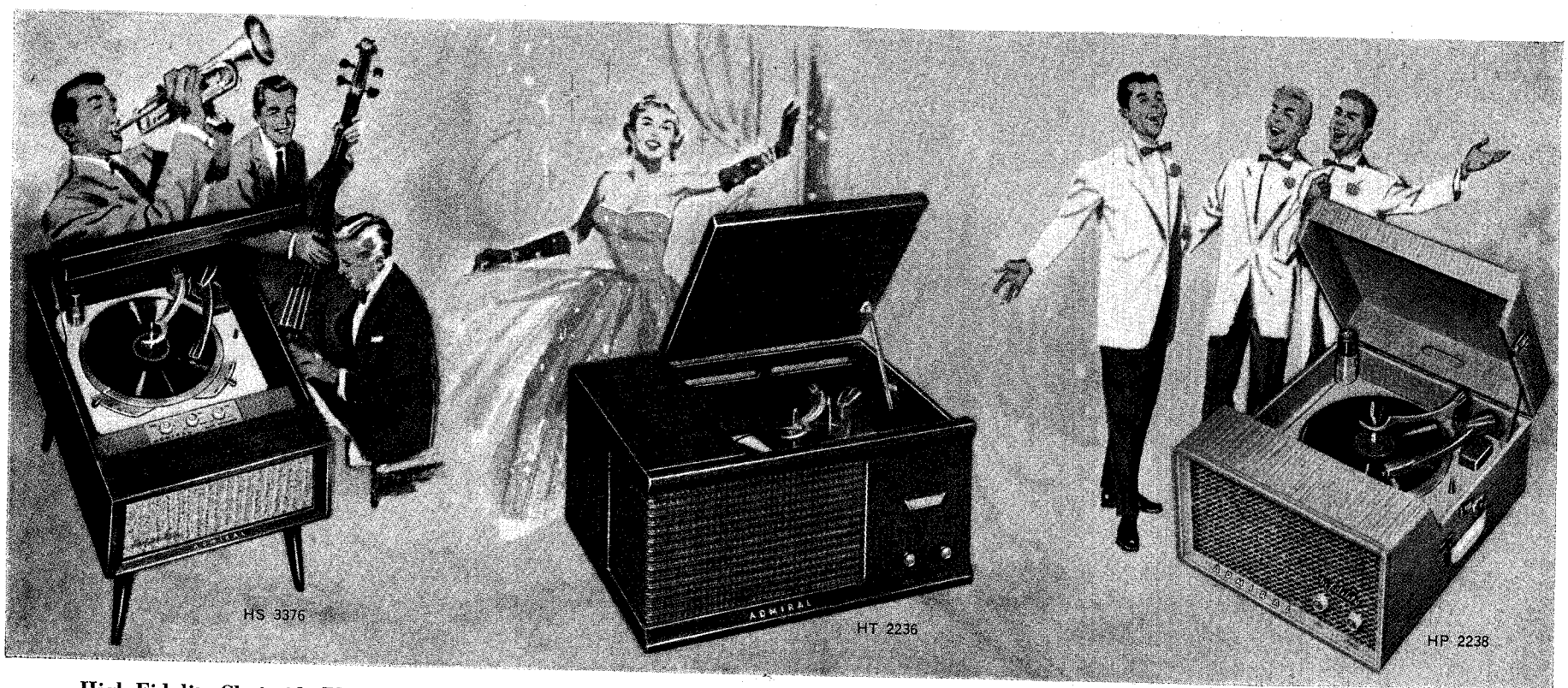



**High Fidelity Console Phonograph**
Four speakers for reproducing every note clearly at all volumes. Full 20-watt amplifier for undistorted full-range sound. 4 position record compensation. $209.95.

**High Fidelity Console Phonograph**
Inclined 2-speaker mounting, separate bass-treble controls for true-to-life sound reproduction with every selection. Admiral-built changer plays all 4 speeds. $159.95.




**High Fidelity Chairside Phonograph**
Three speakers and seven sound outlets fill your ears with opulent sound. This handsome new Admiral brings new life to every note on your favorite records. $119.95.

**High Fidelity Table Phonograph**
Twin speaker system and powerful amplifier give you omni-directional sound and smooth, even performance. Intermixes 10″ and 12″ records of same speed. $99.95.

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"Hi-Fi" that goes places with you! You'd expect to pay more for this portable "concert hall." In long-lasting Pyroxylin finishes, Silver Oak or Tan Swirl. $99.95.

## All the sound... makes all the difference!

Prices slightly higher in South, West and Canada. Subject to change without notice.

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**1.** Your tires take a beating even when you're "just driving around town." Bumps that you hardly notice in today's smooth-riding cars can cause weakening bruises in tires made with ordinary cord. This unseen damage can cause sudden tire failure when you least expect it.

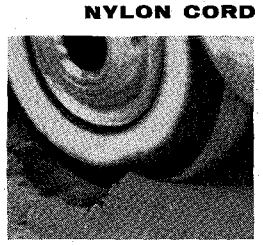
**2.** Here on the highway is where a weakened tire is most likely to give out. Nylon cord shrugs off the day-after-day punishment a tire takes, gives you protection and confidence. The *lasting strength* of nylon cord tires has been proved in billions of miles of use by safety-conscious truckers.

# For today's horsepowers and highways, you need tires with the lasting strength and safety of nylon cord

Now for today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, there are modern tires with the added safety only nylon can give. Nylon cord protects against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence in your tires.

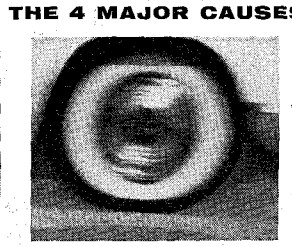
All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

**NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS**

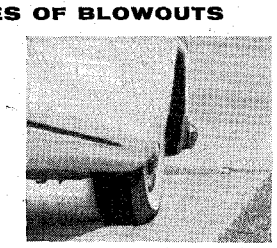


**1. BRUISE DAMAGE** caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives you extra safety mile after mile.

**2. MOISTURE** seeping in through cracks or cuts in tire rubber weakens ordinary cord; results in unseen damage to tires. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture damage because water can't rot nylon cord.



**3. FLEX STRAIN** that occurs every time a tire turns can sap strength, lead to premature failure. Nylon's resilience guards against flex fatigue, gives lasting protection against this cause of blowout.



**4. HEAT** can permanently weaken tire cord, lead to blowouts. Nylon gives two-way protection: It has greater heat resistance — also makes cooler-running tires. That's why racing tires are made with nylon.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

**The safest, strongest tires that you can have on your car are made with nylon cord**

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(*Continued from Page 96*) two passable trails part way up the valley. One went through the jungle to the little Indian village of Sacsara, but, he added, "there are no big mountains near Sacsara, just hills." And so it went. The few people who had ever heard of Sacsara would tell us nothing of mountains there. It was a puzzle.

Our course of action was clear. A reconnaissance party must go to Sacsara and prove that Pumasillo was there. On June thirtieth, Andy, Arnold, Graham and George Arnis set off with three porters whom Abel had hired for us. At the same time the rest of us poked up another possible valley from Huadquiña—namely, the one followed by the British. On July third, the porters returned from Sacsara with the wonderful news that they had found Pumasillo. The trail was more or less passable and the high valley of Sacsara was ringed with lofty glacier-hung peaks.

The next day it looked as if we might never reach it. Don Alfredo had returned to his hacienda and we told him the good news. But he was unimpressed. There were no mountains at Sacsara; it would be folly to take mules to Sacsara. Abel came to our rescue at that point. Mules he had promised, and mules we should have. Mules we got.

But the question remained in our minds for a long time: Why did Don Alfredo say there were no mountains above Sacsara? It is possible that he didn't know of them. But it is also very possible that he did not believe we were mere mountain climbers, but thought we were prospectors. Naturally, he would want to discourage the prospecting of mining country which he himself had not scoured for minerals. We had foolishly shown him a Geiger counter which we had brought for amusement. Perhaps this had confirmed his suspicions.

The trail from Huadquiña to Sacsara was a route we shall not soon forget. After the first six miles, the jungle abruptly closed in. Soon we were surrounded by a wall of vines, creepers and bamboo. Often the trail was hacked in the face of a cliff, but so thick was the vegetation that it was hard to tell whether you were putting your foot down on rock or thin air.

We spent the afternoon and night in Indian huts at a clearing called Incahuasi, or "place of the Inca." Those of us who were on foot arrived long before the mules and we were welcomed by the Indian women and children. They had never seen or even heard of Americans.

Abel arrived at the head of the mule train just after dark—and he brought bad news. A mule was missing; he had apparently somehow wandered from the trail. Abel was furious at the mule drivers. A search for the mule that night proved fruitless. Early the next morning, Abel retraced the trail for several miles and found where the unlucky mule had misjudged his footing and plunged through a fragile wall of greenery to topple 100 feet onto a boulder-strewn stream bed. The mule had been instantly killed. It was only with great difficulty that Abel and his aides could reach the animal and salvage the waterlogged load.

Shortly above Incahuasi, the trail became a miserable series of mudholes. It began to rain. But we persevered and eventually the jungle thinned. We moved farther up the valley, made rendezvous with our reconnaissance party and established base camp at 13,000 feet. We were 8000 feet above Huadquiña.

The campsite was, Andy told us, very convenient for attempts on several of the highest peaks of the Pumasillo chain. But while we pitched camp and for several days thereafter, the presence of high mountains was indicated by faith alone—for clouds and gently falling snow obscured any scenery farther away than a few hundred yards. At first we did not mind the snow. We had to pitch tents, organize climbing equipment, check food, sort personal gear—there was a host of other tasks to occupy us. But after the first day, this bad weather was most annoying. Time was running out fast.

We had one clear morning and took advantage of it to investigate two peaks. The word "Pumasillo" appears to mean "Claws of the Puma," and this was an apt description of the range. From the Sacsara valley we could count twelve snow-capped summits. The peaks were very steep near their summits and thus, from some distance, resembled the upthrust claws of a puma. Indeed, none of the three major summits we scaled was large enough to accommodate a standing man comfortably.

Four peaks, or claws, were higher than the rest. Together they formed a crest which, at about 20,000 feet, dominated the range. The highest point was probably at the north end of the crest; we knew from our aerial photos that it would best be attempted from the west. From the Sacsara valley, which was unfortunately east of the crest, it would be a very perilous climb. We called this peak "Hard Pumasillo." At the south end of the crest was the second highest peak of the range, only a few feet lower than the highest. We called this one "Easy Pumasillo," but it turned out that this was a misnomer. "Easy Pumasillo"—or Lasunayoc, as the natives called it—is a sublime symmetric pyramid of ice and rock which completely dominates the Sacsara valley. This was to be our first objective.

Because our party was so large, we decided to divide and try another beautiful ice peak, Ccollpachinac Human, which rose directly above base camp. When the weather finally improved, on July eleventh, we set out as two parties to attempt Lasunayoc and Ccollpachinac Human.

The Lasunayoc party was composed of Andy, Arnold, Georgia and "Lonesome George." (By this time we had experienced some confusion with two Georges and one Georgia on the trip and bachelor George Arnis had acquired the nickname of "Lonesome George.") They swiftly followed a route up a glacier to the base of the final ice pyramid. The summit was still 1500 feet above, and all of that distance appeared to be hard blue ice, pitched at an angle between that of a roof and a steeple. For hours they hacked steps with their ice axes and tied themselves to long iron pitons which they drove into the ice to safeguard their advance. By late afternoon they had climbed only about 600 feet and were becoming convinced that another side of the mountain offered a better route.

Meanwhile, Fred Ayres, Graham and Corky Matthews, Ginny and I were attempting Ccollpachinac Human. We found a beautiful meadow for our camp near the snout of a glacier. The view was so splendid that next morning we wasted a precious hour taking photographs. We could see our friends at work on Lasunayoc.

Ccollpachinac Human is a peak of classic beauty and would have been a glorious climb had it not been for all the fresh snow which hampered our advance. We kicked steps up slopes of loose powder snow to gain a ridge which we hoped would offer better going. This was Ginny's first time on a glacier and I was naturally happy to see that my bride was getting a real thrill out of it. The ridge offered matchless views. But we soon had to cross some big crevasses, and then, as Ginny glanced down into their seemingly bottomless cold blue depths, she wondered if glaciers were much fun after all.

Gentle slopes led to some ice cliffs below the summit towers. Punching steps in the deep snow on these slopes was slow and tiring work. By this time clouds had settled around us, and Ginny, whose hands and feet were now soaked by melting snow, decided that glaciers had their definite drawbacks.

Fred and I turned to do battle with the deep snow. As Fred was plowing a waist-deep trench toward the cliffs, there was suddenly a sharp hissing sound and the snow around Fred began to slide down the mountain. I thought Fred was in serious trouble. But fortunately he was near the edge of the slide and a few frantic lunges carried him to solid snow. This had been only a small slide, but it made us acutely conscious of the hazards of a big one. After looking at all the snow on the route farther ahead and at the many big crevasses, we reluctantly returned to base camp.

The next morning we held a council of war. Two attempts, no ascents, and Andy, Arnold, Ginny and I would have to leave in a week. We agreed that Lasunayoc was now the objective, and finally decided to shift our attack to its southeastern side.

Accordingly, on July fourteenth, Georgia, Fred, Lonesome George and I set out for the southeastern flank of Lasunayoc with three sturdy porters. Graham, who had seen the southeastern side on reconnaissance and had a route in mind, went ahead to prove it out. Around noon he found an excellent site for camp on a prominent rock buttress between two big icefalls. We had climbed nearly 3000 feet from base camp and it was beginning to snow. We pitched camp and Graham and the porters returned to base camp.

In the morning we climbed to the top of our buttress to search for a route. Immediately ahead we found a large snow basin—above it rose a gigantic, tumbled icefall. Still higher there appeared to be another plateau, out of which rose the summit pyramid. Our first problem was clearly the big icefall.

This icefall was formed where the Lasunayoc glacier cascaded over a continuity of rock cliffs. These tended to break the glacier into a series of impassable ice cliffs. A route had to be found between them. The icefall, nearly 3000 feet high and a mile wide, was in many places a wilderness of tumbled skyscrapers of ice.

We set off across the plateau. At first we made good headway, but then we encountered deep snow. We could see where slopes had avalanched and we had to use extreme care to avoid being caught in any snowslide. Now the clouds, boiling up out of the Amazon basin, closed in on us. This proved to be typical—clear before ten A.M., then clouds and intermittent snow.

We paused for lunch on a level spot—a good site for the next camp. It was protected from anything falling from above by two crevasses, each perhaps forty feet wide and a hundred deep. That afternoon deep snow, avalanche conditions, zero visibility and crevasses made the route-finding tricky. For several hours we probed ahead but time and again we were brought up short in the maze of giant crevasses and ice cliffs. We groped back down to Camp I.

The next day the porters carried up Camp II to our previous flat lunch spot. By the time we reached it, we were in the clouds again and could see little. But the visibility was slightly better than the previous day and we spent all afternoon looking for the route above. The deep snow not only made for avalanches and hard labor but it concealed crevasses.

Of course, we always proceeded roped together with strong nylon line which can hold a 3000-pound pull. But Georgia had a close call. While casually crossing a most innocent-looking flat stretch of snow, his footing suddenly collapsed and he had the sickening sensation of plunging into a big crevasse. Fortunately his shoulder and elbow caught on one side and one of the spikes of a steel crampon which he had fastened to his boot stuck on the other. The combination threatened to break him in two, but after a few frantic seconds of struggle he was able to escape from this awkward position. After this, we would never allow slack to accumulate in the rope between two climbers.

The next morning we followed another promising route with high hopes. But it was blocked higher up by a crevasse twenty feet wide and five times as deep. Above rose two ice cliffs—each overhanging, and the height of a five-story building. This icefall just seemed to be built wrong. So we tried yet another route, which we called "Ski Alley." This

"Boy, am I glad to see you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Paso por aqui—1605"—"I passed by here," was the favorite phrase of the Spanish *Conquistadores*, as inscribed on El Morro National Monument in Western New Mexico—one of our nine fascinating National Monuments.

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Zuñi Shalako dancer, painted by Awa Tsireh, New Mexico Indian artist.


was a gentle crevassed corridor which appeared to lead nowhere, but which, in fact, enabled us to sneak past all of the big ice cliffs and reach the summit plateau. Here we had a brief glimpse of the summit pyramid before it was swallowed by driving snow.

The next morning Fred was up cooking breakfast at the heroic hour of 3:45 o'clock. We left camp at dawn and before eight A.M. reached the upper plateau, where we spied a likely route to the base of an ice cliff some 200 feet below the summit of the final ice pyramid. But following it was another matter. The plateau was drifted with bottomless snow and it took three hours of steady toil to punch our way to the base of the pyramid. By then the clouds were upon us, as usual. We started up through recent avalanche debris. Above this was a steep slope—perhaps 400 feet in height and obviously prone to avalanche again. Our hearts were in our throats as Fred kicked the long flight of steps up this unstable horror. But it held. By the time we reached the ridge, visibility had decreased to only a few feet.

As I advanced along the ridge, nothing could be seen. Cloud-filled space was indistinguishable from snow. I would poke ahead with my ice ax to locate the crest of the ridge and then advance a foot. The snow was an evil formation known as "wind slab." This most treacherous stuff tends to fracture into great blocks, which slide off the mountain at high speed. But in due course the ultimate cliff loomed ahead.

Here we paused for lunch and quiet meditation. We thought that perhaps the cliff could be by-passed on the left. Accordingly, I tiptoed in that direction. The prospect was forbidding. I stood at the top of vertical rock cliffs that plunged out of sight into the clouds below. I was still separated by thirty feet of steep ice and snow from the ice cliff proper. But that cliff looked like an impossible overhanging honeycomb of rotten ice. I tiptoed back to the others and announced that, as a conservative married man, I judged the route to be impractical.

At that point, Fred, a fearless bachelor, tiptoed out for a look. He was not so easily daunted. He carved out a perilous route to the base of the ice cliff. He swatted at it in disgust once or twice, but to scale it was clearly hopeless. It could not be turned on the left and Fred rejoined us.

There remained hope that one could make a long traverse below the ice cliff to the right and finally get around it. But time did not remain for the attempt that day.

The next day I had to start out to Huadquiña with Ginny and Arnold. All hands retired to Camp I and base camp to regroup for the final assault on Lasunayoc. As soon as I left, I am told, the weather took a turn for the better. By July twenty-third, Graham, Georgia, Fred and Lonesome George were ready to renew the attack on Lasunayoc. The porters had moved up high camp to the head of Ski Alley. From this higher location they hoped the summit would be more easily attainable. Fresh snow had drifted into our old tracks across the plateau, so that a new trail had to be punched out. But by ten in the morning they had reached our previous high point and were beginning a delicate traverse to the right underneath the overhanging ice cliff. Beneath them still larger ice cliffs fell away hundreds of feet to the plateau. They scaled a short icicle-draped cliff to gain a long shelf between the two levels of big cliffs. They then followed the shelf for several hundred yards until finally the ultimate cliff eased back into a somewhat less than vertical slope which led them to the summit ridge.

The apex of Lasunayoc was a blade of snow so thin and insecure that they dared have only one man at a time inch his way to the top while securely held on a rope by the others. Clouds were billowing about, so they wasted little time on the inhospitable summit of "Easy Pumasillo."

Next on the list of unfinished business was Ccollpachinac Human. On July twenty-sixth all hands scaled one of its summit towers, only to find that strict honesty compelled them to note that another and much harder tower was at least five feet higher. So on July twenty-eighth Graham, Fred, and Lonesome George returned for this pinnacle. They left camp by moonlight and were only a few hundred feet below the top by dawn.

But what a few hundred feet. After a grueling treadmill section of bottomless snow, they were confronted by a final 175-foot snow steeple. Graham did some bold leading up this dangerous fluted slope. When, hours later, they reached the summit, it was to be greeted by a stomach-wrenching view down the north side. No one dared stand upright on the summit of Ccollpachinac Human—what held it together was a complete mystery.

Later, the party climbed one other nice peak—the Indians called it Ttiyuyoc—we nicknamed it "Ladies' Day." Here, too, the summit proved to be an incredible snow ornament, more the product of a disordered imagination than a bit of terra firma. With two more minor summits, the expedition had thus scaled six of the peaks of Pumasillo—about as many as we had ever hoped to get.

I have to admit that my own recollections of the trip are tarnished by memories of unnecessary delay, and of having to leave before any climbs were completed. But these are merely minor elements in an otherwise pleasant whole. It was fine to open up a new area to the mountaineering world. I was happy to introduce Ginny to a land of high mountains and happier still that she enjoyed this land. But the primary joy was simply that of climbing on beautiful mountains.

I have learned that men climb mountains for as many reasons as there are climbers. I know that some have climbed with motives that are ignoble—spurred on perhaps by hate, or jealousy, or a mean ambition. But I like to think that usually this is not so and that in climbing we come to know a high religion, truly and deeply.

I remember one evening when four of us were standing outside the tents at Camp II on Lasunayoc. The storm clouds of the afternoon had cleared and all around us we saw the virgin whiteness of powder snow. The sun was low in the west and its slanting rays shone on the summits of the highest peaks of the Cordillera Vilcabamba. Finally, only the tip of Salcantay was lighted by the dying sun. Then at twilight we saw lightning flickering in gigantic thunderheads which stood up above the blackness of the Amazon jungle to the northeast. Such a scene spoke only of the majesty of nature and the vain and fleeting quality of human endeavor.

Then I heard the purring of the gasoline stove cooking supper; I smelled the boiling stew. And, looking around, I saw my three companions—and our two little tents perched here on the side of this mountain. The nylon ropes, crampons and ice axes were neatly arranged outside for the climb next morning. Then I knew that this climb we had set ourselves—to scale the ice slopes of Pumasillo—was a joyful affirmation of the vitality of the human spirit. THE END

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# The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 43)

Brayton put his key in the front-door lock. His mother and Lolly were behind him, coming up the steps, photographers' bulbs flashing above the heads of the crowd of curious but silent people who had backed away to let them cross the sidewalk from the taxi. The others were coming with Mrs. Summerfield.

"Good evening, ma'am." Old Horace held the door for them to enter.

"Good evening, Horace."

"Will you have dinner with the family or would you rather have a tray brought to you?"

"I think I'll have a tray, thank you, Horace."

He took her bag from Johnny and carried it off.

"But chiefly I want a bath in my own tub." She smiled faintly as she started up the stairs. "And I'd like to be alone, loves. If you could send gran and the rest of them home, it would be wonderful. You can try anyway."

Johnny followed his sister into the Common Room.

"I wish we could get gran to go now," Lolly said. "She's been wonderful. But somehow I thought I'd scream if she kept on saying, 'It's absurd, utterly absurd.' And today she's been furious."

She broke off, seeing the reflected flashes from the photographers' bulbs. "Make her go home, Johnny! Don't let her start on mamma tonight!"

He went out to let them in. Behind his grandmother were his brother and sister. Miss Elizabeth seemed to have evaporated.

"Look, friends," he said. "Ma's bushed. Let's give her a break. In other words, beat it, kids."

"Right," Pug said. . . . "Come on, gran."

"You may go. I'm staying. I'm going to see your mother. In the name of gracious heaven, what was she thinking of? Needlessly dragging our names through this revolting mess!"

"Take it easy, gran."

Johnny put his hand on her arm, but she jerked savagely away and went swiftly up the stairs.

"Look. I'm going," Meg said. She started for the door and stopped, came back quickly to Lolly and put her arms around her. "Don't be so unhappy, baby."

"I'm not." Lolly's voice was taut. "You go on. Wave to Mrs. Remstad. Somebody ought to try to act grateful to her."

The three of them stood for an instant at the foot of the stairs, then returned to the Common Room.

"You can't blame the old girl," Pug said.

"But she's the one that's been so sure."

"She had to be sure," Pug said quietly. "She had to be sure or else it was her own fault. That's what's been driving me crazy—wondering if Camilla Anne or somebody'd get around to what gran said in her cups one night. Round Christmas, the day after her dinner for General Preston. She said, 'If it hadn't been for me telling him he couldn't hope to marry your mother, he wouldn't have run away and joined the army. And if I hadn't put both feet down after Lolly was born, she ——'"

"Shut up, Pug," Johnny said harshly.

His brother flushed. "Sorry. I didn't know ——"

"Has anybody let him know?" Lolly asked calmly.

It was Johnny's turn to flush. "I've been calling him every day."

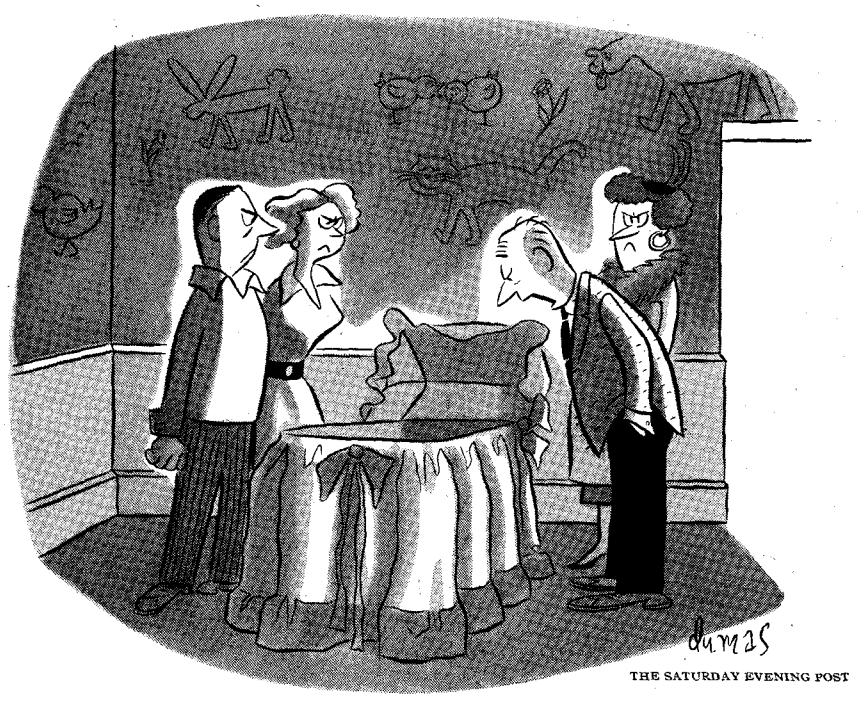
"The subject is now closed," Lolly said.

They sat there, tension mounting, and jumped to their feet at their grandmother's voice, "Pug! Johnny!"

It was a half-strangled cry, hardly audible. They sprang into the hall and up the stairs, where she was staggering down, one hand at her breast, the other clutching the banister, her face ghastly. Johnny caught her. They carried her down and laid her on the long sofa in the Common Room. Pug poured a drink quickly.

"Here, gran, drink this. It's neat. Watch it."

She drank it with his hand guiding hers, her shoulders shaking as Johnny lifted her. She struggled up then and put her feet on the floor. "Lolly, get my bag. Get Occam; tell him to take me home. Just let him help me down the steps." She dropped her head suddenly into her hands. "Oh, my God!" Her body was shaking. She rocked back and forth in agony. "Oh, Margaret! Oh, what a fool

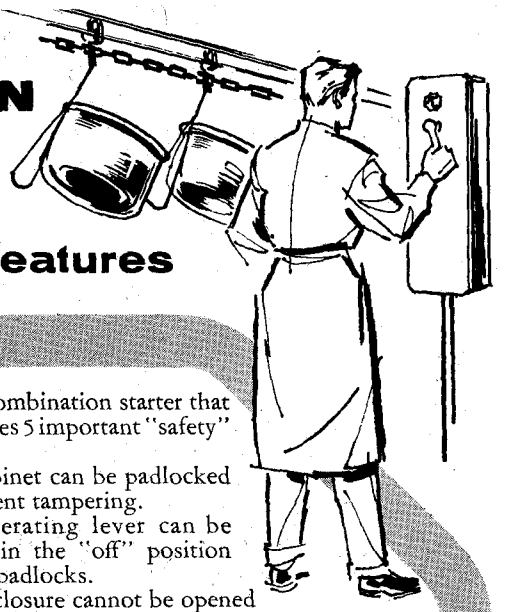


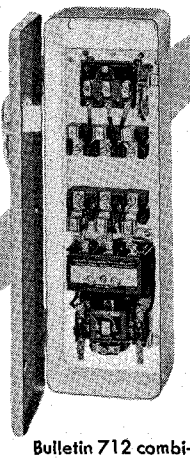

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, frankly, I think he looks like any other three-week-old kid."


COMBINATION STARTERS

...with 5 safety features





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I've been! Oh, why did I make her tell me? Oh, my poor, wretched child!"

The eyes of the three Braytons met, their faces stunned.

"Gran," Pug said, "you'd better go to bed. I'll call Doctor ——"

"No." She raised her head sharply. "I must go. You come with me, Pug. We don't want anybody to ——" She was shaking uncontrollably. "Give me another drink. I'll be all right. . . . Bring my bag, Lolly. Come to the door and say good-by. Everything as we always do. . . . Help me up, Johnny." She grasped his arm.

They hadn't heard Horace coming to answer the doorbell or seen him until they came out as Lolly was running down the stairs with the bag. Or seen the man standing there, inside, his hat and briefcase in his hand. They saw him now.

"Sergeant Trumper to see you, Mr. Johnny."

Mrs. Summerfield's fingers dug into Johnny's arm like iron claws.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Trumper? . . . I'm afraid that last drink went to my knees. Now, if Occam's ready ——"

Horace opened the door and she went on out. Johnny turned to Trumper. He was frightened, and, being frightened, he was angry.

"Do you have to see my mother? She's just ——"

"What makes you think it's her I came to see, Mr. Brayton?"

Johnny flushed.

"I'd like to see her tomorrow, if she's up to it. Right now I'd like to have another look at your father's study, if it won't disturb anybody. And I'd like to see Miss Elizabeth Brayton."

Lolly put her hand on Johnny's arm. "I'm sorry, Sergeant Trumper. She isn't here. We don't know where she is." She went to the hall table and took a brass key out of the drawer. "We've kept the study locked."

"If you'll give me a couple of days," Dave Trumper said. He added, as unexpectedly to himself as it was to them, "The jury freed your mother. She can't be put in double jeopardy. Why don't you kids relax a little?"

"That's a good idea," Lolly said quietly. He was on his way upstairs when he heard her say, "Come on, Johnny; let's have a drink."

Inside the Common Room she started trembling violently. She was laughing and crying at the same time. Johnny jerked her to her feet, shaking her. "Stop it, Lolly! Stop it!"

"I can't bear it any longer!" She collapsed in his arms, sobbing. "Not one word from him to say he was sorry the wedding was canceled—not a word!"

She ran then, streaking through the door and upstairs. Trumper, coming out of the study, saw her reach the third floor. When he got to the bottom of the steps he saw Johnny standing in front of the fireplace, his elbows on the mantel, his head in his hands. Sergeant Trumper went quietly to the front door and let himself out, so that neither the Braytons nor Horace saw that he was leaving without the brief case he'd had when he came.

Johnny heard the door close and looked around. But the hell with Trumper. It was all the nights Lolly had sat there with her empty heart, no word from the boy she loved, just from his family thanking them for the return of her engagement ring. And he'd done this to his sister, his mother, his grandmother, all of them, because Kerry O'Keefe, the college-girl policeman ——

Then, as if the moment wasn't already bitter beyond its measure, Horace came to the door. "Your phone, Johnny. Miss O'Keefe. She wants to know if you could speak to her."

"No!" Johnny shouted it at him. "I don't want ever to hear her name again! Tell her to go to hell and stay there!"

Dave Trumper was shaving when Kerry called him at seven-thirty the next morning.

"Did you figure something, Kerry?"

"No, Dave." Her voice was dead level. "I've got something else. A confession."

"Keep it," he said shortly. "I'll see you later." He put the phone down hard. *College-girl cop. I knew she'd crack.*

He was still angry when he got to Mt. Vernon Place at nine o'clock. He rang Mrs. Remstad's bell. When she opened her door, she was in a house dress and apron, a white cloth covering her shining hair, a dish towel in her hand.

"What do you want? I'm busy now."

"Can I come in a minute?"

She held the door open grudgingly for him. There was a dishpan of soapy water on a table with a newspaper under it, a carton beside it on the floor. Another table was covered with the animal figures she was washing and drying. And packing, apparently.

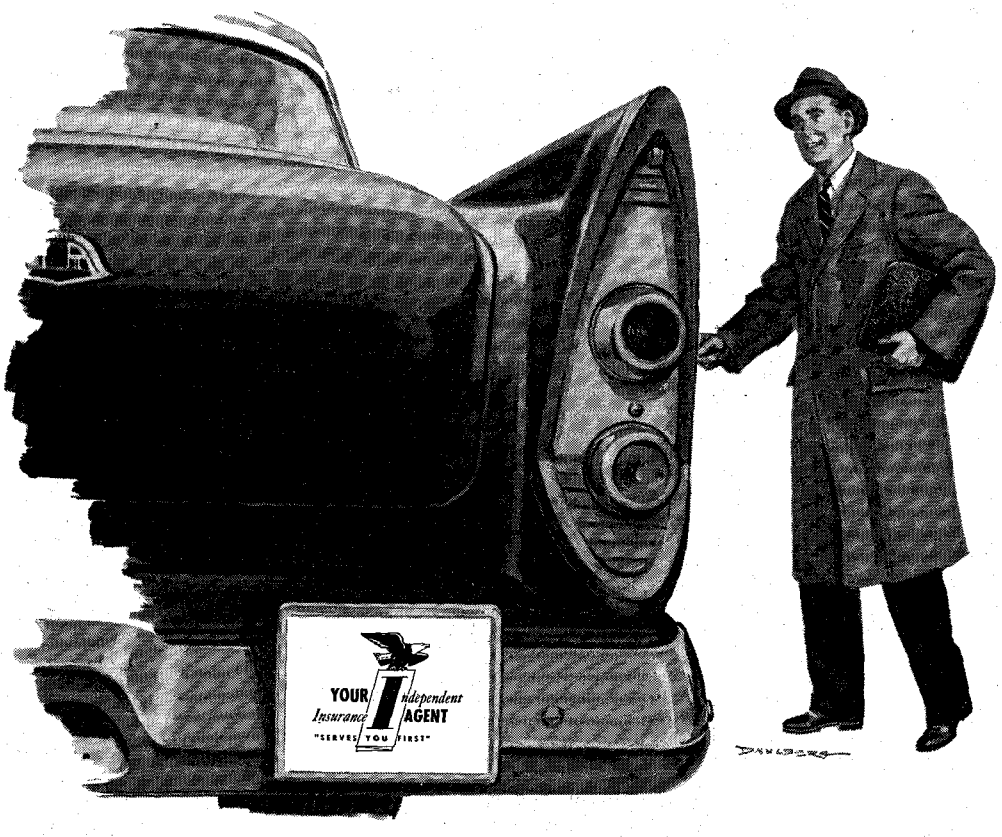
"Not leaving us, are you?"

"Wouldn't you?" She handed him the broken half of a brick with a piece of paper, creased where it had been tied around the brick, the red dust sticking to it. "If you got this through your conservatory window?"

Trumper flushed as he read it. It was foul with obscenity.

"Some psycho. You always get 'em."

"Sure," Mrs. Remstad said. "They been calling me on my phone, all last night after I got home, telling me I lied for her and how much did she and Mr.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Chew pay me. So I'm getting out. I don't like being called dirty names. I'm sick of it. So sick I'd like to die myself. And I said everything I got to say."

"I don't blame you, Mrs. Remstad," Dave Trumper said. "I'm sorry. Just don't answer the phone for a while, till we get a screen working. I'll take this with me. Maybe there'll be a fingerprint."

He took the paper and the brick, borrowed a piece of her newspaper and wrapped both up, not putting them in his brief case. He left then, sick, as he was always sick, at the psychotic backwash after any spectacular murder.

Horace came to the door as he rang the Braytons' bell. "Mrs. Brayton's upstairs. She said to bring you up if you should come."

She was at her desk, ethereally remote in a green linen dress, writing a letter. She slipped it under the blotter and got up as Trumper put his brief case on the floor by the door.

"How do you do, Sergeant Trumper." She sat waiting.

"Your neighbor's having a pretty rough time of it." He was a little angry, suddenly. "Helping you out's put her in a tough spot. She's having to leave town till it dies down."

A flash of feeling that softened him shot through her dark eyes, before the faintly ironic smile he'd noticed in the courtroom closely followed it.

"You must think I'm very callous, Sergeant Trumper. I'm sorry. It was extremely kind of her to come to my defense. I ——"

"Would you tell me, Mrs. Brayton, just what in hell—excuse me—just what you thought you were doing? Were you just trying to get yourself convicted?"

He heard himself, as surprised at asking it as he was at the heat he asked it with.

"You mean, unless I did kill him," she said calmly. "And you're not quite sure I didn't, are you? I could see it in your face yesterday. But truly, I did not. And I was as stunned as you were when Mrs. Remstad took the stand. I had no idea she'd seen me leave the house or return to it. And if I had killed him, I think I'd tell you so now, to keep you from dogging everyone else all over again. But you'd ask me again to take your lie-detector test, and I'd fail it."

Trumper stared at her. "Are you telling me the reason you didn't take it is you knew it'd clear you? Or were you—afraid it would point to someone else?"

She was silent a moment. "It would have shown I didn't do it, if it's as infallible as you say. What else it would have shown or you could have deduced from it, I'm not sure, Sergeant Trumper."

Dave Trumper looked at her intently for a moment. "You haven't answered my first question, Mrs. Brayton. Or don't you want to answer it?"

She looked away in some far distance.

"It's possibly a case of he who rides the tiger, sergeant. I didn't hear the shots. They must have been fired while my engine was running, out in the garage. After I came in and put the chain in the slot across the back door I smelled gun smoke, just a faint whiff of it. I ran upstairs. Doctor Brayton's study door was open, his lights on. I ran in there. It looked as if he had shot himself. But that was impossible—unless he'd gone stark, raving mad, and that was highly improbable."

Trumper asked, "You say it was impossible he'd have shot himself?"

"Psychologically impossible, Sergeant Trumper. He was almost pathologically fastidious about his person. The sight of blood offended him. He barely passed his practical-surgery courses and never touched surgery after he got his degree. He used to fly a great deal, and he always carried a capsule—cyanide, I suppose—so that he could avoid the horror of a violent death. He didn't like guns. That's why it took me several moments to collect myself and call the police."

"In fact you knew at once that he'd been murdered, didn't you, Mrs. Brayton?"

"Did I?"

She looked at him with her strange ironic smile. But there was more than that in her expression. Trumper watched her intently without seeming to watch.

"Perhaps again it's simply that the woman who rides the tiger cannot dismount."

"Do you think it might be your son, Mrs. Brayton?"

"Never." She smiled again. "If any of you thought I was trying to protect my son, you were entirely wrong."

"No," Trumper said. "I never thought that. And I wasn't ever sold on the Ristwich woman. Not after I saw her."

"But if I'd told you that Doctor Brayton was reading me a love poem that for some inexplicable reason has an almost hypnotic effect on me, and that I was so terrified he'd defeat me again that I'd decided to leave the house in the morning

---

**Wellspring**

Not that I am strong,
  But that you think me so;
From need to justify your faith
  My strength and courage flow.

**Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

---

and stay at my mother's until after my daughter's wedding, do you think you would have believed me? Or that because I was leaving, I was clearing my desk, burning old bills and papers, when suddenly I knew I had to stay, I had to keep face till Lolly was married, and that, just to try to get back some simple sanity, I left the house, and because it was raining and raw, I went to a movie the name of which or what happened in it I couldn't tell you even now, even if my life depended on it—if I'd told you that, would you have believed me? You'd only have been the more convinced, Sergeant Trumper."

"You could have told the truth."

She shook her head. "I couldn't, and I can't. I'm sorry. You must know that if there were any human way possible to stop you from going ahead, I would take it with all my heart. I know there is none. If, someday, you have to arrest me as an accessory after the fact, it won't really matter. You will have won, I lost. Until then, Sergeant Trumper, I can only pray. Good-by. You've all been much kinder to me than I have to you—especially that poor child we treated so horribly. Believe me, I had nothing to do with that. My mother is a generous woman until her own somewhat obsolete standards are attacked. Then she's ruthless."

Sergeant Trumper got up. "I saw Mrs. Summerfield leaving here yesterday," he said quietly.

A white line showed round Mrs. Brayton's lips for an instant. She rose steadily to her feet.

"It's been very difficult for her. She feels very bitterly toward me, I'm afraid."

"No," Trumper said. "Not now, Mrs. Brayton. Not since you told her the truth. I saw her leave court. I saw her leave here. What is it—this tiger you talk about—that you went through a murder trial to keep your family and friends from knowing? And that your mother, when she hears about it, almost collapses but isn't angry or bitter any more? What is it, Mrs. Brayton?"

Her face was pale, but still serene, except for the sadness in her dark eyes.

"That's what is known as a rhetorical question, isn't it? No answer expected.... Good-by. You can find your own way out, can't you?"

Trumper picked up his brief case. "I'd like to see Miss Elizabeth Brayton, if I may."

"She's gone, and I'm anxious about her. If you run across her, will you send her home?"

"I'll see what I can do. May I use the phone in your husband's study?"

"The key's still down in the hall table, I believe."

He let himself into the study and dialed the Rackets Division. "Have somebody see if Miss Elizabeth Brayton's still hanging out in Mike's Bar over by the courthouse. Call Kerry. I'm on my way over."

He put the phone down and went over to the bookshelves behind the desk. In the bottom row were quarto volumes, only slightly out of line, the way he'd left them the night before. But one leather oblong was not a book. It was a brief case. Or looked like one. He drew it out and put the one in his hand in its place....

Over on Park Avenue, Kerry O'Keefe let him in.

"The office said to tell you Miss Brayton's at Mike's Bar," she said. "Not drinking. Watching TV. They've got color TV."

"You packing too?" he asked, seeing the clothes folded on the sofa.

"Yes." She didn't look at him as she put his cup of coffee down on the table. "I'm resigning. I wanted to tell you before I told the boss."

"This the confession?" He stirred his coffee. "Let's have it. What did you do?"

"I called John Brayton. After you left here last night. To tell him about—that."

She nodded toward the brief case on the floor near the arch.

"You mean you tried to be an honest cop, but love conquered all?"

She flushed hotly. "Yes. If you want to put it that way."

"What did you tell him?"

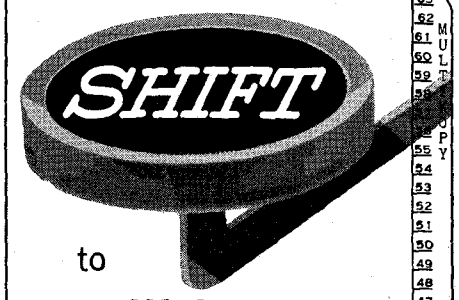
"I didn't tell him anything. But that wasn't my fault. I'd have told him if he'd talked to me. But he wouldn't."

Sergeant Trumper sat there blowing on his coffee. "Dames," he said at last. He got up. "O.K. Get your hat on." Then he said, "Kerry, you're lucky Brayton's a pig-headed ass. Come on. We're going down to Headquarters. You go up to the sixth floor. Write me a list of everything you know or ever thought about the Mt. Vernon Place setup. I'll be busy awhile."

His first business was at the Crime Lab. He handed in the brick, the string and the note. "Get the Dutchman to check this himself. But fast. I'm coming back. If there's a print anywhere, I want it."

Then he went down to the small room on the fifth floor and put the brief case on the inspector's desk. "Can we run this off in private? It's last night till ten-fifteen this morning, in Brayton's study." He opened the case and took out the reel of tape. "I don't know what I got. If anything."

He didn't say that Kerry had almost queered the deal. For a long time there was nothing except the faint ticking of a clock and the subdued sounds of traffic.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"It's a bust, I guess," Trumper said. Then suddenly he leaned forward, listening intently.

They heard a metallic click and a long "swish," as if a key had turned in a lock and a door brushed over the velvet surface of a rug. There was a moment of silence, and another "swish," softer, "swish-swish-swish," more distinct, as it seemed to come closer to the sensitive microphone in the brief case between the books in the case behind the desk. "Swish-swish-swish."

It stopped, and then, so abruptly that they all started, another sound: "Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap, tap."

There was a long silence. Then it came again: "Tap, tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap."

The inspector's secretary got up suddenly, her face white. "It sounds like his ghost. It gives me ——"

"Sh-h-h."

"Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap."

It came again, in eerie persistence, from the unwinding reel, until suddenly it seemed to break off.

A rapid "swish-swish" was drowned in the sound of heavy footsteps coming closer, rapidly, with long strides, and then a voice cut sharply in: "Mother! What ——"

"Nothing, love." Her reply was tranquil, perfectly calm.

"But that noise I heard. What ——"

And a light, rippling laughter. "Darling, you must have thought I'd taken up table-tapping. But I thought you were in bed asleep."

"I thought you were."

"I was, lamb. But I woke up and happened to remember something. One of these pilasters has a hollow space behind it. I was trying to find which one, because there are some—papers your father kept there. But I'll get an expert when the police are through. Come along. Let's get back to bed."

"Swish-swish." A click of the lock again. Silence. Silence until the reel ran out.

And silence in the inspector's office as he and Trumper looked at each other. Trumper shrugged. He got up. "I'll wait. See what I pick up tonight."

He went back downstairs to the Crime Lab. The sergeant with a Dutch accent, author of a history of fingerprinting, came out.

"You hit the jack pot."

Trumper looked at the cards with prints on them. "You're not kidding. We got everybody. This guy's family's got him off twenty times, promising psychiatric treatment." He handed back the card with his own prints on it. "I'll be up in Records."

At Records on the fifth floor he said, "Rush these, can you?"

He went up to the Rackets Division on the sixth floor and glanced in at Kerry O'Keefe typing at his desk. "What about rustling us some coffee?"

"O.K." She pulled the sheet out, put it with two others and handed them to him. "It's the best I can do."

When she came back he was staring vacantly at the corner of the room, his copy of Mrs. Brayton's note to her husband on the desk in front of him. He started, coming out of concentrated absorption, moved a paper for her to put the coffee down, and swung around as a clerk from Records came in and handed Kerry some papers.

"I'll take those," he said curtly.

Kerry's eyes widened a little.

"Here." He thrust out one of the sheets. "Take this down to Detectives. Tell 'em to haul him in, quick. He's a psycho."

When she came back, he was putting on his hat. "I'll be busy. Stick around."

"Dave." There were two dull spots burning on her cheeks. "Am I being—disciplined? Or excluded? Or both?"

He stopped at the door. "Say a cop makes a mistake, Kerry. We've all done it. You put him on report or you give him a chance. Personally, I don't think you'd call Brayton again. But I'd be a lousy cop if I staked a murder case on it. That fair?"

"Very fair. Thanks for telling me straight."

"You can go home at five if I'm not back."

She left at five when he wasn't back. At half past seven he called her at her apartment. "Put on a dark dress and a pair of sneakers. Meet me in Mt. Vernon Place in half an hour."

He was feeding the pigeons by the fountain when she got there.

"We're going in the Brayton house, Kerry. Relax; he isn't there. He's going out to see his grandmother after he puts his little sister on the train. She's on her way to Las Vegas to marry this lad of hers. He called her this A.M. Been buried in the desert, special training, for ten weeks, and didn't even know the wedding was off. He blew his top. Then all of a sudden Mrs. Brayton tells Horace he and his wife can have the night off to see their daughter, who's having a baby. So she and the loony sister are there alone. The mixture as before. Come on, we go around through Peabody Alley."

"Mrs. Brayton doesn't know we're ——"

"No. Horace only told me this stuff because he's worried about leaving her alone. So I'm standing guard. He's letting me in at eight-fifteen. Mrs. Remstad's phone is in her living room. She'll get a call so she isn't spraying her African violets."

They were at the end of the alley.

"Wait till you see the servants leave. Stay in the garage. I'll give you a signal. You're coming along so if it's loused up I'm not charged with being alone with lone women."

"Couldn't you get a warrant?"

"I could if I had the time and they didn't put me in a strait jacket when I told 'em what for. Maybe that's where I belong. It's crazy for sure. I don't believe it myself. And when I told Horace I was standing guard, I wasn't kidding."

One door of Doctor Brayton's bedroom opened off the head of the stairs. The door from the bedroom into his study at the front of the house was at the end of a pine-paneled passage between his bathroom and clothes closet. The door from the passage into the study was plain on the passage side, on the study side ornately carved like the pilasters between the sections of the bookcases. Opened a bare inch, with no light behind it, the carving concealing the give-away places of a flush door, it gave the illusion of being closed unless one looked carefully. But standing there in the pine-paneled passage, when he and Kerry had crept silently up the back stairs through the door off the hall, Trumper knew he was taking a chance.

They stood there, waiting, the silence of the house gradually deeper. Then Kerry, back of Trumper and across the little passageway, could feel him tense sharply. He leaned forward, opening the study door a fraction of an inch further. It was not sound, but light, that had alerted him, as if a curtain had been drawn aside, letting the street glow into the room. It was gone almost instantly, but Trumper, peering out, had seen Johnny Brayton slip behind the long damask curtain of the study window, drawing it quickly into place in front of him. Kerry heard Trumper catch his breath. Then she heard the metallic click of a key in the study door and the long swish of the door on the velvet rug. A soft light flooded the room.

Trumper could see Margaret Brayton move quickly into the narrow field of his vision, reach into the bookcase beside the pine pilaster next to the fireplace and move her hand again. And see the four-foot segment of the bookcase as she swung it open like a door, back against the segment where his second brief case was, cutting the sound waves from it. He saw her raise her hand then to the solid wall: "Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap, tap."

Trumper saw the wall swing slowly away and saw the light in the living room next door.

Kerry O'Keefe saw nothing. But she heard the stolid voice break the eerie silence, her spine cold suddenly at its undertone of pain.

"I didn't want to come in here ever again. I wouldn't have if it wasn't for that detective. It's got so all I can see is him lying there dead. I wished I hadn't done it. I didn't hate him. I loved him. But I couldn't stand him treating me like I was dirt for that woman. Locking me out when I gave up thirty years of my life for him. Twenty-six of 'em right here."

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Remstad. So desperately sorry. But Mr. Trumper told me you were going away. I had to see you, to thank you for—for saving me. And to tell you ——"

"You don't need to thank me. I didn't do it for you. I got to die myself someday. Maybe I can explain what I did to him. But I couldn't explain why I sat and let you take the rap. Not when you were trying to keep them from finding out it was me that did it. First I didn't care. If you wanted to go on not letting your swell friends know about me. If you were that proud ——"

"It wasn't pride. It used to be. Very bitter pride. But ——"

"I know. I felt kind of sorry for you when Meg was just born and you come in here and found the door open. Before that I just laughed. You were such a cocky, scrawny little thing, so proud of being the great Mrs. Pierce Brayton. I never thought you'd stick it out."

"I didn't stick it out because I wanted to. I took the children and went home. My mother sent me straight back. She wouldn't even let me tell her why I'd left. And he wouldn't give me a quiet divorce. To get it, I'd have had to ruin him and ruin my children."

"He knew you wouldn't do that. All he was worried about was you'd tell your father."

"That would have ruined him. And I was ashamed by then. Ashamed of my own failure. And when he promised you'd go and then, after Lolly was born, I knew you were back again, it was all so terrible I didn't know anything else to do. My children had to grow up in Baltimore."

"I went away when he married you. I could of married him when he was so crazy in love with me. But I knew I wouldn't do him anything but harm with the people he'd know. Sure I was in love with him, but I was young. I was getting along fine when he begged me to come back. He'd found this house, with both sides for sale, and figured how to put the door in the wall. When you were away and nights he'd come up here to work, he'd come over to me. He didn't like kids."

"That was the only bitterness I couldn't get over. They never asked to be born. I've been so terrified for them, ever since that Sunday last summer when you spoke to him out on the street, when Johnny was there. It was the first time I'd realized he wasn't seeing you any more. I saw he was angry, and I knew how ruthless he could be. I knew what torture you must be going through over there alone."

"I was going crazy. I wouldn't have cared so much if it was you getting some of your own back. He kept saying how beautiful you'd got to be. So, in the winter, when he said I should get another place, it was all right. I had plenty of money. I went away. Then I came back on business a couple of days and saw it wasn't you he was getting rid of me for. It was that woman with the car."

(*Continued on Page 106*)

## What's Going On Here?

It is a fine May day on the Mexican border. A force of 800 United States infantrymen advances to a ranch near the Rio Grande, expecting to receive the surrender of an enemy battalion there. Instead, the enemy resists. The infantry capture the ranch and two sick soldiers. Enemy cavalry and artillery, about 370 strong, counterattack and drive many of the foot soldiers into the Rio Grande. The United States force loses more than 150 men killed, captured or drowned. What war and what battle was it?

**Robert Roberts**

(*Answer on Page 106*)

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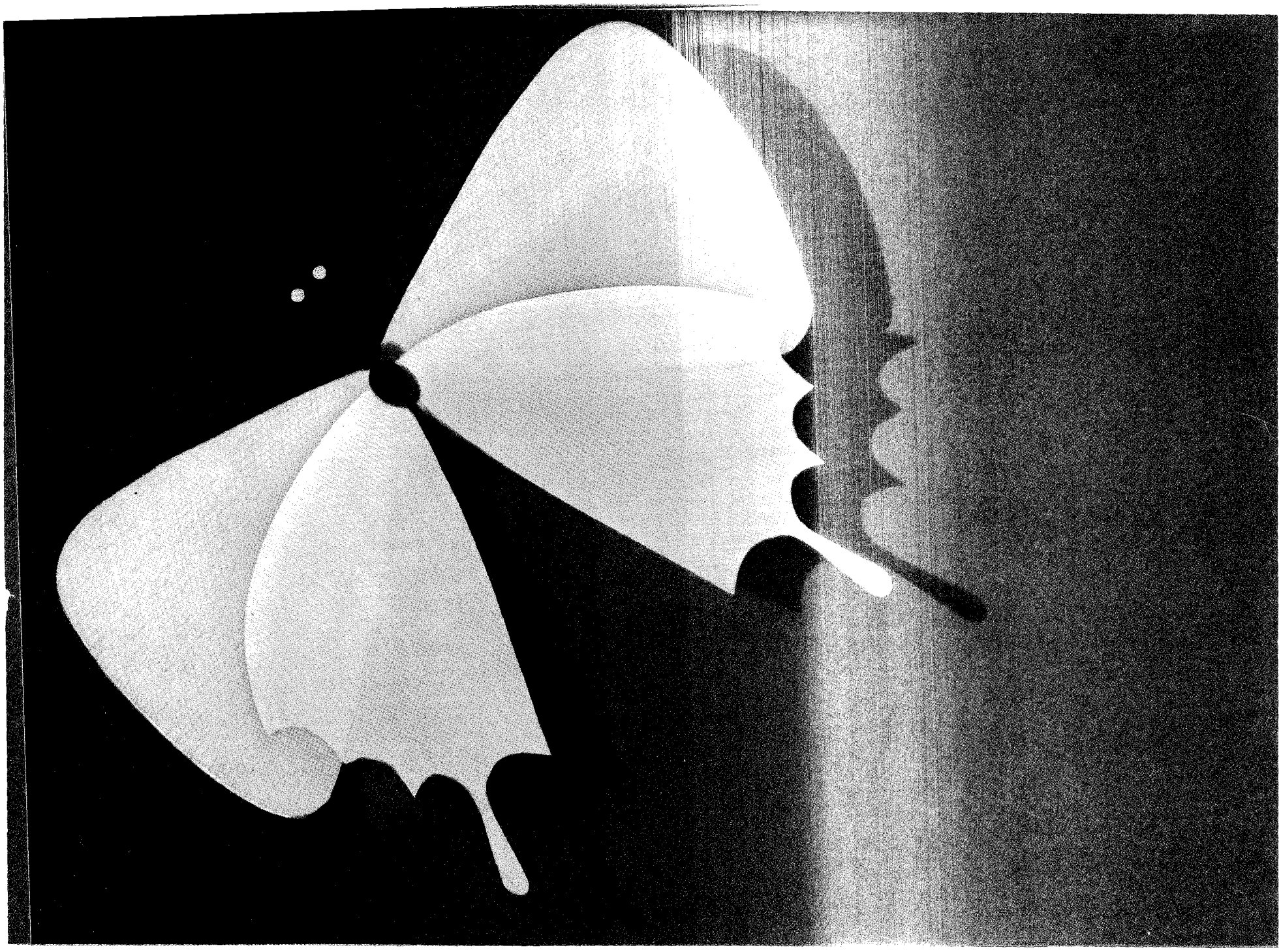

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(*Continued from Page 104*) "He wasn't in love with her, Mrs. Remstad."

"You never heard her talking to him. His extension phone's in my bedroom, and I heard 'em. And he could 'a' told me instead of locking me out like I was dirt. I got so I hated him so much I knew I'd kill him, but I wasn't going to get hung for it. It came back to me all of a sudden how I could do it. I knew he had a thirty-two in his desk, if I could get in to get it. I'd just have to wait for the chance, but I had some shells. I took the lead out of a few of them and cut my finger for the blood and let it dry to hold the powder in. It had got so it was just like a disease, all I could think about. I had to get this door unlocked. But I knew you always opened your house for the Garden Tour. So I just waited. When all those women came for the Garden Tour, I paid my dollar and walked right upstairs. I unlocked it and got his gun. I went out in the country early next morning and fired all six chambers, so the gun would be dirty and they couldn't tell more than one shot was fired. I had to be ready no matter how long I had to wait to get him alone in there. The only thing scared me was he'd try the door and see it wasn't locked. Then that very night it happened. I heard him talking to her about this glorious week and he was staying home that night. I was figuring how I could get you and Johnny out—I forgot his sister—and then I saw you go out the back way, and Johnny go to meet that girl, and I went right in. If he'd just said one decent word to me! He looked around at me like I was a mangy dog and said, 'How did you get in here?' I sat right down on that chair. He went on writing. And I—I shot him, just like they said. I took out the blank and reloaded the second chamber. I was just dropping the gun on the floor near his left hand when I heard you unlock the back door."

"I—when I came in here, it was so terrible. And then I knew what had happened. He'd told my father a story about—the blank with the dried blood. I didn't know he'd got it from you."

"It was this fella I had my act with. He got tight one night and told me the way he'd killed his wife and nobody ever asked a question. That's how I met Pierce, because in our act we'd shoot cigarettes out of each other's hands, and all of a sudden I knew he was crazy, going to shoot me for keeps because I wouldn't marry him. I got offstage, but he winged me and blew his own brains out right there. They called for a doctor, and Pierce and another doctor came up. It was just like lightning hitting a haystack with him and me. Only they hauled us all to jail and got our fingerprints. And that's why I came here tonight."

"I—don't understand, Mrs. Remstad."

"Because this detective took a note somebody threw through my window to get it fingerprinted. I never thought about mine being on it too. And they got a record. He'll see I'm a crack shot and he'll find out Pierce testified for me. And then he'll start thinking about that letter you wrote to Pierce. They all thought 'Mrs. R.' was Mrs. Ristwich. But you went all to pieces because you thought they'd know it was Mrs. Remstad you meant. That's when I knew you were trying to keep me out of it and you didn't hate me any more. That's why I got up there. But that detective, he'll be back."

"Oh, no—no!"

"I wanted to tell you, so you didn't think I did it for spite, to hurt you and the children when I won't be around here. I'm—going away tomorrow. I just can't stand it here any more. You tell Johnny good-by. I always used to pretend he was my kid. If there was only some way I could bring Pierce back. I wished I hadn't done it. I just couldn't stand him treating me like he did."

There was silence then—a long, long silence. There was no sound that Kerry could hear, until finally she heard the soft swish and saw the narrow line of light turn into darkness. She heard the click of the key in the lock.

It was in an almost-trance state that she saw Dave Trumper pull the door open and the ball of light from his small flash bounce over the velvet rug as he drew the brief case out from the bottom shelf behind the desk. She saw him hesitate, looking over the curtained window a moment, before he came back. In the same semitrance she felt his hand touch her arm. The light guided them back through the bedroom. He opened the door softly, listened and beckoned to her again. She followed down the back stairs and out into the garden. Trumper moved quickly across through the garage into the alley.

"Trump."

"Shut up!" he said roughly. "Hell, I don't want to do it! It's my job. How wrong can you be? I thought they'd hate each other's guts."

She followed him through the alley, up Charles Street into Mt. Vernon Place, to the brownstone steps of Mrs. Remstad's. He rang the doorbell, not hers but her third-floor tenants'. When the lock clicked he went up the stairs, Kerry behind him.

At Mrs. Remstad's door he raised his hand to knock, dropped it and turned the knob cautiously. The door was not locked. He pushed it open quietly and stepped inside.

"Mrs. Remstad. It's Trumper. Could I ——"

The blast shook the room. He leaped forward to the bedroom door. It seemed an eternity to Kerry before he came out, in his hand two notes, with the envelopes she had not had time to use. He read them and handed them to Kerry. One was to the police. "I can't face ill health," it said. "It's best this way." The other envelope said: "To Detective Trumper."

It was me that did it, like you people said. If it don't have to come out, please don't let it. But it's not the reason I'm doing this. My life was over when he didn't need me any more. I wished I hadn't done it.

INGA REMSTAD.

Trumper put the notes in his pocket. He crossed the room to the telephone and turned back to Kerry.

"Go next door. Tell Mrs. Brayton. Tell her to wait up; I'll be over. Then go home. Just get out and do as you're told, will you, O'Keefe?"

Answer to

**What's Going On Here?**

Page 104

The Battle of Palmito Ranch, last land engagement of the Civil War, fought on May 13, 1865, almost five weeks after the surrender at Appomattox, by Confederates in Texas who had not heard the news. Ironically, the Confederates won. Then they learned of Appomattox from their prisoners.

But as she started for the door, he said, "Wait. You can go through here."

He went to the bookcase where the porcelain animals had been glued to the shelves to keep them from toppling over when the door they camouflaged was opened. It swung around easily. The light from Mrs. Remstad's room made a long oblong across the velvet carpet and up the bookcases on the other side. If Trumper saw John Brayton standing in stunned silence in the dark periphery, he gave no sign of it. Kerry did not see him until Trumper went through the door and switched on the desk light.

He was standing there, his face white. "Taking your pound of flesh to the last ounce, aren't you?"

"That's right," Trumper said curtly, his own eyes hardening. "Officer O'Keefe, go through the bedroom and tell Mrs. Brayton Mrs. Remstad's shot herself. Tell her to come in here. I want to talk to her when I'm through on the other side."

He went back into Mrs. Remstad's living room and pulled the bookcase door shut.

"Why didn't he leave it?" Johnny Brayton said bitterly. "Or does he want it to be a big surprise for the reporters? Isn't it enough that the poor woman's dead?"

"I don't know." Kerry's voice was taut. She went toward the bedroom door. "You tell your mother. And tell Sergeant Trumper I've gone home."

She saw his whole body sag then, slump together, as he went unsteadily to a chair and let himself down, his head in his hands, the last shred of pride gone, whatever arrogance there'd been the moment before dissolved.

"The poor damn woman."

She heard it, a sobbing whisper, and saw the tears streaking down his face, as she turned blindly, running through the bedroom, down the stairs to the front door. The police cars were just pulling to the curb when she ran across Mt. Vernon Place, unconscious that she was running, with the tears pouring down her own face, until she was home.

In the small soundproof office, the inspector and Dave Trumper listened to the second tape winding slowly off the reel, the voices of the two women strangely moving. There was silence for a long moment after the technician turned the machine off.

Dave Trumper spoke first. "I told Mrs. Brayton I didn't have authority to commit us. But even when the law was an eye for an eye, it didn't say the whole world had to know everything. John Brayton was there. He knew something was going on, from the tapping business the night before. He came home instead of going to his grandmother's. He got in the recessed window behind the curtains, to see what was going on. The poor devil. He was so stunned he didn't even hear me go in and get the brief case. It wasn't till he heard the shot next door in Mrs. Remstad's that he came out. He was there when Kerry and I came through that door again—hunting our pound of flesh, he said. Which I hope we aren't. Mrs. Remstad's will leaves all her dough to the Children's Hospital. I don't see any use blackening her name, now she's paid up."

"Put the tape in a box," the inspector said. "As the commissioner said this morning, it'd surprise people the secrets we keep when it's families and kids are going to suffer. You can tell Mrs. Brayton, Trump. Then you take a week off. Give Kerry one too." . . .

It was round noon when he was leaving Kerry's.

"If it hadn't been for the fingerprints I don't think we'd have cracked it. Funny, reading about a raid thirty-two years old. Too much of a coincidence this beautiful blonde moves in next door to the doctor that testified for her, less than five years later, and he don't remember her. Not that girl, he wouldn't forget. She was a honey. And she wasn't a crack shot, she was a professional crack shot. . . . You mind if I call my doll and tell her I've got a week?" He came back in a minute and picked up his hat.

"Dave." Kerry was standing there, her eyes not meeting his. "Do I—do I go back to regular duty?"

"You go home, sugar. Try to forget you're a cop for a week. And then come back. You're still with us. So long." He went to the door. "You're a good cop, Kerry. I'm proud of you, girl."

She went slowly in and got her suitcases out of the closet. And heard him coming back, knocking on her door again. She went out, not stopping to look through the one-way glass before she opened the door.

"Oh."

"May I come in, Kerry?"

She hesitated, then stepped aside. Johnny Brayton came on past her into the living room. She closed the door, holding the knob tight for a moment before she let it go and came on in. He was standing by the Dutch door, looking out into the garden with the mimosa tree.

"I don't suppose there's anything I can say. Except ——"

"There's nothing to say, Johnny. It's been horrible for you. I'm sorry."

"But I didn't have to make it horrible for you. If I'd listened to you, if I'd had half the guts you had, I wouldn't have been the kind of arrogant fool I was. I never thought I was doing you a favor asking you to marry me. I was doing myself a favor, Kerry. I wasn't ashamed to take you to the house."

"I knew that, Johnny. Don't ——"

"I didn't have much to offer you. I don't even have that much any more. I—I hated you because I loved you so much, Kerry. I still do. Now you know the skeleton in my distinguished Baltimore closet, you know that even if you'd really been a sitter and a jailbird, you were a hell of a lot better than the bunch of snobs and hypocrites ——"

"Your mother's neither one of them. She's wonderful."

"She'd have been better off if she hadn't tried to save face all these years."

"You can't say that, Johnny. You can't sit in judgment on people."

"I know. I didn't mean to. It's just so heartbreaking, is all. So useless. I don't know. All I know is I love you. But if you want me to go, just tell me. I haven't any right to ask you to let me stay and let me try some way to make you love me again."

"I've never stopped loving you, Johnny. If you're going out to the West Coast ——"

He shook his head. "I'm staying here. I'm not going to duck and run. Unless you couldn't stand it. Or if you can stand me and my grandmother and Camilla Anne."

A smile lighted her eyes and vanished. "The last two'd be pretty hard. I'm still—sort of battered and bruised, Johnny. And I know you are. Maybe if we—if we could just start over. Start from scratch."

"Oh, Kerry!"

He crossed the room to her. Then he smiled gravely and said, "Miss O'Keefe, may I offer you my coat?"

It wasn't seersucker, but he started to take it off. "And who buys the coffee?"

"Oh, Johnny! Oh, darling, I love you so!"

They started over. But not from scratch. THE END

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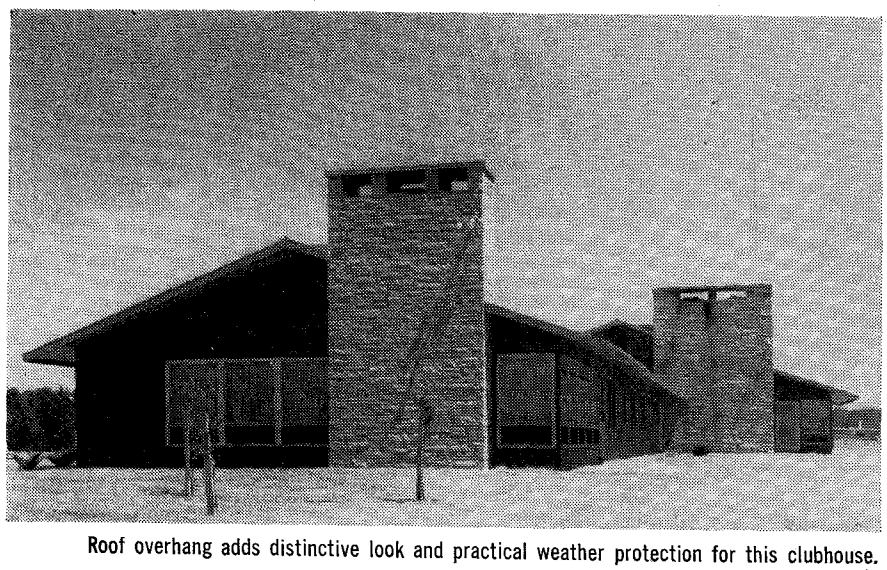
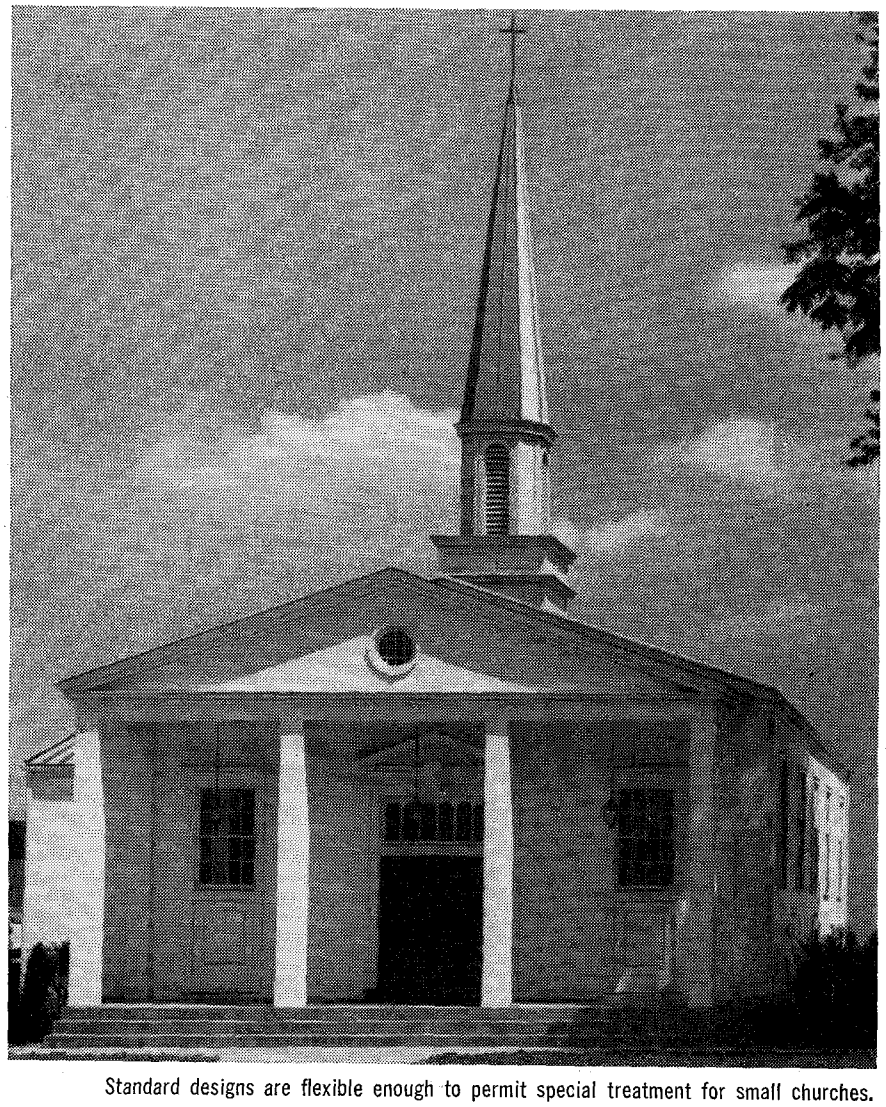


Roof overhang adds distinctive look and practical weather protection for this clubhouse.



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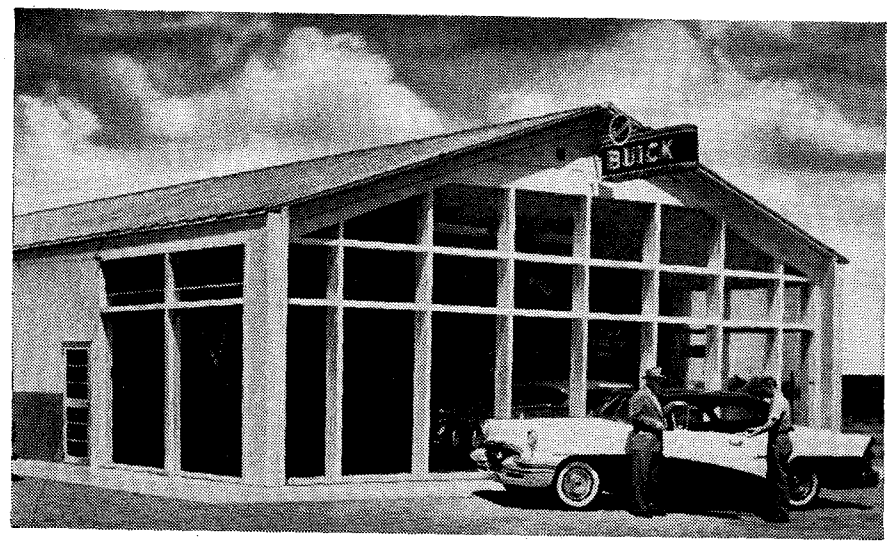
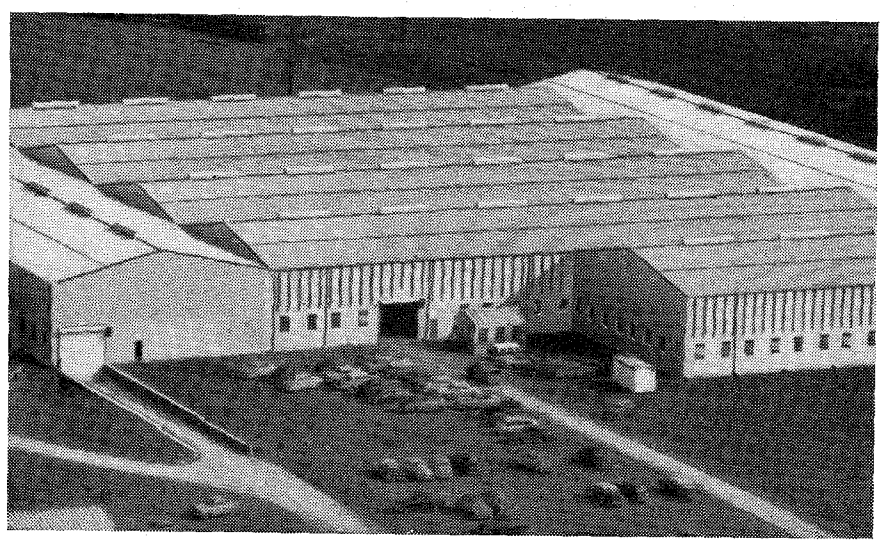



Neat appearance of the front of this showroom is emphasized by special architectural treatment.



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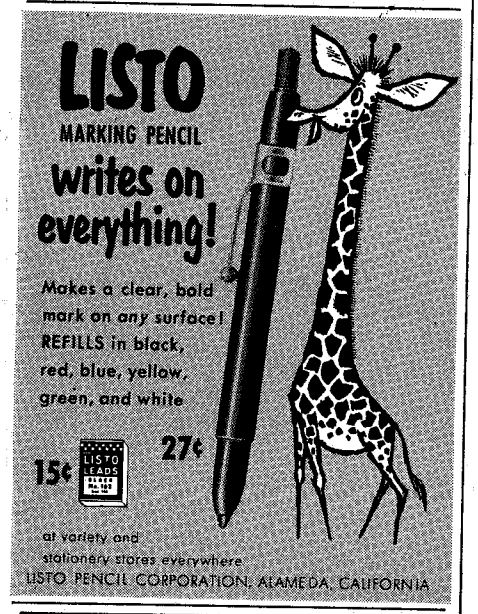
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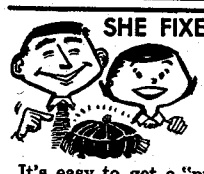

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# Let's Stop Wasting Our Greatest Resource

(Continued from Page 19)

consequence of a long-term trend in American education. One half of our children who are endowed with the ability to enter college and university do not do so. For every high-school graduate who eventually earns a doctoral degree there are twenty-five others who have the mental capacity to achieve that degree, but do not. Lack of funds is only partly responsible for this irreplaceable loss. Had there been proper motivation, nearly all of these young people could have found ways and means to obtain a professional education, and we would not be faced today with a deficiency of trained manpower.

We cannot put the blame on our schools, for in the final analysis the sort of schools any community has depends entirely upon what the community thinks of education and what the community is willing to pay for it. To judge by our actions, the American people are spending twice as much for recreation as they are for education—some 8 per cent of the national income for recreation, 4 per cent for education. Yet as parents and as citizens we have no more important job than that of providing our children the best education they are capable of absorbing. Never has this been more important than today, when we are in danger of being outstripped in technological developments by Russia.

For, while we have failed to keep up with the phenomenal growth of our school population, Russia has been bending every effort to create a formidable educational system that bids fair to outproduce us in trained personnel. The Soviet aim is achievement of world scientific and engineering supremacy. She is training more scientists and engineers than her economy now requires. In the United States we are not keeping up with the needs of our armed forces and our industry.

Our world position rests upon the twin supports of armed might and industrial productivity. Both, in turn, depend upon an educated citizenry and an adequate supply of highly trained professionals. In truth, our children are our hostages to fortune. How well we succeed in educating each and every child to the maximum of his inherent potential will ultimately determine his fate and ours.

I do not profess to be an authority on education. However, over the past ten years I have interviewed more than 1000 college graduates who applied for jobs in the Navy's atomic-power program. I have learned something about the sort of education we are giving our talented youth. It is my contention that we fail to identify and develop our talented children; that our schools are not equipped to do justice to the special needs of such pupils; and that this failure constitutes a waste of our most precious national asset and is the direct cause of our present shortage of trained manpower.

To win the cold war of the classrooms—in fact, merely to hold our own educationally with our grim competitor—I am convinced we must abandon our leisurely ways and strip for action. In particular, I believe that we shall not overcome our present shortage of trained professionals unless we give our talented youth an education more challenging to their superior minds.

Unfortunately, our social mores always have been hostile to the concept that children of superior mentality ought to be educated apart from those of average ability. In our democratic society we are committed to the basic assumption that there is no person who can claim to be an indispensable man. We proceed from this entirely correct assumption to the incorrect conclusion that neither does a democracy have indispensable men. This is obviously erroneous. A moment's reflection will show that no society can function without its indispensable men. By this I mean the men who because of natural endowment and careful training possess the intellectual, artistic and moral abilities to carry forward the momentum of civilization.

It has been estimated that the efforts of a mere 1 per cent of its total population move the world forward. There is never an abundance of these indispensable men. In primitive communities a handful suffices; more are needed, proportionately, as societies become more civilized. In our own complex technological society, for example, a 3 per cent annual increase in gross national product calls for a 4½ to 5½ per cent annual increase in scientific and engineering manpower. Where fifty years ago one engineer sufficed for every 1000 workers, today we need one for every sixty workers and in some industries one for every twenty.

Every advance in any given field of knowledge leads to greater specialization; each specialized field, in turn, requires a new army of people trained for it specifically. Today, technological progress is limited only by availability of trained professionals, and this, in turn, depends on but two factors: incidence of superior brain power, over which we have little, if any, control; and development of available talent, where we could and must accomplish a great deal more than we are doing currently.

What are we now doing to discover superior brain power among our youngsters? What are we doing to educate them into the skilled professionals so desperately needed to maintain our nation's military and economic leadership? Who are our talented youth?

There is no general agreement on the definition of "talented," but as a rough approximation of the percentage of children mentally capable of absorbing a higher education and of becoming professionals we may take the figure of 15 to 20 per cent. This includes children with an IQ of 115 and over. About 10 per cent of these "talented" have IQ's of 135 and over, which classifies them as "brilliant."

Very little is being done in our schools to seek out this top 15 to 20 per cent. With few exceptions, these talented children are being taught along with those of average and below-average mentality. Up to age 12, the curriculum for all children is the same. In most junior and senior high schools the basic core of the curriculum remains obligatory for all, and is taught in classes attended by the whole range of children, from below average to brilliant. Exceptions are some few large high schools where attempts have been made to set up different sections for children of different ability and achievement. The length of schooling is the same for all children, except in very few cases where fast learners are allowed to skip a grade or two.

Now, there is ample evidence that in any class which includes slow and fast learners, the slowest group sets the pace and receives most attention from the teacher. The above-average children are kept from advancing at the speed appropriate to their ability, with the result that many lose interest in learning as such, others develop sloppy habits, and some

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build up a false sense of superiority which convinces them that they are so smart that they will never need to apply themselves to anything. Talented children whose minds are not challenged become frustrated and often turn into poor pupils from sheer boredom. The mind is no different from any other part of the body. It deteriorates when it isn't used for its proper purpose—to think.

Besides the obligatory courses, our high schools offer a wide choice of elective subjects from which each child may pick those he prefers. Among the electives are the tough academic subjects which constitute the college-preparatory program—algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, biology and foreign languages. Also, there are the vocational subjects which make much less demand on intellect or will power since little homework is required—domestic sciences for the girls and various trade skills for the boys. Finally, there are the recreational subjects (square dancing comes to mind) or those which in a vague sort of way aim to train children in mutually helpful living—courses in social manners, life adjustment, the art of make-up and how to attract the opposite sex.

All except the academic subjects are of the kind which we might term "know-how." They have nothing to do with the school's primary task, which is to teach young minds to think and to train them

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In a supermarket you can find almost anything you want except the kids when you are ready to leave.

CLIFF SWEET

---

in the elementary tools of learning. This task can be performed only by the school. Vocational, recreational or life-adjustment training can be and should be obtained elsewhere. Our teacher shortage would be greatly lessened if we relieved teachers of all responsibilities except those of teaching the minds of children and developing their bodies through physical training.

This may sound strange to us, accustomed as we are to the intermingling of academic, vocational and social training in our schools. But we are the only country where schools are partly social institutions. Everywhere else children receive academic training in general schools, and vocational training in special vocational schools or through on-the-job training programs combined with general education at special secondary schools.

Nowhere else in the world are curricula in secondary schools so largely elective as in America. Unless children are wisely guided by their parents and teachers, they will tend to choose the easiest and most pleasant subjects. Very few children have such intellectual fortitude as to pass up subjects which require little or no homework.

In nearly all respects the mentally superior child is less adequately served in our schools—taking into account his special requirements—than the average or, for that matter, the physically or mentally handicapped child. I realize, of course, that we must and should make special provision for unfortunate children. It is to the credit of our people that they will readily abandon such cherished principles as "equal education for all" to answer the call of compassion. Oddly revealing of American thinking is the fact that the term "exceptional child" conjures up to most educators not the talented child, but the handicapped one. Yet why should we show less compassion for the mentally superior child whose fine abilities are being left untended?

It is true that, of late, the needs of our talented children have won some recognition. But we are still in the early stages of isolated studies, tentative experiments in a few localities, and long-drawn arguments pro and con. Not yet won is the mass support necessary to bring about truly effective measures by legislative bodies, from which must come the necessary regulations and financial contributions to upgrade the schooling of talented youth. American public thinking has not yet connected shortages of trained manpower with lack of proper education of the talented. Nor are we sufficiently aware that, in the final analysis, our cherished American standard of living is largely dependent on the work of a very small group of skilled professionals.

In part, this is a consequence of a curious inconsistency in our attitude toward "science" as against "scientists" and "scholars." We admire "science" greatly and we place in it an almost child-like trust; we expect it will continuously pour out delightful wonders to make our lives ever more agreeable. But upon "scientists" and "scholars" many of us look with a somewhat jaundiced eye; we call them "eggheads" and "intellectuals." We do not consider them entirely normal persons. In truth, we have no real admiration for higher learning as such, nor are we willing to respect those engaged in it unless we see an immediate practical advantage to ourselves in their work. Our attitude toward the mentally superior is surprising when we compare it with the generous applause we lavish on superior talent in athletics or in the arts, on unusual beauty or outstanding business acumen.

However, a beginning has been made toward understanding mentally superior children. The talented child has been put under the microscope; he has been studied, measured and observed. Our knowledge of his capacities and needs has been somewhat increased. Extensive studies confirm certain facts long suspected by those dealing with brainy children. For example, such children are usually as superior physically as they are mentally. The comforting folk myth that they are undersize or spindly ought now to be discarded together with black cats and knocking on wood. Usually, such children are more cheerful and emotionally stable than others, provided their intellectual progress has not been too severely hampered, resulting in frustration and boredom. Possibly "adjustment" to his age group is more than one ought to expect of a child who is mentally several years ahead of his classmates.

As might be expected, the studies show that talented children can master a given course of study faster than the average pupil. How much faster may come as a surprise. Such children were able to complete the requirements of the entire curriculum prescribed for the public schools in New York City in a quarter to a half the usual time. Ample evidence shows that, as far as mental ability is concerned, talented children ought to be from two to three years ahead of the average. Experiments have been made by certain groups of colleges and public high schools to admit selected high-school students to college at the end of the tenth or eleventh grade. These experiments have run long enough to prove that such acceleration is entirely feasible; in fact, the younger students often did better in college than their older classmates.

The majority of American children complete (*Continued on Page 111*)

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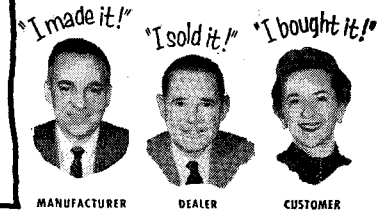


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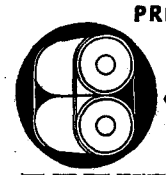

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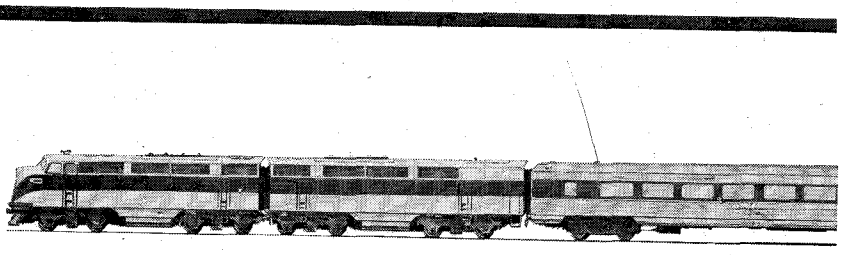

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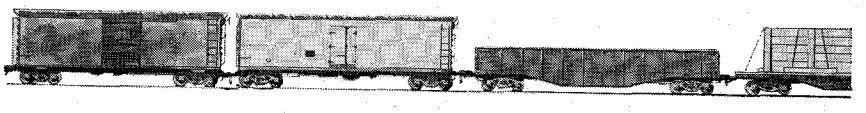

## You should have relief from the burden of these World War II taxes—now!

During World War II the Federal Government imposed special excise taxes on the passenger fares and freight charges you paid to railroads and other common carrier transportation. One reason for these special taxes was to discourage the use of these transportation facilities in wartime.

World War II is long since over but these taxes go on—and on. You are *still* paying them. On nearly all intercity tickets, they add an extra 10 per cent to the fare you pay. And as goods move through the processes of production and distribution, they add 3 per cent to the freight charges at every stage of the movement.

These burdensome and discriminatory taxes are still discouraging the use of our public transportation systems. And by so doing, these taxes are weakening our public carriers—essential to peacetime commerce and vital to national defense.

**ASSOCIATION OF**
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**
**WASHINGTON 6, D. C.**

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(*Continued from Page 109*) their formal schooling with high school and perhaps one or two years of college. For them the deliberate pace of American education works no hardship. But for the talented youth who aspires to a professional career, high school is but the beginning; he must study four to eight more years before he can start to earn a living. For him, the waste of two to three precious years is a real hardship.

Because of the slow pace of American secondary education, our students are two to three years older than their European counterparts. The American professional man is twenty-five to twenty-six years old when he completes his education; he will then usually have to serve two years in the military services before he becomes self-supporting. This is particularly onerous here, where early marriage is part of the social pattern. Surely we must do all we can to let our talented youth move through their schooling at their own rate of progress. To hold them back deliberately, so that they may go through school on the schedule set by the average student, is unfair to them. I feel certain that the undue length of professional education in America is a significant element in our deficit of trained manpower.

We shall not do justice to our talented children or to the future of our country until we seek them out at an early age—no later than ten or eleven—and educate them separately. This need not necessarily be in a separate school; it could be in a college-preparatory section of the school. But this separate schooling must begin earlier than junior high school. It should start after the fourth, or at the latest, the fifth grade. Admission as well as advancement into each higher grade should be by examination. If possible, the school year should be extended to 210 days. There is no other country of comparable civilization where children go to school for only 180 days, as they do here. This may have made sense when we were an agricultural nation and children were needed to help on the farm. But our long vacations make no sense today, especially when we consider how rapidly knowledge is increasing and how much more a child must now learn to become truly educated.

We need to set ourselves the goal of making it possible for all children who have the will and the capacity to complete their general education in fourteen years, or by the time they are twenty. Fourteen years is time enough for a good grounding in liberal arts. Professional postgraduate study ought not to begin later than the age of twenty, and brilliant children should be permitted to begin a year or so sooner.

A hundred years ago America stood in the vanguard of free public education. We could be proud that we were the first country in the world to provide free secondary-school education for all children—free elementary education had been achieved long before in Europe, but secondary education was still a privilege of children of the upper and middle classes. Today, however, Europe's children, including those of Russia, pay no fees for secondary schooling or only nominal fees adjusted to the financial resources of their parents.

When we opened the doors of our high schools to all children, we found some 80 per cent had no desire or aptitude for the college-preparatory courses heretofore taught in high school. Our answer to this problem was to downgrade the curriculum to accommodate all children. Too often this was done at the cost of the academic sections of the curriculum, especially in smaller schools.

Thus, almost half our high schools teach no foreign languages—this at a time when our foreign commitments call for a large corps of trained men and women with linguistic as well as professional ability. Almost a quarter offer no physics, chemistry or geometry—this at a time when a foundation in science becomes more and more important for everyone, including those not in scientific careers.

Europe solved the problem differently. There the children who can and wish to prepare for professional careers separate from the others at ten or eleven. Thereafter they proceed at their own fast pace in separate academic secondary schools. Admission to these schools—insofar as they are publicly supported—is entirely by merit. There are stiff entrance examinations which are passed by some 15 per cent of the children; advancement is likewise by examination. Because they begin earlier, study in homogeneous classes and are taught by teachers who are scholars in their respective fields, European children complete their professional education two to three years sooner than ours.

For European children who do not attend the academic schools, there are secondary schools dispensing a general education not quite so demanding, or schools combining general education with various types of vocational training. The education obtained in these schools is not so good as that given in our best high schools, but does not compare unfavorably with that obtained at an average American high school. The European academic secondary school, however, gives the talented child a far better break than he is likely to get in this country.

I am aware that to advocate a similar separation of the talented child in our public schools will meet with opposition. Yet I see no other way to relieve the growing shortage of trained professionals in this country. I realize that special education for the mentally superior will be branded as "undemocratic" and as "class" education, although this accusation is, of course, entirely unjustified, because the proposed cleavage would be along lines of natural ability, not class. The essence of true democracy is to afford every individual the opportunity to develop himself to the maximum of his ability.

Some may denounce separate schooling for the talented as "unfair" in that a higher type of schooling would be given to a minority at public expense. But education is not a commodity like a house, a TV set or an automobile. Everyone can use and enjoy a house, a TV set or a car; hence it would indeed be "unfair" if the Government distributed these commodities to a minority of the population free of charge. Ability to use and enjoy academic training, on the other hand, is not universal; to limit it to those who can benefit from it is not unfair. On the contrary, to deny higher training to the minority who can use it to increase the nation's technological strength is unfair and undemocratic, as well as a waste of our most valuable national asset.

We need not slavishly copy the schools of other countries; neither should we succumb to the happiness of ignorance. In studying their methods, we may discover valuable ideas. To these we could add the experiences of those American secondary schools that have already instituted special accelerated courses. On the basis of this information, it would then be possible to work out a course of schooling for the talented—open to all children, but on a basis of entrance examinations—which would proceed alongside our present junior and senior high-school courses and be dovetailed into the four-year liberal-arts course at college to allow the superior student to obtain a B.A. degree at twenty years of age.

I believe the necessary steps to bring about this educational reform will be taken as soon as the American public has been made aware of the great need to cultivate our young brain power. But it will require the devoted efforts of many men and women who are willing to make this problem their personal responsibility. At that, it will take time. And time is running out. Delay may cost us the cold war of the classrooms.

It has long been our tradition that in emergencies we do not sit idly, hands folded, waiting for the Government to solve our problems. I suggest that in today's great educational emergency private initiative lead the way. Specifically I suggest that industry, together with our educational foundations, set up model academic secondary schools in perhaps twenty-five different centers in the United States. These schools would be on a par with our best academic secondary schools. They would be free and open to all youngsters able to pass an entrance examination designed to select those capable of absorbing an academic secondary education. The schools would be staffed by teachers truly capable of teaching talented children, teachers whose qualifications place less emphasis on training in teaching methods and more on postgraduate study in their fields. The competence of European secondary-school teachers, based on years of advanced study, is one of the main reasons they can teach as much in twelve years as ours do in fourteen or fifteen.

Teachers' salaries in these schools would be in accord with the high scholastic qualifications required and, therefore, equal to those paid for comparable positions in industry. Such salaries would attract competent teachers.

These model schools should aim at a ratio of at least one teacher for every twenty pupils. One of the reasons why the private English boarding schools such as Eton and Harrow contribute so large a percentage of England's leaders is their ratio of teachers to pupils—one for every twelve students.

The schools would start with the fifth grade so as to have the pupils ready for college at sixteen. To do this, it may be necessary to provide a choice: Students could complete the course the regular way in seven years or they could finish in six years by taking extra courses during three summers. We must find a way for our children to attend school for more than the present 180 days.

Teachers in these schools would be given no extracurricular work of any kind, because a teacher needs time for thought and study, as does any professional person. The schools would be scholastic institutions, so social activities would be kept to a minimum.

The management of these schools, qualifications and salaries of teachers, entrance requirements, curriculums and standards should be left to an independent body not connected directly with the donor. But I see no reason why the schools could not be given names to indicate the corporation, industry or labor organization—for labor ought to participate in this endeavor no less than industry—which contributes financial support. This seems to me fair and even desirable.

I estimate the cost of operating each model school for a period of five years at about $10,000,000. At the end of that period the community ought to have an option of taking over the school, provided it agrees to continue the high scholastic standards set under private management.

These model schools would demonstrate what could be accomplished by competent teachers, a proper curriculum and an adequate school year. They would be goals and living examples of what can be done by the community for the education of its talented children.

These are my suggestions. Others can and will be made. But let us make a start. Let us devise a way to make our schools as good as, and even better than, those of any other country. We have the ability to do this. We are rich enough to do this. All we need is the will to do it and to recognize that "the inevitable comes to pass through effort." THE END

"I want a gi-i-irl, just like the gi-i-irl,
who ma-a-arried Prince Rainier. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Factories Fit to Live In

(Continued from Page 36)

The popularity of planned industrial districts stems from the industrial expansion and dispersion that has been altering the national map over the last ten years. Many companies are no longer content with one plant, especially if it sprawls in the heart of a big, crowded city. Several industrial giants have announced plans to spend hundreds of millions on new branches and plant additions. A. T. & T., for example, recently brought forth a $2,500,000,000 plant expansion program for 1957 alone.

Since huge plants in crowded areas are targets for enemy bombing, dispersion of defense industries is encouraged by Government policy. There are other reasons for dispersion too. Regional plants may reduce distribution costs. Sometimes a smaller single-purpose plant simplifies manufacturing, transportation, raw-material handling and labor relations. The nation's vast new highway program now just getting under way, is also encouraging industry to put down roots in green countrysides. As a result, industry in America is undergoing a great change, and the working and living habits of millions of people are being altered.

Industrial dispersion has fostered a semiscience called site selection. When Du Pont sets up a new sulphuric-acid plant twenty miles downstream from Cincinnati, as it did recently, or a new plant in Tucker, Georgia (pop. 1474), the site is not chosen offhand. These decisions are based on surveys covering about twenty factors, such as power, water, labor, homes, schools, recreation, transportation, markets, climate and political factors. Expert site selection has complicated the task of cities and states hungrily seeking new industries, larger populations, richer taxpayers. They can no longer count on luring industries with the windy whoopla that once passed with chamber-of-commerce boosters as salesmanship.

It is the planned industrial district which has become the persuader. The developer of such a district works out the thousand-and-one pesky details that have to be settled before it is safe to spend big sums on a plant. Districts of this kind have been started by communities, by railroads seeking freight business and by private developers. A few have been around quite a while. Two in Chicago got under way at the turn of the century. Only after World War II, however, did the boom begin. A 1954 study by the Department of Commerce listed 122. There are probably well over 200 now.

Brook Hollow, so new that it wasn't embraced in the Department of Commerce study, has won quick acceptance because of its advanced planning ideas. Bill Windsor, its young developer, shows some of the earmarks of a financial wizard. Physically he is outsize, standing six feet three and weighing 225 pounds, all solid Texas beef. Horatio Alger, however, would never have chosen him as a rags-to-riches hero. Bill's father made a fortune in oil.

Both Windsors have a canny sense of what a dollar should buy. They also get satisfaction from carrying out projects they consider worth while. The senior Windsor, for example, appointed in 1947 to head the Texas Prison Board, revamped the Texas prison system from top to bottom. He has served as a board member of several educational institutions, including Austin College and the University of Missouri. And on the Windsor farm near Boonville, Missouri, which has been in the family for four generations, he raises some of the country's best purebred Herefords.

Young Windsor planned to be a lawyer, but the wars made him late in his studies, so he settled for a degree in business administration from the University of Missouri. It took him time to find his niche, and he trod a few dead-end bypaths.

Right after Hiroshima, Bill Windsor, Sr., who didn't know what else might go, but felt fairly certain that land would stay, paid nearly a quarter million dollars for a 1200-acre farm on the outskirts of Dallas. It was weedy scenery. Bill, Jr., took it over to see what he could make of it. He mechanized it, and often drove a tractor himself, plowing, harvesting, trying to find out why the farm didn't pay. The soil, he found, had been drained of fertility by the sharecroppers and state prisoners who had worked it. It was producing barely eight bushels of wheat, seventeen bushels of oats, one-tenth bale of cotton per acre. Windsor signed up with the Dalworth Soil Conservation District and did what the experts advised. Cotton he gave up for good. He began overseeding small grains with a legume, Hubam clover, plowing the clover back to build fertility. Soon he was harvesting astonishing crops: 30-bushel wheat, 100-bushel oats per acre. One year the farm grossed $65,000 under his hands, netting a nice profit. Bill still farms that part of the acreage not yet taken into the district, and in 1956, in spite of the state's worst recorded drought, yields were thirty-one bushels per acre for wheat and thirty-five for drought-hating oats.

This was fine. Windsor enjoyed it. He would have liked to keep on, but it couldn't last. The farm was only five miles from downtown Dallas. It had not been gobbled up in the city's growth, he knew, because of flood danger. It was flat land, lying in the flood basin of the Trinity River, which in season used to engulf the countryside. Dams, levees and channel shifting had mastered the floods. Nobody, however, saw a spectacular future for the farm until Bill proposed making it into a planned industrial district.

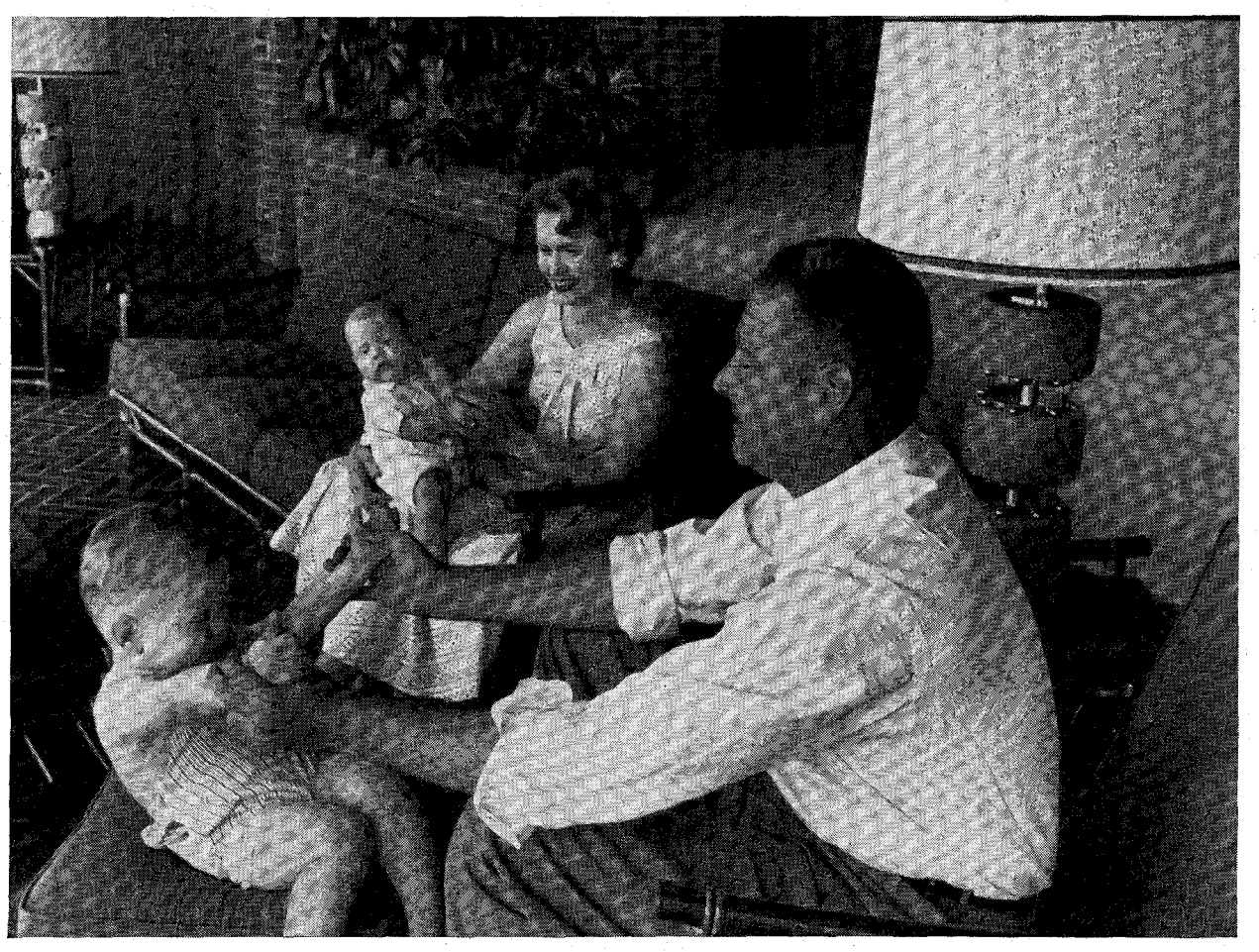
But he had no wish to convert the farm into a forest of smokestacks or a traffic madhouse. He told himself that people would be living with his creation, good or bad, for many years. He decided to build the kind of district he'd be glad to work in himself, and could point to with pride as long as he lived.

"I see no reason," he said recently, "why people shouldn't work where it's as pleasant for working as the best residential areas are for living."

He meant more than modern machinery, tools and processes. He was thinking particularly of trees, grass and clean air in countrylike surroundings, adjacent to expressways to save driving time from home to work. All this, not for just a short time when everything was new, but for twenty, thirty, fifty years—why not, he argued, for centuries?

"There are too many quick-grown industrial slums," he said. "In some industrial areas, values drop and the owners move away before plants have time to wear out. Why? Overcrowding is the main reason. Values decline when it becomes hard for people and goods to move freely or for growing companies to expand. You might call this natural growth and say it's inevitable, but I think it's a planning failure. It piles up costs that consumers have to pay. Well-chosen plant sites can become more valuable, useful and beautiful with the passage of time. In England, certain districts have grown old gracefully, unblighted after a hundred years."

This was Bill Windsor's dream and goal. He organized Windsor Properties, Inc., in 1953. The plans for Brook Hollow were announced that fall. By March, 1954, utilities were in and ready for use. A little over two years later, I checked to see what had happened. Buildings with floor space of more than 2,000,000 square feet, were occupied or under construction. Sites had been sold to accommodate an additional 3,000,000 square feet. Of the 1200 acres in the farm, 430 had been taken into the district in successive gulps; 354 had been provided with all facilities for industrial use, and of these only sixty-two acres then remained unsold. The land cost the Windsors $200 per acre. The district took it over at prices ranging from $932 to $4000 per acre. The minimum price for land in Brook Hollow has been thirty cents per square foot, or more than $13,000 per acre—but no acreage can be had that cheaply now.



Bill Windsor, developer of the multimillion-dollar Brook Hollow project, with his wife Peg and two sons in their country home ten miles from Dallas.

Naturally, development cost infinite pains in planning and vast sums of money. There were six miles of water and gas lines to lay—"looped" to provide two sources of supply in case one ever failed—seven miles of heavy-duty industrial street paving, sanitary sewer and storm-water drainage, and much more. Street paving and storm sewers ran up a bill of $685,000. Bringing in water and the sanitary sewer cost $340,000. Landscaping came to $54,000. Engineering fees, gas mains and miscellaneous items brought the total, including land cost, to $1,611,000. Two railroads—the Katy (Missouri, Kansas & Texas) and the Rock Island—spent well over $500,000 bringing in lead tracks.

The entire initial development was done without a penny of deficit financing. "Sales," Windsor explains, "came faster than the rate at which utilities were being installed and paid for." Bill Windsor is no supersalesman and doesn't pretend to be. "All I know about selling," he says, "is to have something people want, so it practically sells itself."

A look at the district shows why some of the biggest names in industry decided Brook Hollow had something they wanted. The Leslie A. Stemmons Expressway, which is to cut a wide swath for fast traffic right (*Continued on Page 114*)

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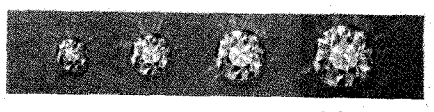
PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN • DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD.

*In that golden time when love is new, a girl and a boy share joyous dreams. This time, these dreams, they may recall always, in the lovely lights of their engagement diamond.*



¼ carat $90 to $220 ½ carat $200 to $475
1 carat $600 to $1200 2 carats $1500 to $3000

Average prices for top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) offered by representative jewelers in October, 1956. Add tax.

# A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 112*) into downtown Dallas, soon will skirt the edge of Brook Hollow. At the moment, the easy way to enter the district is to go past the swank Brook Hollow Country Club. As soon as you pass the club gates, you see the industrial district laid out on the flat land below, and there is nothing ugly about it. Virtually open country lies on several sides, much of it available for future residential development. The district itself, of course, is zoned to keep out residential encroachment. Its buildings are restricted to a single story, except that certain parts for office use may go up to two stories. When the trees already planted have attained their full growth, the roofs of the plants seen from a distance will be almost lost in foliage.

Companies already located or building include Goodyear, American Motors, Bell & Howell, Crucible Steel, Federal Pacific Electric, Minnesota Paints, J. S. Thorn. There are dozens more, including General Electric, and their products range from cracker sandwiches to aluminum doors, electronic devices, tractor tires and pharmaceuticals. The first company in was the Associated Wholesale Grocery of Dallas, Inc., which purchased a twenty-three-and-a-half-acre tract, big enough to serve a hoped-for population of 2,000,000 in Dallas.

Brook Hollow provides facilities considered standard in any planned industrial district, and quite a few Windsor specialties. Right from the start, Bill Windsor was determined to prevent street congestion, no matter how big Brook Hollow becomes. He banished street parking. Truck-loading docks, he insisted, must be far back from the street. Principal streets are two-lane divided highways with one-way traffic in each lane. Control of traffic flow eliminates stop signs and lights; all vehicles can keep moving at a good pace. One morning recently, I wishfully remembered those uncluttered streets when I had to drive across Manhattan on 39th Street. Huge trucks lined both curbs to load and unload, deliverymen were pushing hand trucks in and out among them, and cars moved single file, advancing by inches. It took me twenty-five minutes to drive about a mile, from my Eastside hotel to the Lincoln Tunnel. Nobody can estimate how many thousands of car hours and man-labor hours are wasted every day by such congestion in industrial areas all over the country, areas that have "just growed."

It would be rash to say that the problem has been licked for good at Brook Hollow, but the job is as nearly perfect as it can be with present knowledge of what the future may bring. J. V. Folsom, a manufacturers' representative who moved to Brook Hollow from a downtown Dallas location, told me that customers who came to see him in his old location often got overtime-parking tickets.

Dwight Ladd, manager of the regional manufacturing facility that the Federal Pacific Electric Company moved to Brook Hollow, gave two reasons for their move from another Dallas location. "One, we lacked room for expansion. Two, not enough parking space had been provided. We had to rent extra parking space from a neighbor. Even so, we were always in a fuss with somebody because their trucks were in our way or ours in their way."

Restrictions written into Brook Hollow deeds are hard-boiled. Buildings must be set back fifty feet from the curb on some streets, 100 feet on others. Each property owner is required to provide enough paved parking space to accommodate one passenger car for every 500 square feet of floor space. Advertising signs in setback areas are supervised and must be sightly. No materials or equipment may be stored in the open. No plant may emit nuisance gases or odors.

"When I read Brook Hollow restrictions," a leading industrial real-estate man told me, "I said they were too strict. I said buyers wouldn't have them. I said they'd have to revise them. I was wrong. Restrictions have become our best talking point for Brook Hollow. Everybody complies; retention of values is assured."

An important feature of Brook Hollow is the service area. People in industry, Windsor points out, need stores and service shops as people in residential areas need shopping centers. The Brook Hollow service area hasn't had time to grow up yet, but what's already in it indicates what is to come. Vick's Brook Hollow Cafeteria, for example, serves food of good quality in clean and pleasant surroundings. It is nothing like the beer-and-sandwich joints which are seen so often in factory districts.

When complete, the service area will have gas stations, barbershops, office-furniture-and-supply stores, a branch post office, an industrial surgeon's office and motels. A heliport will service helicopters shuttling between the district and Love Field. Office buildings for insurance firms, publishers and advertising agencies are to come.

The most striking feature of Brook Hollow is its country setting. Here is industry in a garden. Windsor believes that nearly everybody responds to natural beauty with calmer nerves and better work. Charles Goerk, manager of the regional warehouse maintained in Brook Hollow by Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., leading manufacturers of antibiotics, moved to Dallas from Brooklyn; he says that here he hasn't lost a single employee he wanted to keep. Occasionally, he says, some youngster finds it too quiet, too far from the juke boxes, but the people they want to keep, stay.

Landscaping in Brook Hollow is a professional job, done by the Dallas landscape architect Joe O. Lambert. Lambert's plantings provide for year-round foliage and seasonal flowering. Crab-apple trees, mimosa, myrtle, red oak and live oak underline seasonal changes. Red oaks furnish brilliant fall coloring. Live oaks are green all winter. There are flowerbeds, foundation plantings, lawns. If an owner fails to keep the landscaping as is, or better, the district does the work and sends a bill.

Some of Windsor's ideas were rather vague at the start, so he assembled what he calls his planning team to help. Lambert was one member. H. Gifford Till, director of industrial research and development for the Katy railroad, was another. Donald S. Nelson, who was responsible for some of the big jobs at Chicago's Century of Progress, advised on architecture. Lloyd Braff, well known for his traffic plans in Detroit, Dallas and Los Angeles, helped on the traffic layout.

"Hi!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Key Dallas people on Windsor's team included Marvin Springer, city-plan engineer, and Henry Kucera, city attorney. No district gets to first base, Windsor says, unless it co-operates with authorities who have the say on zoning, building specifications, sewers, water mains.

Young Windsor is a stubborn man, hard to move from a decision he feels is right. Korea may have had something to do with his toughness. The Dallas News for April 6, 1951, carried a story about the local boy, Lt. W. C. Windsor, pilot of a naval attack bomber, who had flown a mission from the carrier Boxer. Windsor was making a run on a highway bridge in Korea, the story said, when communist shells set his plane on fire. He had to bail out behind enemy lines. He took what shelter he could while other Navy planes flew cover. Then Lt. (j.g.) J. L. Blades came up in a helicopter from the carrier Princeton and made a near-miraculous rescue. Windsor was delivered to the carrier deck, badly burned, but alive.

From Windsor's father in Tyler, Texas, I got some details of his upbringing that help to explain his shrewdness as an investor.

When he was eighteen and his sister, Gertrude Anne (Mrs. Will Mann Richardson), was twenty-one, their father set aside $1500 a month for each of them. Gertrude and Bill were required to invest the money, make it work usefully, earn an income, and if possible increase in principal value. Once a month the three of them had a "board of directors" meeting to discuss what had been done and what might have been done better. The three have continued as a team, and are co-owners of Windsor Properties, Inc.

Windsor and his wife, Peg, live in a big country house, built according to their own plans, on a hilltop ten miles from Dallas. It has a squawk box to give warning whenever David, the baby, peeps. Garage doors open to the pressing of a button in the car. A fireplace is glass-enclosed on four sides. Bill and Peg take care of the place almost entirely themselves. Bill cuts two-year-old Walter's hair, and Peg does nearly all the cooking. Bill has a big garden laid out. "The boys are going to hoe and weed it," he says confidently. "They've got to learn to work."

The well-to-do Windsors expect that the Brook Hollow Industrial District will make them a fresh bale of money. More important is the effect that such districts will have on workers and their families. What does it mean, for instance, to Loretta Ostmann? She is an office manager, and came here with her firm when they moved from a Midwestern city. She is thankful she got away from the blighted mixed residence-and-factory neighborhood where their old plant was. What does it mean to Charles Pitcairn? He is a shop superintendent who has worked for the same company for twenty-nine years in four different cities. Here, he says, he has the best working conditions he has ever had, and the best living too. He can get from home to work in ten minutes, and from home to some of the best fishing he has ever had in half an hour.

Perhaps the Bereuters give the best over-all picture of what a district like Brook Hollow can mean to an American family. Bob Bereuter is a pressman for the Southwest Globe Ticket Company, which prints bus and streetcar transfers and theater tickets by the billion. Bob and Lois, his wife, are in their early thirties. They have five small children. Both come from big families in St. Louis. It was a ripping-up of deep roots when Bob's boss told him the plant was relocating in Dallas.

Bob and Lois discussed it. They thought of all they'd be leaving. "If you don't want to go," said Bob, "I'll look for another job."

"We can't lose anything, can we?" she asked at last.

In St. Louis the Bereuters had the best living quarters they could get in their circumstances, a flat in a huge public housing project. Rent was forty-five dollars a month. There were no homes they could afford to buy. Bob had a twelve-mile drive to work, part of it fighting traffic in downtown St. Louis.

What's the Bereuters' setup now? In Irving, a fast-growing Dallas suburb, they found a new, three-bedroom home which they were able to buy for $9850 on monthly payments of sixty-eight dollars. Bob rides to work on the boulevard in twelve to fifteen minutes, with no traffic worries. The children have their own big yard. Bob has shrubs, trees and flowers to care for. The Bereuters have been back to St. Louis to visit relatives, but Bob and Lois agree that they wouldn't go back to stay.

Bill Windsor and Bob Bereuter have never met. But neither thinks of Brook Hollow as just a cold deal in real estate. To both, in different ways, it's a new deal for the people that make industry live.

THE END

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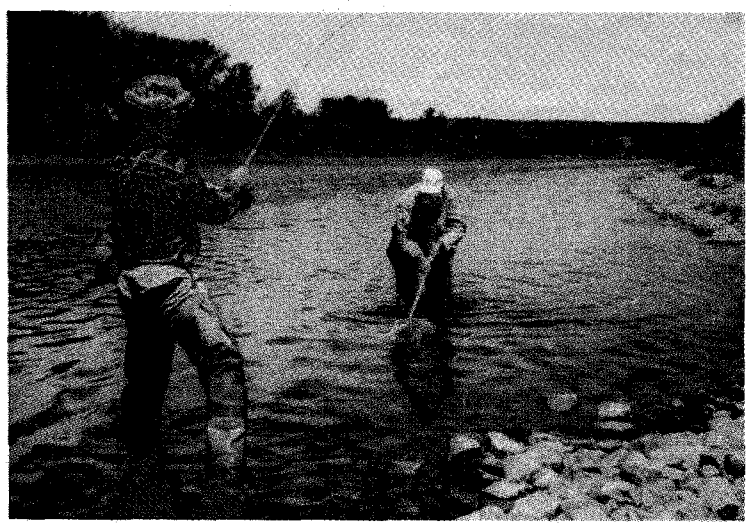
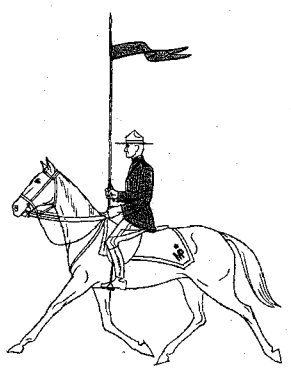
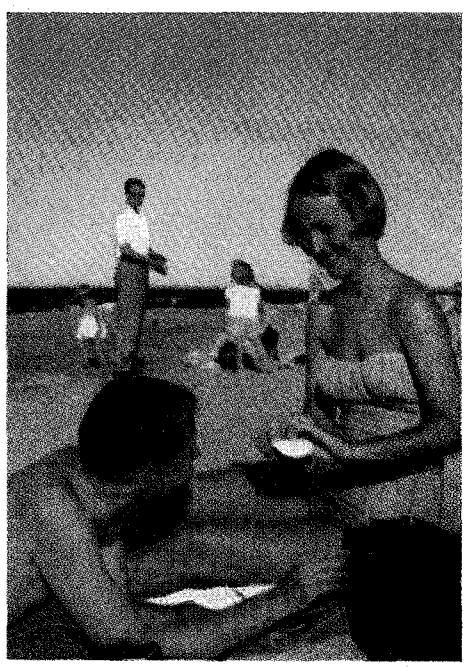


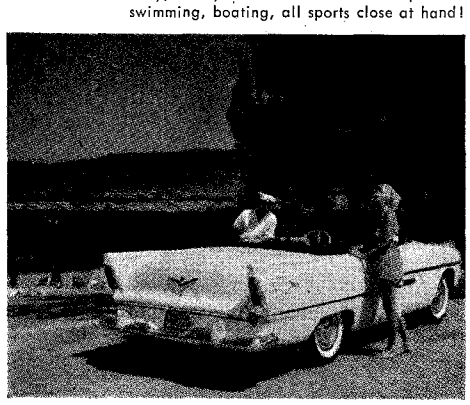
Fishing...in a land that plays the leading role in every sportsman's dream!



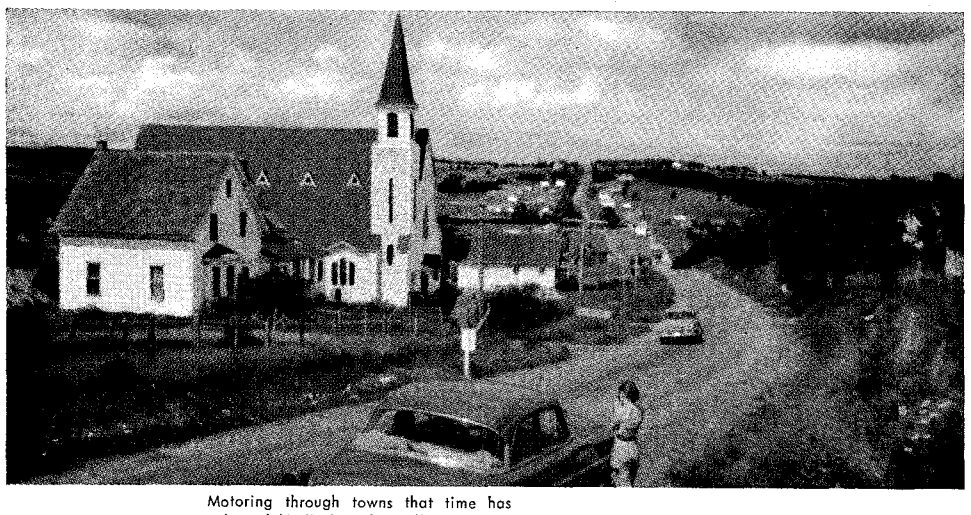
Basking on the beach...with the sun kind, the cares of the world far away!



Lazy, lovely resort life...with fine spots for swimming, boating, all sports close at hand!



# 6 holiday treats to give your family in CANADA



Motoring through towns that time has coloured kindly in soft, mellow shades!

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**If you feel under par,** it may be because you're getting far less vitamins and minerals in your meals than you think. This "hidden hunger" is quite common, according to nutritional experts. But with High-Potency Rybutol you're always sure of getting a needed supply of the vitamins and minerals you may need *no matter how well you eat.*

Your body may try to tell you about this "hidden hunger" in different ways. Perhaps all you notice is a lack of pep; or maybe you seem to be jumpy and constantly on edge. If these conditions are because you need more Vitamins $B_1$ and $B_2$, you'll feel better fast with Rybutol. One High-Potency Rybutol Gelucap supplies 15 times your minimum daily requirements of Vitamin $B_1$ and 3 times $B_2$. In all, you get 11 important vitamins and 9 minerals—vitamins and minerals that you may have been in need of for a long time.

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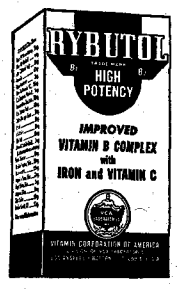


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# Keeping Posted

## Research on the Briny Deep

Harold Martin's visit to the U. S. Fleet somewhere in the Mediterranean (page 32) opened routinely enough with a Navy-plane flight from Sicily to the carrier Coral Sea, thence by chopper, alias helicopter, to Vice-Admiral "Cat" Brown's flagship, the Salem; but then Martin hopped from ship to ship around the Med mostly by a slightly terrifying device called a highline. This is a rope strung between two rapidly moving ships, the tourist journeying overseas in a chair. Happily the sea was reasonably flat; if it is in an irascible mood, it sometimes swats the passenger.

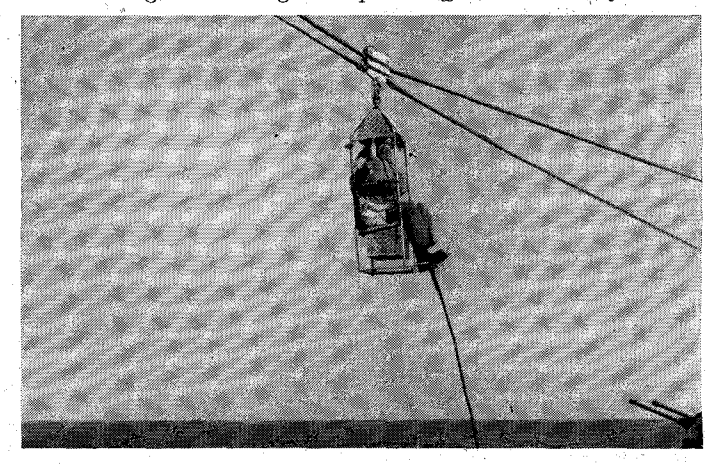
Martin recalls with special clarity highlining from a destroyer to a submarine—the rope had to be rigged to the conning tower, below which there was no deck space to acquire a foothold. Our man went aboard by diving out of his chair and wrapping both arms affectionately around the neck of the submarine's skipper, who was clinging to the conning-tower ladder. He says, "They were very glad to discover that a man can be highlined to a submarine. They'd never tried it before."

To calm Martin down, or maybe for some other reason, the submarine then submerged and dodged around while hunting destroyers dropped practice depth charges. The detonations whammed against the hulls and Martin's nerves, and the submarine sent up air bubbles to show how close they'd come. On another interesting day, a helicopter delivered Martin to a supply ship which had so many booms and cranes that there was no place to land. So they slung him down in a sling, the deck crew grabbing at his legs and the guest coming aboard with his pants at half mast.

But let no one deduce that Harold Martin is a stranger to the sea, the air, or the Navy; this ex-lieutenant of marines served nearly four years during World War II, mostly with the 2nd Marine Air Wing.

*Martin, Capt. Smith on carrier Randolph.*

*Martin on highline; moving warships were affixed to each end of the line.*

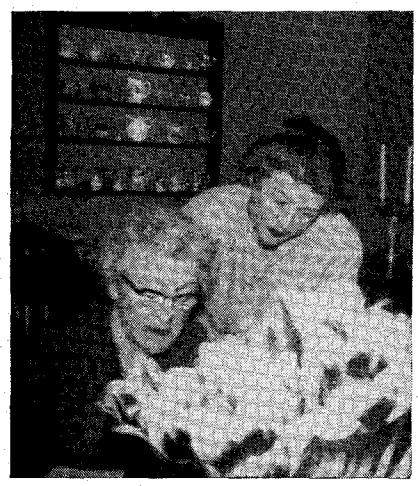


## Rogues' Gallery, 15 Cents a Copy

An elderly man in Hunt County, Texas, recently was robbed of $300 in a sadly irreligious way; a woman extracted it from his pocket while she and another woman were saying prayers with him. Well, it was some time before this (October 27, '56) that the Post had carried a piece by John Kobler, titled The Terrible Williamsons; but no matter, the Post is long remembered and performs many later-day services when the occasion is ripe. County sheriff Tom Warren and police chief Leonard Petty, of Greenville, rounded up eight people in a motel and nailed down their identification by looking at the pictures in the Post article. The prayerful Williamson ladies—one of whom proved to be no lady, but a man—were charged with larceny; so they produced $1200 bail apiece, plus the old man's $300, and departed.

And now let's move up into a Northern state, Ohio. Facts, the official publication of the Better Business Bureau of Akron, reports, "With dramatic timing the Saturday Evening Post article about the Terrible Williamsons was brought into sharp focus in Akron on November sixteenth with the arrest of three women of the clan." While the women were getting the news that their bail bond would be $300, sixteen more Williamsons were officially encountered near Canton, dealing in phony Oriental rugs and in house paints. As the Post pointed out, paint vended by the Williamsons is terrible.

## They All Have the Same Experience



Most contributors who comment about the excitement of being in the Post for the first time are relative beginners, but here's a switch. Eileen Tighe, page 26, having commented about her excitement, adds, "I have made a living for years at writing and magazine editing, but I guess, for every writer, making the Post is the one unforgettable day." The newcomer lives with her mother "in what once was Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, but now is Tarrytown-on-the-Thruway"; and she muses, "Where is everybody going and why are they in such a hurry?"

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"I'm No Quitter"

Pitcher Don Newcombe of the Dodgers answers the jeers and catcalls. His own version of the pennant race and his showing in the Series includes a plea to look at his record.

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